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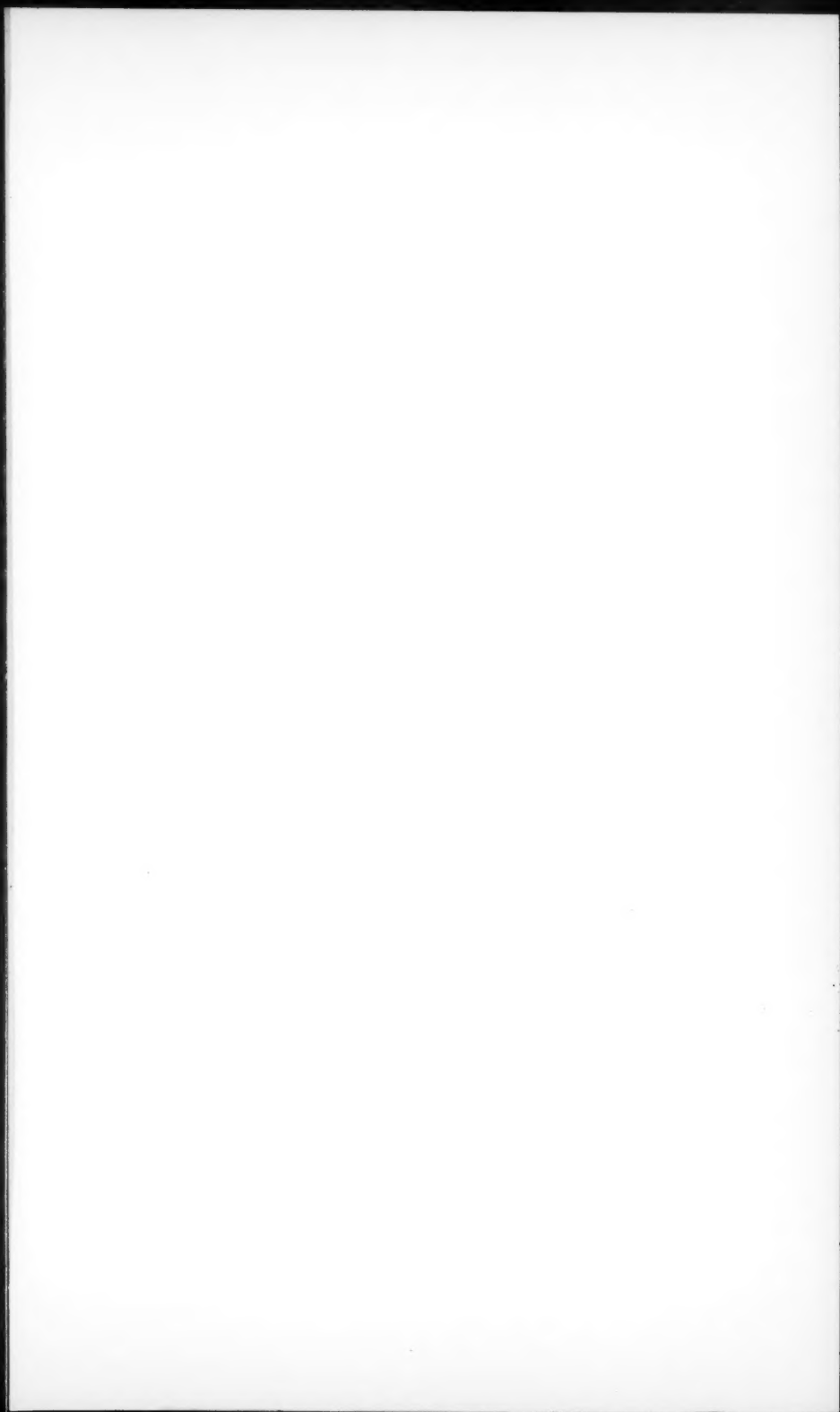
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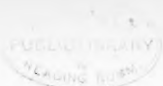
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Charles Egbert Craddock



THE

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YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

I.

A MODERN CRUSADER.

"THIS is strange news we have about Yone Santo," said the elder Miss Philipson, breaking one of the pauses which were frequent, and seemed inevitable, at her Thursday secular receptions in the foreign quarter of Tokio, the capital of Japan.

"Strange indeed," said the younger Miss Philipson; "but we hope it will all be properly explained. Do we not, sister?"

"Certainly, we hope many things," responded the first speaker. "But, as I have said again and again, we are in Japan; nobody can deny that!"

It was unquestionably true. Nobody could gainsay the excellent lady's reiterated declarations that she and those around her were in Japan. This was a comprehensive formula by which she accounted for all the sorrows, evils, or irregularities of life, — as life was regarded by her. If the weather interfered with her favorite pursuits, or with the even tenor of her health, she was grimly content to remind herself that she was in Japan. If servants were deficient in intelligence or honesty, still she drew relief from the reflection that she was in Japan. Did tradesmen disappoint her, or the humble populace misunderstand the eloquence of her teaching in the native tongue, or impedi-

ments obstruct the course of her rigid missionary labors, again and always no explanation was needed beyond the fact that she was in Japan. Like the elastic pavilion of the Arabian magician, it was sufficient for all conceivable emergencies. When once propounded argument was unavailing, and debate became superfluous.

People had sometimes remarked that the merit of her cherished axiom was not so manifest when the elder Miss Philipson's fancies were of a less mournful description. When the sun shone with the sovereign splendor peculiar to the island empire, she was not so eager to proclaim herself a dweller therein. When the docile and patient spirit of her domestic retainers was amiably conspicuous; when, at holiday seasons, the politeness and geniality of the pleasure-seeking multitude were common themes of congratulation; when the progress of her little school was stimulated by the faithful studiousness and the unwearied application of the warm-hearted young creatures who profited by her rigorously administered instruction, — then she and her fellow-laborers might have been in Patagonia, or at the North Pole, for aught that was heard to the contrary from her guarded lips. In short, none of the occasional bright incidents of her lot was deemed attributable to the social or physical conditions of the country she chanced to inhabit. The shadows alone were due to the destiny that had established her "in Japan."

Another idiosyncrasy, not altogether confined to this lady, lent distinction to her character. No power of persuasion, no force of reasoning, could shake her profound conviction that in her quality of missionary she possessed attributes which would appear preternatural outside of her sphere, but which, she insisted, should be recognized by all as the inherent endowments of herself and her sisterhood. Knowledge, especially upon scriptural subjects, came to her by intuition. The study and observation of the majority who surrounded her went for nothing, because they were not missionaries. To intimate that the most recondite erudition could be trusted in opposition to her haphazard notions upon any religious topic would excite her to wrath and scorn. If interrogated as to the authority for some of her startling propositions, she would answer — when in the humor to answer at all — that they were “borne in upon her;” which impressive utterance was expected to silence all contention, and to inspire unwavering faith. Nor was her assumption of infallibility confined to moral or intellectual considerations. She would not, perhaps, go to the length of saying that her pies and coffee were superior to those of her worldly-minded but eminently practical neighbor, the civil engineer’s wife; but she honestly thought it was far better for her acquaintances to drink, in her company, the muddy fluid, and swallow the heavy paste, of her compounding, than to eat and consort with the skillful but “unawakened” housekeeper next door, who often forgot to ask a blessing on her fare. Miss Philipson never neglected to ask the blessing. Circumstances not infrequently afforded her the opportunity of invoking grace upon the same viands several times in succession, but it was not observed that her refectations, even thrice sanctified, attained a first-class popularity. Nevertheless, under the influence of an instinct which she probably never

analyzed, she was convinced that dyspepsia within her walls was preferable to good digestion elsewhere; and fully believed that if her visitors were afflicted with internal discomfort as the consequence of participation in her unsavory banquets, it would, in some mysterious way, “be made up to them hereafter.”

Pursuing her theories to a natural conclusion, she had grown to look upon herself as legitimately exempt from many of the requirements which govern mankind in general, and as privileged to disregard observances upon the prompt and equitable recognition of which society is largely dependent. Remembering, possibly, the “courtesies,” so called, which for especial reasons are extended to the clergy in Western communities, she was disposed to affirm her indisputable right to adjust her expenditures at a considerably lower rate than the average. That she should properly be required to pay, for example, the current charge for house rent she could never be brought to understand; and why the native or foreign tradesmen declined to acknowledge her claim to a righteous discount remained a problem insoluble by any process with which she was familiar. “They would find it set down to their account elsewhere,” she was accustomed to declare, with solemn emphasis.

In her dealings with the simple Japanese, who, while they could not follow her train of reasoning, were incapable of formulating their remonstrances, she adopted the straightforward plan of meeting their demands according to her peculiar conception of what was due to herself as a spiritual messenger, as well as to them as pagan creditors; with the result that, on the last day of every month, something closely resembling a riot broke out in her back yard, while her front door was in a state of almost chronic siege by the proprietors of the jin-riki-shas which she honored with her patronage, — these discontented gentry

unanimously averring that the lady had hired them with a thorough understanding of their terms, and with apparent acquiescence in them. Statements like these Miss Philipson did not think it necessary to deny; remarking, merely, that she invariably proffered payment sufficient for "a person in her position," and that if the "coolies" were not satisfied with what was tendered, they would get nothing. As a rule, they bowed to necessity; but they by no means made a virtue of it, for they "took it out," so to speak, in jeers and revilings of no pleasant character, though expressed in a dialect with which, fortunately, Miss Philipson's missionary studies had not made her familiar.

It was observed, I may incidentally mention, that these urgent applicants seldom presented themselves upon Sundays. They had in past times unwittingly done so, only to find themselves severely rebuked for their impiety, and to be turned away without further parley or hope of satisfaction. The lower class, in her neighborhood, appeared to be exceptionally well informed respecting the recurrence of the sacred day; allusions to which fact afforded Miss Philipson the liveliest gratification of which she was known to be capable.

II.

CRUSADERS IN COUNCIL.

The Philipson Thursdays were always distinguished by the introduction of deliberately chosen topics of discussion, which the visitors were expected to accept as "improving," with the same blind credulity that was demanded on behalf of the refreshments previously alluded to. On the afternoon with which this narrative opens, certain observations, more or less wholesome, had been exchanged with respect to the immediate consequences of an untrammelled

education upon the young women of Japan. Having been called upon for a contribution to the debate, I had, somewhat languidly I fear, submitted a theory which seemed to me sufficiently justified by observation and experience, to the effect that while universal culture was undoubtedly a consummation earnestly to be desired, the transition from ignorance to enlightenment could not be accomplished without great hardship and suffering in many, not to say the majority, of instances; and by way of partial illustration, I related circumstances in the life of a young girl of unusual intelligence, who, after rapidly passing through such courses of instruction as were supplied by the best government schools in the capital, and becoming at least theoretically familiar with the gentler conditions of society in other lands, had been thrown back into the narrow grooves of an existence which was no longer suited to her, and in which happiness must be forever denied her.

Having concluded my brief demonstration, with a distinct consciousness of failing to arouse the slightest interest on the part of any of my hearers, excepting, perhaps, one of the younger and more recently arrived of Miss Philipson's staff, I was preparing to get myself quietly away when I was arrested by the allusion, before quoted, to *Yone Santo*. I was, indeed, especially struck by it, inasmuch as she, and no other, was the living original of the figure I had just attempted to introduce in support of my theory. For a moment I fancied that the hostess had done me the honor to follow the train of my reminiscence, and now desired to proclaim her discovery; but this was an error.

"And what of *Yone Santo*?" I ventured to inquire.

"Ah, what, indeed?" was the response, lugubriously intoned.

"Nothing disagreeable, I trust, — and nothing wrong, I know," I retorted, with some feeling.

"That last is saying a great deal," rejoined Miss Philipson, "considering that we are in Japan."

"Nevertheless, I say it, and undertake to abide by it."

"Perhaps, Dr. Charwell, the young person would do as well without such earnest" —

"Such *very* earnest" — interjected the junior Miss Philipson.

"Yes, sister; such *very* earnest support from a — from one of the opposite" —

"From a *man*!" interposed a middle-aged fellow-worker in the missionary field; hard-voiced and stern-featured, but known as a zealous and indefatigable follower of one of the least agreeable branches of her calling.

"Miss Jackman puts it strongly," said Miss Philipson, with an unsmiling smile; "but I suppose plain speech is the best."

"To be sure it is," I replied; "and who, if not I, should speak plainly when Yone Santo's name is brought up? I have known her from childhood, known her well; and a lovelier girl, a nobler, purer, truer nature, I have never encountered. Every woman that has met her ought to be glad to say as much; but if no woman is ready to tell the truth about her, I shall not be silent, you may be sure."

"Whenever I hear a Japanese woman held up in that way by a foreign man," said Miss Jackman, with stiff deliberation, "I feel that there is work for me to do. Who is this Yone Santo?"

The labor which Miss Jackman delighted in, and in which she was fond of declaring her efficacy, was what she called "reclaiming." For that purpose she had come to the East, and to that object she devoted herself with untiring assiduity. She was never unhappy except when occasions for the exercise of her self-imposed functions were wanting; and there were times when, in her excess of enthusiasm, she seemed almost

to desire that the feminine population of all Japan might go astray, that she might leap to the rescue and "reclaim" them.

"Why," cried the young new-comer to whom I have incidentally referred, "is n't that the little lady who went shopping with us, last month, and interpreted so beautifully? I thought she was one of the dearest creatures I ever met. I fell quite in love with her."

"Miss Gibson," said the "reclaimer," with the air of one to whom a happy opportunity of tendering rebuke has fallen unawares, and is therefore doubly welcome, "it is my duty to tell you that your language is most improper; and if you had been here longer and knew the country better I should call it indecent. It is bad enough for men to talk so about these girls; but for ladies, and particularly for missionaries, I call it scandalous!"

Miss Gibson was too lately from America to have lost the freshness of her independence, and it was with an unlooked-for spirit that she answered her assailant.

"Excuse me, Miss Jackman," she exclaimed, "I believe I am not under your authority in any way. Miss Philipson is the head of my mission. She made me acquainted with the young Japanese, and, as I said before, I thought her as sweet and charming as she could be, and so did all our party."

"Yes, Marian," Miss Philipson admitted, rather awkwardly, "I did send her out with you and your friends, but that was a month ago, and we had not then heard" —

"Heard what, Miss Philipson?" I demanded. "Let us have it all, if you please."

"Well, if you must know, Dr. Charwell, we had not heard of her goings-on with that young Bostonian who is spending so much money here, and mixing with all sorts of people."

"What, Arthur Milton?" said I, in

great surprise. "Why, he knows her only through me."

"Likely enough," remarked Miss Jackman, scenting another exquisite opportunity, and pouncing upon it with hawkish eagerness; "no doubt, Miss Philipson, Dr. Charwell understands all about it."

But Miss Philipson had reasons, which I do not care to explain further than that they were connected with my professional position in our little community, for not overstraining my forbearance. She felt herself, as the head of a school, in some degree indebted to me, and was not unwilling to lend me a helping hand, nor to bear testimony in my favor, within reasonable and cautious limits.

"I am quite convinced of Dr. Charwell's sincerity, Miss Jackman," she said. "I should not think of associating him with any of Yone Santo's present misdeeds."

"It is an unpleasant thing to talk about," persisted Miss Jackman, defiantly; "but since you force it from me, I must say I have very little to learn about Dr. Charwell. I keep my eyes and ears open, and I know for a fact that he has been seen to stop young girls on the street, perfect strangers to him, and — and take their heads in his hands. Yes, and put his face close to theirs, they do say. And I had a most promising pupil, three months ago, who was just beginning to walk in the true path. She fell in with Dr. Charwell, and since then I have seen nothing of her. You cannot deny it, sir; it was Ume Harada."

"Oh, doctor!" ejaculated Miss Philipson, in woful accents; while a few others of the company seemed genuinely shocked, and the majority awaited the impending revelation with countenances expressive of joyous gloom.

"Exactly," I rejoined; "she was nearly blind."

"I don't know about that, and I don't care," Miss Jackman retorted.

"Pardon me," said I; "it may be

that you do not care; but you certainly know, since you were warned that she was destroying the little sight she had left by reading badly printed books, in small type, at your ill-lighted evening class-room."

"It was the *Bible*, sir!" cried Miss Jackman, with a ring of triumph in her voice.

"More shame to those who use it in such a shape," I replied, growing absurdly angry as the controversy proceeded. "But never mind. The child can now see, almost as well as ever. Another month of your nightly 'darkness visible,' and the light of her life would have gone out."

"We are not ashamed of our poverty," Miss Jackman declared, rearing her crest again. "We give what light we can. And I shall now take steps to reclaim Ume Harada. She may not yet be wholly lost."

"Let us hope not," said I, pulling myself together, and making a better show of good-humor than I really felt; "but you will leave that poor girl unmolested, Miss Jackman. She is one of *my* reclaimed, you see."

"I shall see her this very day," answered Miss Jackman.

"No, I really must protest. You are aware, Miss Philipson, and ladies and gentlemen all, that there are methods of checking injudicious enthusiasm, in extreme cases. Miss Jackman already knows something about consular authority, I have been told, and I am confident that she would not care to confront it again. At any rate, it must be understood that the young girl is not to be persecuted into blindness. With respect to Yone Santo, my interest is much deeper" —

"Undoubtedly," interrupted the irrepressible Jackman, "and therefore the more need that she should be reclaimed, while there is time. That is, unless Dr. Charwell proposes to have legal or consular authority extended also to her."

"Madam," I replied, with restored equability of manner, but with anything but serenity of temper, "as I know her thoroughly, I have no fear of evil results from any acquaintance she may make. If I did not know her so well, I might suffer the sort of apprehension which, as my friend Kracken will tell you, always possesses American physicians in Italy when they see the native practitioners attempting to cure the *miliare*."

Kracken was one of the class of "medical missionaries," honest and well disposed, but the least disputatious of mortal men. He therefore declined to satisfy Miss Jackman's curiosity as to the *miliare*, whereupon the lady, with undiminished courage, demanded that I should give the explanation myself.

"Don't ask," said Kracken, looking a little scared.

"Oh, but I will ask," insisted the undaunted reclamer. "Having gone so far, Dr. Charwell is not to stop just when it suits his convenience."

"Very well, Miss Jackman; I will not disappoint you. It is believed by most medical men outside of Italy that the average physician of that country is capable of treating the *miliare*, and nothing else. Consequently, whenever summoned, no matter for what disease, he announces a case of his favorite fever, and straightway begins to talk so much about it, and to represent it in so many interesting lights, that the patient soon shows signs of being contaminated. Then the admirable doctor goes to work with his conventional remedies — and sometimes the sufferer does not die."

Miss Jackman looked puzzled; Miss Philipson, vaguely alarmed. Kracken was horrified, and so was I, a little, when I found how far my anger had led me. To avoid further temptation, I hastily took leave of the hostess before my meaning had become generally apparent, and promptly retreated from the scene.

As I passed into the street, I observed,

just before me, the young lady who had tried, with a few kind words, to stem the current of prejudice and ill-feeling. She had left the house by a side door, while I was last speaking.

"If you are not in too great haste, Miss Gibson," I called to her, "pray wait, and let me thank you for what you said about my little friend. It gratified me, and touched me."

"I said what I thought, Dr. Charwell," she answered; "but I ought to be less forward with my opinions. Those ladies are so much older, and — oh, dear, how could you be so bitter to that Miss Jackman?"

"What she said was very bitter to me. But no matter; I am surprised at my own roughness. I shall keep myself out of the way hereafter. Her objects of attack are mostly indifferent to me, and I did not imagine she could ever touch one of my tender spots. Nor did I believe that Yone Santo could be brought within the reach of human malice."

"It would be hard," said the warm-hearted neophyte, "to believe anything — anything unkind of that sweet little girl. I'm sure I should not know where to look for goodness, in this country, if such a face and such a voice can go with wickedness."

"You cannot come to much harm, my good young lady," I responded, "by trusting to your instinct in these matters. At any rate, it is a better guide than rusty and corroded prejudice. I will not prompt you to defy authority, but I give you a practical old man's earnest assurance that a life like Yone Santo's may teach lessons of courage, high principle, faithfulness to duty, and patience in adversity to any who will study it. Do not forget what I say. Try to know that gentle creature. You will find that if there is much to impart, there is also much to be learned, in association with these people."

On leaving this new acquaintance, I

registered an internal vow that I would never again, no matter what the provocation, commit a folly like that from which I had just emerged, — by no means with consciousness of the highest credit to myself. Nor, in society, would I break silence upon any of the subjects which my respectable missionary friends were accustomed to discuss with a logic peculiar to their order and satisfactory to most of their adherents, but as unwholesome and indigestible to the laity as the products, similarly home-made, of Miss Philipson's kitchen. I may say on my own behalf, that it was only on rare occasions that I thus transgressed. It was my habit to take advantage of such opportunities for entertainment as presented themselves in our somewhat restricted community, and, among these, the Philipson reunions were far too enjoyable to be neglected. The superficial, one-sided, and utterly selfish views of life, education, religion, and humanity which were there propounded by well-intending but curiously unintelligent and illiterate professors of a narrow and microscopic Christianity were often irresistibly diverting in their unconscious humor. The sincerity of these same professors, their self-reliant faith, and their adamant conceit kept them unaware that concealment of their spiritual nudity and squalor was desirable. Totally ignorant that indecency was not necessarily confined to physical exposure, and that intellectual nakedness might also have its repulsive features, they presented such spectacles as, I fear, only an abandoned cynicism could view without compassion. I was not, I trust, an abandoned cynic, and many a shock of honest shame thrilled through me as I witnessed these revelations of mental feebleness and incapacity on the part of men and women supposed to be entrusted with the noblest of human duties, and to be striving for a revival of the spirit which animated the other extremity of Asia nineteen hundred years ago.

Their words and acts, however, were beyond my interference, and I saw no reason why I might not take my share of the amusement they afforded. But I had no wish for such experiences as I had that day gone through, and I forthwith resolved to encounter no more temptations of the kind. The arena of religious controversy, as it was understood by my missionary friends, should be disturbed by no further intrusions on my part.

III.

A CHILD OF JAPAN.

Between Yone Santo and myself a trustful and tender friendship had long existed, dating, indeed, from the first year of my sojourn in her native land. We were brought together by accident, through which alone, at that early period, was it possible for acquaintances to be formed by ladies of Japan, however youthful, on the one side, and masculine visitors from the distant West, however aged, on the other. I was passing a summer month at one of the popular bathing resorts near the main road of the Empire, looking with eager eye for fresh novelties to enjoy, when, at the close of a sultry day, a little traveling procession entered the courtyard of the inn which was my temporary dwelling. Such miniature caravans were common at that period, for, after some years of uncertainty, it was now understood by all that the Mikado had permanently established his court in the great Eastern capital, — therefore newly named Tokio, instead of Yedo, as of old, — and the last of the feudal nobles, with their numerous retainers, were gathering to that centre in loyal acknowledgment of the restoration of imperial power, while, from all parts of the nation, families were flocking to the metropolitan headquarters of their provincial chiefs.

The group that came in view on the

afternoon of which I speak was singular only in the circumstance that it was led by a young girl, apparently about ten years old, — the first I had seen in so prominent a position of authority. She walked lightly and briskly in advance of her *norimono*,¹ the ends of her long robe being tucked up in her girdle, for the disencumberment of her feet. Beside her marched a kitten, preternatural in dignity and gravity, and wearing the air of subdued melancholy peculiar to the feline race in Japan, — which is interpreted by philosophic foreigners as a mute protest against the irrevocable fiat that deprives them of tails. A few yards behind strode a couple of male attendants, duly armed with the conventional two swords; and following these came a line of three or four other *norimono*, variously occupied, a servingman of humble grade bringing up the rear. The somewhat unusual appearance of a child at the head of the party was afterward explained by the information that *mademoiselle* represented, in Japanese usage, the master of the family. She was the sole daughter of a gentleman of Nagoya city, — Yamada Naonobu by name, — who had taken the journey in advance of a portion of his household. By right of birth, this daughter had precedence over aunts and certain other elderly relations, to whom, in domestic privacy, she was doubtless more submissive than an infant of European lineage would be, but over whom, on public occasions, she was expected to assert the nominal superiority which was her legitimate inheritance.

I learned, in course of time, that she had never before beheld a foreigner. I also learned that if her father had been present to relieve her from her burden of ceremony she would have rushed into seclusion, from the disquieting spectacle, as rapidly as her little legs could have

carried her. But the sense of a stern duty sustained her, and she entered the spacious porch, in which I was sitting, with an unflinching step; betraying no consciousness of the proximity of one of the awful invaders of her country, except by interposing between us the barrier of an expanded sun-umbrella. She disappeared, with her retinue, and I heard no more of the party until the next morning, when my interpreter casually mentioned that they proposed resting a few days, to give one of the ancient aunts, who was ailing, the benefit of the famous baths. Thus it happened that another illustration of the power of traditional training over natural instinct was presently afforded me; although I was then too ignorant to understand the conflict of opposing influences which passed before my eyes.

I was carelessly lounging in the tavern garden, when the little maid entered, unaware of human contiguity, and accompanied only by the staid and reserved kitten before mentioned, and a doll of uncertain age but well-preserved exterior. At sight of me she would have retired, after a hasty salutation, had I not, in such imperfect speech as I could then command, begged permission to inspect her *protégés*. By way of compensation, I offered her a collection of photographs, and, summoning my interpreter, engaged her in a conversation which, though formal and ceremonious, appeared to cause her no serious embarrassment. To every question of mine she responded graciously and freely, until one of her elderly relatives happened to come upon the scene; when my youthful colloquist was suddenly stricken dumb, refusing further share in the conversation, and mutely referring all subsequent interrogatories to her senior, who from that point took up the dialogue with perfect courtesy and without apparent reluctance.

My immediate impression was that I had lighted upon an adept in pure femi-

¹ *Norimono*: a cage-like box in which travelers were formerly borne, by stout porters, from place to place.

nine coquetry, the arts of which may be supposed intuitive in the tenderest ages and the most unfamiliar climes. Repeated examples of the little lady's willingness to confer with me, in a certain grave and precise fashion, when no other member of her family was at hand, and of her prompt relapse into silence on the approach of any of her elders, tended to confirm this conclusion. I am sorry to remember how long it was before I discovered the utter injustice of my suspicion. The mischief that has been done by the readiness of foreigners to leap to the same conviction is wholly beyond conjecture. The simple truth is that, among the well-bred classes in Japan, every child is taught that he or she must be prepared to take up the task of entertaining, — to "do the honors," in New England phrase, — in the absence of those who are more maturely qualified to perform that duty. Timidity, sensitiveness, even repulsion, must not stand in the way of this delicate obligation. Many a stranger has observed, during his first, or second, or third visit to a Japanese family, that the daughters of the house have shyly kept themselves aloof, murmuring indistinctly when addressed, and taking no part in the social proceedings beyond pouring a cup of tea, or offering candies and cakes. Calling again, and finding only these daughters at home, — whereas he had previously been received by the whole household, — he has been surprised by a complete abandonment of the reserve before displayed, and gratified, we may presume, by attentions which he had never expected from the incarnations of bashfulness he had encountered on other occasions. Little has he dreamed of the struggle of those poor girls to fulfill with composure and graciousness the behests of their system of hospitality. Still less, I regret to say, has it ordinarily been his habit to seek a reasonable and decorous explanation of the phenomenon. A custom founded upon the truest refinement

has been made the basis of theories which are never less than absurd, and are too often shameful, — although, as I regard it, the shame belongs exclusively to those whose imagination makes haste to misjudge what it imperfectly comprehends.

And so it happened that I fancied myself getting upon pleasant terms with a pretty damsel of ten years, whereas in truth I was subjecting her, whenever I encountered her alone, to nothing less than a species of moral torture. I was interested in her chiefly because she was the only very young girl whom I had found disposed to tolerate me at all. As a rule, children of her sex and age had shunned my amiable advances with indifference or aversion. I attributed the contrast of her demeanor to a superior intelligence, but it was really due to the superiority of her birth and culture. Until then I had not chanced to fall in with any of the Japanese gentry, and had no idea that the rules of her training forbade her to manifest the feelings which probably possessed her. But there is no doubt that her natural acuteness aided her in overcoming an instinct which was merely conventional. Circumstances presently placed us in fairly confidential relations with one another. Her aunt's illness grew serious, and my professional assistance was found effective to an unexpected extent. The malady was of a kind which yielded rapidly to a specified treatment, and the wonder of the unsophisticated Japanese was extreme. I observed that my little friend, in particular, watched all the proceedings with close intendment. Was it to learn, if possible, some part of the method to be pursued, in case of future need? Partly that, no doubt. Indeed, she afterward confided to me that her *neko* (kitten) suffered from rheumatism, the consequence of an infantile calamity, and she hoped to gather a few suggestions for her playfellow's relief and comfort. But, in a broader sense, she was

a passionate seeker for knowledge in every form, and the evidence of what she considered my miraculous skill in restoring her relative was sufficient to invest me, in her esteem, with marvelous attributes of wisdom and genius. A "learned man" (*sensei*) is always an object of respect in Japan, and this child was not only roused to admiration, but, in a vague way, hoped to obtain, by communion with me, some little addition to her own juvenile store of erudition. Finding me inclined to humor her, she attached herself to me with almost a blind devotion; poring over the small collection of books I had with me; building wild projects of a course of study then and there to be instituted; starting valorously upon explorations in the mazes of the alphabet; groping among labyrinthine numerals; and begging me, with timid wistfulness, always to be kind to her, and to help her in the hard struggle she would have to make to get an education in her new home at Tokio.

IV.

INFANTILE PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS.

Shall I tell the story of Yone's kitten? Of the early adversity which brought upon it the premature aches and pains from which the young mistress would have studied to shield it? Of the persecution from which she had rescued it, thus rendering the little animal — as in the natural order of things — an object of unspeakable endearment to its preserver? Why not? It will serve, perhaps better than pages of stiff description, to exhibit in a clear light certain features of the child's character

which were then developing, and which grew with her growth as she advanced toward maturity.

She was sitting in a snug corner of the garden, one afternoon, chatting confidentially to her cherished companions, when I ventured, through my interpreter, to join in the conversation, — her original distrust of me having by this time almost melted away.¹

"Which do you love better, Yone, the cat or the doll?"

"Ah, which do I?" she answered, contemplatively, in the sweet, silvery voice which belongs to the children of Japan.

"Yes, which would you rather lose?"

"Truly, it would be a great sorrow to lose either."

"Now tell me, which will you give me for my own?"

No immediate response, excepting a look of perplexity and dismay, which gradually passed away as she gazed intently at me.

"Ah, the Doctor is jesting."

"Certainly I am jesting; nobody shall take away your treasures. But I wish to know why you are so fond of them."

"They are my children."

"To be sure; and you prefer the doll because she is older."

"Yes, she is older — but" — and here she sank into deep reflection, as if the problem presented difficulties hitherto undreamed of to her sense of maternal justice and impartiality.

"And then she never misbehaves," I added, desiring to stimulate the course of her ideas, which were sometimes delightfully quaint and fresh.

"But she does; she often behaves ill. Not very ill; just the same as *neko-san*."²

¹ Persons conversant with the Japanese language need no reminder that its translation admits of a wide latitude. But in this, as in other similar cases, I have endeavored to reproduce, with all possible exactitude, in apposite English, the *thoughts* which were expressed in the Eastern tongue.

² It may amuse readers who are unfamiliar with Japan, as it always amuses travelers in the East, to learn that the Japanese suffix of courtesy which corresponds to our "Mr." or "Mrs." is applied to animals as habitually as to human beings. The dumb inmates of a household are invariably addressed as "Mr.

"What, exactly the same?"

"Exactly the same. Please understand, Doctor-san, how unhappy the neko will be if he hears he is naughtier than the doll. My doll must not be better than my kitten."

"You are very skillful to keep a strict balance, Yone," said I; "many foreign ladies would be glad to do as much with their children."

"Oh, Doctor-san, it is not real," she answered, nervously. "My doll — you know, my doll is nobody."

She made this acknowledgment in a cautious undertone, pointing stealthily at the little stuffed image, as if tenderly reluctant to wound its feelings. Then, as I waited for a more intelligible explanation, she began to cast furtive glances at the interpreter, intimating, so far as I could guess her meaning, that she was not unwilling to impart to me, privately, if it could be done, the secret of her disciplinary art, but doubted the propriety of taking into her confidence a third party, who possibly would laugh at her.

"Never mind, Yone," I said; "you need not tell me everything."

"I think I will tell you," she replied, with some hesitation. "My neko, you know, is real; he is alive. My doll — my doll" —

The lines came into her childish brow, as she sought for words to express what was plain enough within her mind, but which it puzzled her to put into language.

"My doll," she continued, "is neither good nor bad, if I must tell you the truth. She is only — my doll. But if I pretend she is good, then she is good; and if I pretend she is naughty, she is so. But it is different with my kitten. He is sometimes truly bad and disobedient. That is because he is so young. But he is very sorry, and, not to let him

Dog," "Mr. Cat," "Mr. Parrot," etc., until their proper individual designations are known, when they are called "Mr. Rover," "Mr.

feel too much ashamed when I scold him, I scold my doll at the same time. She is just as bad as I choose to have her — and so — I make them always both alike. It is n't real, you must understand. It is — I beg you to excuse me; I cannot say it at all."

"You have said it very well, Yone. I see how it is, now. I understand, too, why you cannot decide which you care for the more."

"Indeed," replied the child, pleased at being thus encouraged, and enjoying the opportunity of working out her little fable in seeming seriousness, — "indeed, it is difficult. Shall I tell you all? I know I am often very unjust to the doll, because, really, *really*, she never can do anything wrong, and she is scolded for nothing, and I pity her. But then she does not mind the scolding, being only a doll; while my kitten, who is real and alive, does mind the scolding, and so I am obliged to pity *him*. What do you think, Doctor-san? I will pretend they are both yours. There, they *are* yours. Now, which is your favorite?"

"Yes, I see; they are mine, and I am Yone Yamada. That is simple enough. Well, then, the question is, Which is my favorite? Let me think; when did I first get them? That is important, and I have forgotten all about it."

The child's eyes sparkled, as if the sympathy and coöperation of a grown person in her innocent fancies were rare and strange to her experience.

"Oh, I can tell you," she said. "Your father gave you the doll, you know."

"Did he? Yes, he gave me the doll. But when was it? I cannot remember."

"Many years ago; why, you were too young to remember."

"Of course; and the kitten?"

Her countenance suddenly fell. Our

Tom," "Mr. Polly," or whatever the correct name may be.

little comedy had evidently brought us to a point which she had not foreseen, and had perhaps awakened unpleasant recollections.

"It does not matter, Yone," I said, hastily; "I can decide without that. Or, let us remember that it is all play."

Again she regarded me with one of the keen looks by which I was still occasionally reminded of her inward doubts as to the perfect trustworthiness of the unfamiliar foreigner. Then casting her eyes upon the ground, and seeming to gather herself together for an unwonted effort, she said, falteringly, —

"No, it is not all play. I did not think; but I will tell you about the kitten."

"Indeed, you shall not," I answered. "Come, we will talk of something else."

"But I must, Doctor-san; it is right. I do ask you to hear me."

The decision in her countenance was remarkable, for so young a child. She was plainly resolved to relate something which, however painful, she considered it her duty to impart without reserve.

"It was in the third month," she began, "and, as my father was about to leave Nagoya, we were all going, one day, to kneel at the graves of our family, in the Soken burial-ground. We had nearly reached the gate, when I saw, on the other side of a moat, many boys, jumping, and shouting, and throwing things into the water. Then I looked closely, and saw a small kitten — this kitten — my kitten — climbing slowly up the steep stone side. The boys caught it, and threw it far away into the water again. Oh, Doctor-san, I did not think what I was doing. It was very wrong, but I ran across a bridge, screaming and screaming again. Some of the boys ran away, some threw stones worse than before; they would not heed me, and so I — I — the moat is not deep at all, and" —

"I see, my child; you went in and saved the poor kitten."

"It was wrong," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Wrong!" exclaimed I. "How can you say so?"

"I spoiled my dress, and could not go with the others to kneel before our graves."

"But wrong? Think again, Yone."

"I cried out in the street, and disobeyed my grandmother."

"But you saved the kitten's life. Consider. Would you not do the same again?"

She looked around her timorously, and, seeing that none of her own people were near, answered, —

"I — am — afraid — I would; but I am not a good girl."

I peered into her big dark eyes, to find if I could detect any sign of affectation or pretense, but there was none. Her self-depreciation was undoubtedly sincere.

"Tell me, Yone, do you think it wrong to do a kind thing?"

"No, oh no; but I ran away from my father."

"Were you not glad to get this pretty pet, all to yourself?"

"Truly, yes; but my best dress was torn and spoiled."

"What is that, compared with your beautiful kitten?"

"Nothing, to me; oh, nothing. But my grandmother said I did not respect our dead."

"Tell me what happened next, Yone."

"It was not much. Grandmother told me to throw the cat away, but I believe I cried very loud, and my father said I might take it home, and he would decide afterward. I went quickly back, and when they returned the neko was clean and almost dry. Grandmother was still much displeased, but my father was smiling and gentle. He had been talking with the good priest at Soken-ji, who asked where I was, and why I was not with them. When he heard the rea-

son, he told my father that our dead fathers and mothers would not be angry with me for saving the kitten from being killed, instead of going to bow before their tombs. And the kind priest sent me a present."

"What was it, Yone?"

"I do not know; grandmother said I must not have it. I never saw it."

"Indeed! An interesting old lady, I should judge."

"Yes, she is very wise, — wiser than anybody. And she was willing, after all, that I should keep the kitten."

"Ah, that is better."

"At first she was not willing, but my father thought we might decide by the wishes of the greater number. We were five, all together, and he began by saying he believed we need not send the kitten away. That was *one* for me, and I was grateful to my good father. It seemed that perhaps he thought my aunts, or one of them, would follow him. But grandmother was very positive, and the aunts were both obliged to agree with her. Then my father said, 'Yone, we are only two against three. I am afraid the *neko* must go.' I said that if he went, so little and so weak, he would surely die. I know my father was sorry, for he answered, 'If we had only been two against two, or three against three, it would be different.' Then I kneeled to my father, and begged him to listen. I said, 'Oh, father, it is so hard to think of, that we must send the suffering, trembling creature out to die. Forgive your daughter if she dares to ask you who, of all that live and breathe now in this room, is the most concerned in your judgment; who must feel it the most deeply; who will suffer, or rejoice, the most.' 'Why, truly,' he said, 'that is easy to answer: it is the cat, and no other.' Then I bowed down again, and said, 'In that case, if it please you, we are three against three, for surely the cat has no wish to go, and it is just that his opinion should be taken with the

rest.' My father laughed, and looked as if he would consent, but grandmother said quickly, 'No, no, the cat has no voice!' At that moment, suddenly, the poor animal, who was in my arms, began to cry out and make a great noise, and my father laughed more and more, and said that everything was settled; I might have my wish. Then he left us immediately, and grandmother did not object any more."

"Why, it was quite a miracle," said I, affecting great astonishment.

"What is a miracle?" asked Yone.

I explained as well as I could, at the same time highly eulogizing the kitten's instinct.

"No," said Yone, with cautious deliberation, — "no; I do not think it was a miracle."

"At any rate, it was a remarkable coincidence."

"What is *that*?" again demanded the child.

With somewhat greater difficulty, — the interpreter being here at a loss, and even the dictionaries affording us no guidance ("coincidence" being a word for which there is as yet no Japanese equivalent), — I made this also plain, causing her once more to ponder earnestly.

"I do not think," she presently observed, with an air of graver solemnity than she had yet displayed, although the story had been told throughout with the dolorousness of a penitential confession, — "I do not think that it was a remarkable co—co—co—"

"Never mind the foreign polysyllable, my young philologist. It was fortunate, at least, that your kitten took just that opportunity to make himself heard."

"Yes," she admitted, "it was fortunate—it was fortunate — and — I think I will not speak any more now, if you please."

Her voice was steady, but I could see tears gathering in her eyes. So, to shield her from observation, I sent my transla-

tor away, and, after addressing a few instructive remarks to the doll, withdrew myself to a distant corner, screening my little friend from my own scrutiny by means of a newspaper.

About a quarter of an hour after, she crept to my side, with her kitten under one arm, and — of all unexpected things — my copy of Hepburn's Dictionary under the other. Laying the volume, wide open, upon my knee, she pointed to a Japanese character which she had laboriously hunted up, — evidently with the desire to escape the interpreter's intervention, — and lifted her woebegone face in pathetic appeal to my comprehension, softly repeating with her lips the word which she indicated with her finger. The translation was "To take between the ends of the fingers ; to take a pinch." Having read this, I turned for further elucidation, which she supplied by transferring her hand from the book to her living burden, and nipping its flesh so vigorously as to call forth an eloquent wail of astonishment and remonstrance.

Nothing could be clearer. The timely feline outcry at the critical instant of the creature's fate was not a miracle, nor yet a strange coincidence. It was the natural effect of a lucky inspiration on the child's part, — that was all. Perceiving that she had made herself understood, she nodded her head several times, with a seriousness which checked my impulse to laugh at the disclosure ; tried to fall on her knees, until I managed to convince her that such abasement was superfluous ; and finally divining that she had not entirely forfeited my good-will by her revelation, took herself and her playmates away, still smiling mournfully, but certainly less dejected than she had been at any time since my untoward question as to the origin of her relations with the *neko-san*.

Who could resist these pretty and touching evidences of simplicity and can-

dor? It was a pleasant study to trace the current of the child's ingenuous thoughts, and endeavor to accompany her through the various perplexities in which her mind had wandered. I failed entirely, as I afterward learned, in fathoming the actual depth of her emotions, but my inferences were at least in the right direction. In truth, her sensitive soul was painfully agitated by the struggles of timidity, apprehension, and harsh necessity created by her recollection of the kitten's rescue and its attendant incidents. That she must tell me all that had happened, having once opened the subject, she did not allow herself to question ; notwithstanding that the recital would fill her with an agony of mortification, possibly subject her to fresh penalties, and almost inevitably deprive her of my aid in her future studies. For she never doubted the strict justice of her grandmother's verdict, and fully anticipated that I would view her conduct with similar censure. She was not a good girl ; she had committed grievous faults, which she was compelled to lay open to the inspection of one who, though kindly disposed toward her, was almost a stranger. The very goodness and generosity he had shown made it the more imperative that she should conceal nothing. To deceive him would be a darker shame than to suffer the consequences of her misdeeds. Hardest of all, she must tell her tale through the cold and unsympathetic medium of an interpreter. Nevertheless, it was her duty. It would be difficult to look me in the face, after the disclosure ; but if she left me in ignorance, she could not look me in the face at all. Yet how to convey the terrible avowal of her culminating fraud, — the strategic pinch which her grandmother still refused to condone? No interpreter could be trusted with that guilty secret. Hence her reliance upon the dictionary, with the subsequent touch of pantomime. I was glad, in later years, to remember that I had

not laughed at her, as was my impulse at the time. In her overwrought state, anything like mirth, however good-natured, would have cut her to the quick, and probably gone far to break up the confidence she had begun to extend to me.

It was long before Yone could bring herself to regard her act of natural tenderness and humanity in the proper light; and, during the whole of her girlhood, her faith in the righteousness of the aged relative's judgment remained unshaken. What child of her years, in Japan, would dream of doubting the infallibility of a parent or a grandparent? Any attempt to disturb her convictions on this point would have startled her beyond measure, and would have severely strained, if not severed, the pleasant ties that held us together during that summer sojourn in the country. I left her in the enjoyment of an illusion which she never ceased to cherish until it was forcibly dispelled by the torturing experiences of her later life. It was a great concession, for her, to accept the indirect consolation I offered. Beyond that limit she did not desire to be comforted.

The subject was referred to only once again, in those days. She began the morning which followed her awful revelation by sedulously avoiding me. As I made no advances, she presently came shyly hovering, looking at me over her shoulder, or from places of imaginary concealment, such as the corners of the house, or clusters of bushes, or adjacent hedges. Next, she drew near, a picture of bashful diffidence, and waited for opportunities of attempting slight services, like brushing a fallen leaf from my table, or picking up a paper which the wind had blown away. The performance of these afforded her such satisfaction that, out of pure charity, I was constrained to drop a knife or a pencil, now and then, for the sole purpose of allowing her to replace them. When my interpreter came to join me, she disappeared

with celerity; but finding that her flight attracted no notice, she instituted a series of irregular approaches, until, having reached a spot some two or three yards in front of me, she assumed a statue-like immobility, never stirring for half an hour, but keeping her big appealing eyes fixed upon me all the while, and speaking volumes without uttering a word.

"Bless the child," said I to myself, after I had endured it as long as possible, "she will throw me into a fit."

I closed my books, and leaned back, as if the morning's work were ended. Soon she stepped nearer, and intimated, humbly, that if I were at leisure she would like to ask a few questions about America. Everything was different from Japan, was it not? All the birds could sing, and the flowers all smelled sweet, and the cats had tails. Yes, she knew that; and the children, — they were always good, of course. What, not better than in Japan? Then, if they sometimes did wrong, would their friends forgive them? All this tended one way, and I found means to convince her that she had not sunk irretrievably in my esteem; that I was in no degree less fond of her than before; and, in spite of her fears and anxieties on this last point, that I would keep my promise, in case we should meet in Tokio, and help her, if it were possible for me to do so, in the great object of her aspirations, the attainment of learning.

Only a little child, and perhaps, so far as I was concerned, only a pretty playfellow for a few idle days; but a child in whose future it was impossible not to feel a deep and genuine interest. I asked myself if the strange combination of shrinking humility and high ambition; naive simplicity and bright intelligence; timidity so extreme that neither her sex nor her youth could fairly account for it, yet above which she rose dauntlessly when sustained by her resolute sense of duty, and courage sufficient

at the moment of need to conquer her girlish fear, and blind her to consequences which could be forgotten only in the heat of a noble impulse, — I asked myself if this conjunction of diverse qualities were the possible effect of an Eastern training, the result of the Japanese system of social and domestic culture, to be found whenever sought for ; or if accident had brought me in contact with a child of exceptional endowments, upon whom artificial methods of education had thus far made little impression, and whose generous nature had been trammelled, rather than helped forward, by conventional practices. In any case, I earnestly desired to watch her course toward womanhood, and should have been glad to constitute myself her guide, if no better were at hand, during her years of study. I hoped that, at the least, I might enjoy the privilege of offering such aid and encouragement as should clear away what I then considered — with the ignorance of a novice in the land — the most formidable obstacles from the path she longed to pursue.

V.

DISCIPLINE AND DUTY.

But Tokio is a large city, a huge congeries of ill-connected, unnamed thoroughfares, in which the most determined search for casual friends might be defeated ; and while I always looked forward to a renewal of acquaintance with the little lady, I was too busily occupied with important duties to allow myself time for possibly futile exploration. Neither she nor any of her party had known precisely where they would reside, and, though I had given them my own address, it appeared that they were in no eagerness to avail themselves of it. Had not her father belonged to the true and ancient gentry, the chances are that we should never have met again ; but to

one of that punctilious order, the necessity of sooner or later acknowledging a service rendered was as peremptory as a fixed law of nature.

Some weeks after my return to the capital, therefore, I was called upon by a gentleman of polished and engaging manners, whose errand was to thank me for saving his sister from otherwise inevitable death, — so he was pleased to put it, — and to feebly indicate the depth of his gratitude by depositing in the hands of my servant a small basket of eggs. I gave him such welcome as I could, offering him sundry refreshments, which he not only enjoyed in his own person, but several specimens of which he begged permission to carry away with him, for the gratification of his household. There was nothing unusual in this proceeding. It was quite in accord with Japanese etiquette. Nor was there much to be wondered at in his frank avowal that the cakes and sandwiches would be a rare and gladdening treat to the ladies at home, old and young ; for poverty entails no shame, in the estimation of these people, and though it would go very hard with a gentleman in difficulties before he could ask assistance, or even accept it, unless in the direst stress, he would know of no reason for concealing his situation, or refusing to discuss it with the careless gayety characteristic of an improvident race. With many pleasant expectations, I speedily returned the call, and was greeted with the seemingly cordial effusion which almost invariably accompanies Japanese hospitality, even when extended to a foreigner by those uncompromising believers in early principles who still nourish the distrust and suspicion which prevailed in their youth. Little Yone would have remained in the background, obedient to the usage hitherto explained, had I not drawn her forth, and especially questioned her with reference to the school prospects. Alas, they were dim enough, and her heart was heavy with

the conviction that the hopes she had so happily cherished could never be realized. Education was costly, under the most moderate teachers, unless one could enter a government college; and to gain admission to one of these, great interest was needed. The worthy father explained that in the civil war, a few years earlier, the clan to which he belonged, that of Owari, had been on the losing side; and his *daimio*, though not directly involved in the struggle, was destitute of influence at the capital, and could give no help to an humble retainer, even in so small a matter as this.

"Yone will not repine," said the head of the Yamada household; "she knows we would indulge her if we could, but the little power we once had is gone, and food is more necessary than learning, after all, is it not, my child?"

"My father knows best," answered the girl, with a sigh, in which the faintest breath of skepticism might have been thought to mingle, if such a thing as distrust of the paternal wisdom could have held a place in that loyal little mind. As it was, the instinct of submission to authority forbade her to enter upon a calculation of the relative disadvantages of ignorance and starvation.

It was my privilege, however, to avert the disappointment to which she had begun to resign herself. The position which I had been called to Japan to hold gave me a temporary control over minor educational affairs, and without much difficulty I obtained permission for the child to enter the best of the national schools for her sex, — an establishment recently opened for the study of the English language, a knowledge of which might lead, in various ways, to future advancement. Wishing to enjoy a bit of dramatic effect, I disclosed nothing of my action until the matter was arranged, when I visited my *protégée*, and quietly handed her the certificate of admission. I had quick cause, however, to regret having planned a

surprise the consequences of which I had not properly calculated. It was plain that I had been misled by the girl's self-imposed calmness, and had failed to discern the powerful springs of emotion that were hidden beneath her superficial composure. She read the document, at first, without understanding its meaning, or probably regarding it only as a barren form or blank, possessing no validity or purpose. But as she continued to gaze, its bearing upon her own fortune became visible, and, like a flash, she saw the realization of her dearest desire.

With a wild glance she turned to me for confirmation, and, reading it in my face, she suddenly grew pale, and trembled so violently that I ran in alarm to support her. She labored to maintain the outward equanimity which is cultivated by well-bred Japanese, but her girlish strength was overtaxed, and she began to gasp and sob convulsively, though without tears, as if overcome by an unexpected physical inability to fight against her frailty. For a moment I was as much frightened as her relations, ignorant of the cause of this agitation, were amazed; but she presently clasped her slender arms about her delicate body, as if determined thus to impose tranquillity upon herself. She did, indeed, succeed in controlling her excitement in a marvelously short time, and, as soon as she could move without betraying further weakness, she lifted the precious paper to her forehead, and then, sinking upon her knees, bowed herself to the ground before me, in token of a thankfulness which she did not venture to convey in speech.

Unfortunately, Yone's sentiments were not shared by the majority of those around her. The father, who had a better perception of the benefits of foreign culture than, at that period, most of his class, and who, in his way, was an affectionate parent, was genuinely gratified at the opportunity thus opened, although

beset by many misgivings as to the added expense that would fall upon the family. If Yone's mother had been alive, the child would assuredly have had one unfaltering advocate on her side, but of this source of comfort and support she had been deprived in her earliest infancy. Her aunts looked at the question chiefly from the standpoint of domestic economy, not only foreseeing the need of extra disbursements, but misliking, also, the prospect of a daily absence which would lessen the value of her home industry, and perhaps necessitate additional outlay in the form of wages for a servant. The grandmother, heartily coinciding in this latter view, was furthermore stimulated to opposition by a blind hostility to alien ideas of every description. Habits of thought, methods of education, the entire scheme of Western life, were all odious to her. And the influence of a grandmother is so potent in the discipline of a Japanese home that, but for the suddenness of my announcement and the immediate ratification of the plan by Yamada the sire, she might have found means to prevent its consummation entirely. In one sense, therefore, and possibly the most important one, my little *coup de théâtre* had been a happy inspiration. Yamada, carried away by his daughter's pathetic demonstration, had distinctly given his sanction, and it was not then possible — as it would not have been in any case becoming, while I was present — for the women of the family to signify disapproval of a proffer which was obviously inspired by friendliness and sincerity of heart.

It was fortunate for Yone's aspirations, as well as for my peace of mind, that I was left in ignorance of their dissatisfaction. Years passed, indeed, before I learned the full extent of their objections, and of their power to make their displeasure felt. But I saw enough of what was in their minds to make me urge that, as the plan was of my contriv-

ing, with deep, far-reaching objects of my own, I could claim the right of assuming such costs as might be incurred, — for school dress, books, and other equipment. I should not have ventured to supply any deficiency caused by Yone's withdrawal from her domestic labors, even if I had comprehended that part of the difficulty, which I certainly did not. She, however, foresaw the impending trouble, and hastened (all unknown to me, be it understood) to avert internal dissension by pledging herself to perform her complete share of indoor service, in time which she would take from her ordinary rest by day and her sleep by night. This meant that she would make up the five or six hours required for attendance at school and for study by depriving herself of an equal period of sleep in the morning and relaxation at night. On these hard conditions, the aunts abstained from violent antagonism. The grandmother was never reconciled, and from that moment mercilessly devoted herself to burdening the unhappy child's life with weariness, grief, and pain.

The homes of the Japanese are not always the abodes of bliss that genial foreigners have desired to paint them. Absolute despotism is the law that rules in all of them, though the despotism may be in many cases tempered by natural amiability or a sense of honest duty. The masculine head of the family is the autocrat; but a large share of his power is delegated to any aged woman or women that may belong to the household. A grandmother, as in the present instance, may work her own will, so far as the adjustment of interior affairs is concerned, without likelihood of interference on any pretense. If Yone, in the years of her schooling, had ever ventured to remonstrate, or to appeal to her father against any hardship, she would have been looked upon as a vicious and lawless rebel, heedless of the authority to which she was subject by

every precept of filial piety ; and she would probably have been recommended, kindly but firmly, to remember that mute obedience is the unvarying principle upon which a child's existence should be modeled. But she would never have dreamed of taking such a step. She was as gentle and submissive as she was eager in her wish to gain knowledge. In her little humble heart, she felt that more had been granted her than she could ever repay, with all her exertion ; and if her soul was wounded by the treatment she underwent, she did not murmur, but strove by renewed effort to conciliate the inflexible will which controlled her destiny.

She did not know, unless the knowledge came to her in later days, that she was struggling for an impossibility. It was her grandmother's set purpose, by breaking down her strength and spirit, to interrupt the course of study to which Yamada, in a moment of weakness, had given his consent. To the accomplishment of this end, the old woman bent all her energy and invention. Hoping to conquer easily, she became incensed at the child's power of passive resistance, and gradually proceeded from petty annoyances to harsh oppression, and finally to bitter and injurious persecution. It may be said, to explain if not to palliate her cruelty, that she was one of a generation reared in hatred to the foreigner ; densely ignorant, as it was formerly the habit of Japanese to keep their women ; a fanatic in the faith of her country's moral and intellectual supremacy, as well as in the religion of her people ; and proud, withal, of the very chains which bound her mind in narrow imprisonment. Moreover, there was no tie of true affection between her and the girl. Her son had married, not altogether to her fancy, a lady of social station superior to his own, — although he likewise might justly claim an aristocratic pedigree, — and the wife and mother-in-law had never

been in harmony. The consciousness of inferiority to a junior has been, until recent times, the cause of innumerable hatreds and contests among the Japanese ; and to the older and less favored woman the comeliness and intelligence of Yone's mother rendered her an object of odium. She was a fragile lady, too sensitive, in her delicacy and refinement, for the surroundings to which she was condemned, and after giving her husband and master two daughters, the younger of whom alone survived, she fell into the neglect which is the usual lot of Japanese wives who supply no male heir to the family name. So she faded out of existence, and Yone remained the only inmate of her father's home who represented any but the paternal line. He was fond of her, — more fond than disappointed Japanese fathers mostly are ; but there was no warmth of affection for her among the women who reared her. Perhaps it was this lack of loving-kindness that turned her thoughts elsewhere, and awakened the yearning for a career to which she could attach herself with undivided devotion.

I have not set myself to relate the sorrows of Yone's childhood, and I pass them over with brief recital. Her tasks had been so various and so severe before entering the school that, had I known of them, and of the necessity for continuing them, I should have hesitated to satisfy her wishes. The grandmother, privileged by age and position, was exempt from toil of any kind. The two aunts occupied themselves with a reasonable share of the housework, and the lowest offices were performed by two menials, a man and a maid. In Nagoya, their former residence, they had been better provided ; but prices were higher in Tokio, while the income which sustained the house of Yamada under the old *régime* had totally disappeared with the disestablishment of the feudal system. Whilst searching for a livelihood, like thousands of his fellows, he

could not maintain the luxuries of former times, and it was considered a proper concession to the household needs when, not long after Yone's admission to the school, the last remaining female servant was dismissed. Perhaps her father thought, if he thought at all of the matter, that the labors of the outgoing individual would be divided among all who remained; but, by the grandmother's decree, everything was thrust upon the child of eleven years, who was already heavily overweighted with drudgery.

At that period, she rose long before dawn, set the house in order for the day, cleaned the utensils (studying whenever her task allowed her to keep a book within view), lighted the fires, prepared the morning meal for all, arranged her grandmother's garments and assisted her to dress, served breakfast to her elders before taking her own, washed and set aside the dishes after the meal was ended, made ready for the dinner which was to be eaten in her absence, and then, donning the semi-masculine attire which girl students were expected to wear, started upon her run of four miles to the college. Walk she could not, with any chance of arriving in time; and as it was, she was so often late as to provoke reproaches, from which she never attempted to defend herself, lest she should seem to be, in her turn, reproaching others. Her high standing in the school, of which she speedily became one of the most promising pupils, alone saved her from harsher rebuke. In the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions she stole away into seclusion, unwilling that her companions should see the insufficient quantity and doubtful quality of the food she was permitted to bring for her luncheon, and also anxious to gain a few extra moments for study. The day's attendance over, she darted homeward again, there to cleanse the plates and implements which had intentionally been left, from

the dinner, soiled and in disorder; to take in hand the family sewing; to make ready the evening meal; to set the house to rights for the night; and, finally, — not till then, — to give her worn and jaded mind to the lessons which she loved. Only so long as the family remained up was she allowed a light. For the half of each month, she afterward would say, this was not an irremediable deprivation; for the skies are clear in Japan, and the moon, less cold and distant than those whose name she bore, gave her the light which her kindred denied her.

While the child was thus oppressed with cares and travail beyond her strength, the grandmother executed her final stroke of policy by discharging the man-servant, imposing upon Yone all his work, and commanding her daughters to abstain from even the few tasks they had up to that time performed. This chanced to be in midwinter, and to all her previous burdens were now superadded such rough and arduous labors as wood-splitting, drawing water from a distant aqueduct, — the relentless old woman going so far as to pretend that the flavor of the neighboring well was unpleasant to her taste, — sweeping the yard, and keeping the garden in order, with others more degrading and intolerable. But no syllable of remonstrance escaped her. She clung to her studies, and silently fought against fatigue, exposure, cold, and imperfect nourishment, with a spirit as truly heroic as that which had won for her ancestors their title to swords and crest three hundred years before.

All this continued for not less than two years, at any moment of which a single word to me would have freed her from the worst of her misery; for the child's sweet patience and ardent gratitude had endeared her to me, and, had I suspected the truth, I would have spared no effort to change the current of her afflicted life. But I never knew.

Her strict fidelity to the standard of duty by which she had been taught, and to deviate from which she believed would alienate her foreign friend and

protector, as well as her own people, — this unswerving constancy darkened her innocent life, and filled my after years with many a sorrowful memory.

E. H. House.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF FRANKLIN TO STRAHAN.

THERE is no department of literature more fascinating to the general reader than biography. When a well-known character himself relates the story of his life, the interest is greatly increased. But when through his correspondence we obtain unpremeditated glimpses of his heart or the development of his career, we reach a mine that yields profit not only of interest, but sometimes of incalculable historic value. The exigencies of the rapid life of this century are rendering these sources of historic record more and more rare. Johnson said, "We travel no more; we only arrive at places." Thus we of the nineteenth century may say in turn, "We correspond no more; we only telegraph."

It is therefore a matter of growing importance to preserve the correspondence of the men of past ages, and to welcome heartily every newly discovered addition to a class of historic and intellectual wealth that erelong will reach the limit of accretion. Among great representative Americans, no one has left behind him so voluminous a correspondence as Benjamin Franklin. This is doubtless due in part to his methodical habits and thorough mastery of his powers, and in part, most likely, to the fact that during his long and busy career he followed with success a number of entirely distinct pursuits, each of which brought him into relations with a separate class of the world's workers. But voluminous as are the epistolary remains of Franklin, they are yet of such value

and importance that his countrymen are ever ready to welcome additions to these inestimable biographical archives, whereby to increase our knowledge of one of the most extraordinary men America has produced. Naturally, the supply is drawing near its final limit; there was indeed reason to conclude that this limit had already been reached when a group of letters, in Franklin's own hand, recently came to light in England. These letters were long kept in the family of Mr. Strahan, and for some unexplained reason were finally placed in the hands of a London bookseller, for sale. They were shown immediately after that to an American gentleman, who purchased them and brought them to this country last summer. What adds to the value and interest of this "find" is the fact that these letters represent a very large portion of the correspondence of Franklin with his friend William Strahan. As both were printers and booksellers, these relics of Franklin give us very interesting glimpses at the condition of letters and the practice of the art of printing in the American Plantations at that period.

This friendship of over forty years, sprung from a mere casual business transaction, ripened into a sincere respect and a warm affection on both sides, and seems to have called into action the best qualities of Franklin's character. One cannot rise from a perusal of these documents without entertaining a higher regard for Benjamin Franklin as a man of feeling. He is generally considered

to have been one in whom excess of intellectual activity and Yankee shrewdness overbalanced the exercise of his emotional nature. That he was capable of warm and enduring friendship, however, becomes at once apparent in these genial letters, written by the American printer to his brother printer across the seas.

We all know what Franklin was. If we hear less of Strahan, it must yet be conceded that, although no such remarkable genius as Franklin, he was a man of mark and integrity, whose success as a bookseller and publisher won him a place in Parliament. Thus, Franklin could discuss both books and politics with him, and while still a humble printer and postmaster in a distant colony could anticipate the proud position he was destined to occupy among the foremost statesmen of the age. Strahan's disposition and social standing are further indicated by his intimacy with Dr. Johnson, whom he often befriended, acting as his banker, and drawing his pension for him. In 1771, he strongly urged the nomination of Johnson to the House of Commons.

The letters in question number seventy-three, including a very rare letter of Mrs. Franklin's and a few duplicates, which were sent by different ships to insure safety from the perils of the sea, of which the most hazardous were the French cruisers swarming on the high seas during that century. We present here a selection of those which bring out most fully Franklin's relations to the intellectual development of the colonies and the friendship of the correspondents, beginning with the first of the series, and closing with the last one. The correspondence began in a casual manner, by the following letter from Franklin to Strahan, which explains itself; Franklin being at the time resident in Philadelphia, in the triple capacity of printer, postmaster, and publisher of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*.

PHILAD^a July 10, 1743.

SIR, — Mr. Read has communicated to me part of a Letter from you, recommending a young Man whom you would be glad to see in better Business than that of a Journeyman Printer. I have already three Printing Houses in three different colonies, and purpose to set up a fourth if I can meet with a proper Person to manage it, having all Materials ready for that purpose. If the young Man will venture over hither, that I may see and be acquainted with him, we can treat about the Affair, and I make no doubt but he will think my Proposals reasonable; If we should not agree, I promise him however a Twelve months Good Work, and to defray his Passage back if he enclines to return to England. I am, Sir,

Your humb Servt. unknown

B FRANKLIN

In the letter following this, Franklin gives us a fine insight to his literary tastes, and suggests as well those of the colonies. The allusion to Ward doubtless refers to Edward Ward, a long-winded imitator of Hudibrastic verse, who kept a genteel public house in London, and found a wide sale for his cheap verses in the Plantations, a fact to which Pope alludes in the *Dunciad*, in the lines, —

“Nor sail with Ward, to ape and monkey
climes,

Where vile mundungus trucks for viler
rhymes.”

SIR, — I received your Favour p Mr. Chew dated Sept. 10, and a Copy via Boston. I received also Mr. Middleton's Pieces. I am pleased to hear that my old Acquaintance Mr. Wygate is promoted, and hope the Discovery will be completed. I would not have you be too nice in the Choice of Pamphlets you send me. Let me have everything, good or bad, that makes a Noise and has a Run: for I have Friends here of Different Tastes to oblige with the Sight

of them. If Mr. Warburton publishes a new Edition of Pope's works, please to send me as soon as 't is out, 6 Setts. That Poet has many Admirers here, and the Reflection he somewhere casts on the Plantations as if they had a Relish for such Writers as Ward only, is injurious. Your authors know but little of the Fame they have on this Side the Ocean. We are a kind of Posterity in respect to them. We read their Works with perfect Impartiality, being at too great a Distance to be byassed by the Fashions, Parties and Prejudices that prevail among you. We know nothing of their personal Failings; the Blemishes in their character never reach us, and therefore the bright and aimable part strikes us with its full Force. They have never offended us or any of our Friends, and we have no Competitions with them, and therefore we praise and admire them without Restraint. Whatever Thomson writes, send me a Dozen Copies of. I had read no Poetry for several years, and almost lost the Relish of it, till I met with his Seasons. That charming Poet has brought more Tears of Pleasure into my Eyes than all I ever read before. I wish it were in my Power to return him any Part of the Joy he has given me — I purpose to send you by a Ship that is to sail shortly from this Port a Bill, and an Invoice of Books that I shall want for Sale in my Shop, which I doubt not you will procure as cheap as possible; otherwise I shall not be able to sell them, as here is one who is furnished by Oswald that sells excessively low; I cannot conceive upon what terms they deal. — The Pamphlets and Newspapers I shall be glad to receive by way of N York and Boston, when there is no Ship directly hither; If you direct them for B. F. Boston and Philad^a they will come directly to hand from those Places. — Mr. Hall is perfectly well and gains ground daily in the Esteem of all that know him. — I hope Caslon will not delay casting the

English Fount I wrote to you for, so long as he has some that have been sent me. I have no doubt but Mr. Hall will succeed well in what he undertakes. He is obliging, discreet, industrious but honest; and when these Qualities meet, things seldom go amiss. Nothing in my Power shall be wanting to serve him. — I cannot return your Compliments in kind; this Quaker plain Country producing none. All I can do is, to demonstrate, by a hearty Readiness in serving you when I have an Opportunity, or any Friend you recommend, that I do truly esteem and love you, being, Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN.

PHILAD. Feb. 12, 1744, 5.

P. S. Please continue the Political Cabinet.

In the next letter, bearing date of July 4, 1744, Franklin reminds us, by the allusion to Dobbs's Piece, of an affair which created much discussion in England at the time. In 1741, Captain Christopher Middleton, who is also mentioned in this letter, was sent in command of an expedition to discover a passage through Hudson's Bay. Naturally, he failed to find what did not exist. He sailed some distance up the Wager River, and finding it to be a river, reported that the Hudson's Bay was an inland sea, and nothing more. Arthur Dobbs, who had accompanied the expedition, came out with a virulent pamphlet, probably the one which Franklin mentions, and asserted that Middleton had been bribed by the Hudson's Bay Company to make the report he did. The controversy became so hot that a second expedition was sent out, under Captain William Moore, which confirmed the statements of Middleton. But the results of the second expedition had evidently not reached the colonies at the time of Franklin's letter.

The two letters following this one are of great value as indicating the char-

acter of the books then most in demand in the Plantations, and as showing the business relations of the two printers ripening into friendship.

PHILAD^A July 4, 1744.

SIR, — I received your Favour p Mr. Hall, who arrived here about two weeks since, and from the short Acquaintance I have had with him, I am persuaded he will answer perfectly the Character you had given of him. I make no doubt but his Voyage, tho' it has been expensive, will prove advantageous to him. I have already made him some Proposals, which he has under Consideration, and as we are like to agree on them, we shall not, I believe, differ on the Article of his Passage Money.

I am much obliged to you for your Care and Pains in procuring me the Founding-Tools; tho' I think, with you, that the Workmen have not been at all bashful in making their Bills. I shall pay a Proportion of the Insurance, &c. to Mr. Read, and send you a Bill of Exchange by the very next Opportunity.

I thank you for Mr. Dobbs's Piece. I wish that publick-spirited Gentlemen may live to enjoy the Satisfaction of hearing that English ships sail easily through his expected Passage. But tho' from the Idea this Piece gives me of Capt. Middleton, I dont much like him, yet I would do him the Justice to read what he has to say for himself, and therefore request you to send me what is published on his Side the Question. I have long wanted a Friend in London whose Judgement I could depend on, to send me from time to time such new Pamphlets as are worth Reading on any Subject (Religious Controversy excepted) for there is no depending on Tides and Advertisements. This Favour I take the Freedom to beg of you, and shall lodge Money in your Hands for that purpose.

We have seldom any News on our Side the Globe that can be entertaining

to you on yours. All our Affairs are *petit*. They have a miniature Resemblance only of the Grand Things of Europe. Our Governments, Parliaments, Wars, Treaties, Expeditions, Factions, &c. tho' Matters of great and serious Consequence to us, can seem but Trifles to you — Four Days since our Naval Force received a terrible Blow. Fifty Sail of the Line destroyed would scarce be a greater loss to Britain than that to us. And yet 't was only a new 20 Gun Ship sunk, and about 100 Men drowned, just as she was going out to Sea on a privateering Voyage against the King's Enemies. She was overset by a Flaw of Wind, being built too sharp, and too high masted. — A Treaty is now holding at Newtown in Lancaster County, a Place 60 Miles west of this City, between the Governments of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, on one Side, and the united Five Nations of Indians on the other. I will send you an Account of it when printed, as the Method of doing Business with those Barbarians may perhaps afford you an Amusement.

We have already in our Library Bolton's & Shaw's Abridgements of Boyle's Works. I shall, however, mention to the Directors the Edition of his Works at large; possibly they may think fit to send for it.

Please to remember me affectionately to my old . . . Friend Wigate, to whom I shall write p next opportunity. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humb Servt.

B. FRANKLIN

PHILAD^A April 14, 1745.

SIR, — I wrote to you lately via New York, and sent a Copy via Maryland, one or other of which I hope may come to hand. I have only time now to desire you to send me the following Books, viz.

1 Doz Cole's Eng. Dictionaries

3 Doz. Mathers Young Man's Companion

- 2 Doz Fishers Ditto
- 2 Quarter Waggoners for America
- 6 Echard's Gazetteer
- 4 Doz Grammars with Const. Book
- 1 Doz Clark's Corderius
- 1 Doz London Vocabulary
- 1 Doz Bailey's English Exercises
- 6 Clark's Introduction
- 6 Esop's Fables, Latin
- 1 Doz Accidences
- 6 Brightland's English Grammar

I am, Sir,

Your most humb Servt

B FRANKLIN.

PHILAD^A April 14, 1745.

SIR, — The above is a Copy of mine p Capt. Martyn. I have only to desire you to add the following Books. 6 French Testaments, 12 Boyer's Grammars, 12 Cord. Colloqu. French, 3 Cambray's Fables, 3 Telamaque, 2 Travels of Cyrus, French, 2 Boyer's Dictionaries 8° — 1 new German & Eng. Dictionary & Grammar by Professor A. A. Lessing.

Yours &c. B FRANKLIN.

PHILAD^A April 26, 1746.

SIR, — I have had no Line from you since that dated June 1745, which with your equal Silence to our Friends Hall and Read, made me apprehend that Death had deprived me of the Pleasure I promised myself in our growing Friendship: But Lieut. Grung writing in Feb'y last that you and your Family were well, convinces me that some unlucky Accident has happened to your Letters.

I sent you in mine of Dec. 11 & Dec. 20 a List of some Books, &c. which I wanted, with a Bill for £15, 7, 1 Sterl. and as Mr. Collinson had his Letter which I then enclosed to you, there can be no need of copying what I sent you. I shall expect those Books in the next Vessel that arrives from London, & send you now enclosed another Bill for 15£ sterl.

I have not time to add but that I am, with sincere respect

Your obliged humb Servt

B. FRANKLIN.

Copy p Martyn
who sailed Ap. 26.

In our next three selections we gain a number of interesting glimpses at the life of the colonists and their relations to the mother country. The order for post horns suggests the methods employed by Postmaster Franklin for distributing letters and books.

PHILAD^A Sept. 25, 1746.

SIR, — Your Favours of Feb. 11 and May 1 are come to hand. Mesnard arrived safe this Morning, and I suppose I shall have the Trunks out in a day or two. Our other Ships Lisle and Houston not yet come, but daily expected. I am much obliged to you for your ready Compliance with my Requests. I sent you in the Spring a Bill on Messrs Hoare and Arnold for 15£ which I hope came to Hand, and will be as readily paid as that on George Rigge for £15, 7, 1. I now send you the following Bills, viz.

	sterling
John Denny's for	3, 5, 7
George Copper's for	2, 8, 0
J. Bordly's for	4, 3, 3
Ra Page's for	4, 15, 0
Sarah Gresham's for	4, 10, 0
Jno Bond's for	13, 07, 9

£32 : 19 : 7

I wish the Sum had been all in one Bill, as the Trouble to you would be less; but Bills have been scarce lately, and we were glad to get any. I think however to send you no more such small ones.

I shall as you desire deliver one of Ainsworth's Dictionaries to Mr. Read. You will please to take the Charge of it from my Acc't in your Book, and add it to his.

Please to send me p next Vessel 6

Dozen of Dycke's Spelling Books, and as many of Owen's, with a Dozen of Post Horns of different Sizes. — I shall speedily send you another Bill.

My Wife joins with me in Thanks to you and good Mrs. Strahan and young Master, for your great Kindness to our Daughter. She shall make her Acknowledgements herself as soon as she is able.

I congratulate you on the Defeat of Jacobitism by your glorious Duke, and the Restoration of Peace and good Order within the Kingdom. We have just now an Account that a French Fleet of about 30 Sail were lately seen off Cape Sables; They are supposed to be from Brest. I hope they are followed by a superior Force from England, otherwise a great deal of Mischief may be done in North America.

I am sorry it so happen'd that Mr. Collinson had bespoke the Books. The next Catalogue sent to him will be accompanied with a Request that he should purchase them of you only.

Our Friends Messrs Hall and Read continue well. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humb Sert

B FRANKLIN.

In two copies of the above letter, sent by other ships, Franklin adds a postscript as follows: "Your Government sent no Fleet to protect us against the French under D'Anville. But they have been defeated by the Hand of God."

PHILAD^a July 29, 1747.

SIR, — Your Favours of March 18 & April 1 are come to Hand with all the Books, &c. mentioned in the invoice, in good Order, and am much obliged to you for your ready Compliance with all my Requests.

I believe I could have got Subscriptions for 20 Sets of the Universal History, and perhaps more, but unluckily a Ship from Ireland has, since the Receipt of your Letter, brought in 20 Setts com-

pleat, and they are offer'd at a lower Rate than the English Edition can be afforded at, even if I paid but 4 s p vol. I do what I can to lessen the Credit of that piratical Edition, and talk much of the Improvements made in this; but that being to be had entire immediately, and this not until after many Months, weighs a good deal with Some; and others object, that 't is to be apprehended the London Booksellers will either curtail the folio Edition greatly to save Money, or put the Subscribers at last to the Expense of a greater Number of Volumes than 20; seeing the Volumes are much less than those of the Irish Edition, the 3 first of the one containing but little more than the first of the other. — If they think fit to venture a Parcel here Hall will do his best to dispose of them, and I will assist him what I can. They may send a Parcel also to Mr. Parker Printer of New York, a very honest punctual Man.

I am glad all the Bills I sent you have been paid or accepted. You may expect more in a short Time, and after the next Parcel of Books are paid for you will chiefly have to deal with Mr. Hall, into whose Hands I have agreed to put the Shop, &c.

With all our best Respects to you & yours, heartily wishing you Health and Happiness, I conclude

Your obliged humb Sert

B. FRANKLIN

p Mesnard

PHILAD^a Nov. 28, 1747.

SIR, — I received your Favour of June 11 p Capt. Tiffin, with the Books, &c. all in good Order. Mr. Parks, who drew the Bill on Guidart & Sons, is surpris'd at their protesting it, they having, as he says, large Effects of his in their Hands. He will speedily renew that Bill. Enclosed I send you a Bill on X^r Kilby, Esq for £19, 7, 1½ sterling, which I hope will be readily paid. And you may soon expect other Bills

from me for larger Sums. — What Books will be wanted for the Shop hereafter, Mr. Hall will write for. I shall send for no more, unless for myself or a Friend. I much desire you to send p first Opportunity the Maps formerly wrote for, viz. Popple's large one of North America pasted on Rollers; Ditto bound in a Book; and 8 or 10 other Maps of equal Size if to be had; they are for the long Gallery & the Assembly Room in the Statehouse. If none so large are to be got, let prospects of Cities, Buildings, &c. be pasted around them, to make them as large. I want also Folard's Polybius, in French; it is 6 Vols. 4^{to} printed at Paris, & costs about 3 guineas. My best Respects to good Mrs. Strahan; I know not but in another Year, I may have the Pleasure of seeing you both in London. — Please to deliver the enclosed to Mr. Asworth; I know not where to direct to him. — I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN

The following letter, bearing date of October 19, is very interesting for the idea it gives of Franklin's extensive business transactions and the growing intimacy of his own family with that of Mr. Strahan. This letter is written in a fine clear hand, and presents a good example of Franklin's chirography.

PHILAD^a Oct. 19, 1748.

DEAR SIR, — I receiv'd your Favour of April 25, with the maps, &c. I am glad the Polybius did not come, and hope you will not have sent it when this reaches your Hands; it was intended for my Son, who was then in the Army, and seemed bent on a military Life; but as Peace cuts off his Prospect of Advancem^t in that Way, he will apply himself to other Business. Enclos'd I send you his Certificate from the Governor of New York, by which he is entitled to £98, 16, 4 sterling, being his

Pay; with a Letter of Attorney empowering you to receive it; I know not what the Deductions will be at the Pay Office; but desire you will give my acc^t Credit for the net Proceeds. I am in daily Expectation of a Bill from Virginia of 50£ which I shall remit you towards the Ballance, & Mr. Hall will acct with you for those Things you have sent me, that are put in his Invoice. Our Accts agree, except that I have charged you £1, 9, 7 for the Ainsworth to James Read, the £ being the Proportion of Charges on that Book, and the Bill on Geo. Rigge my Acct calls £15, 7, 11, yours 15, 7, 1; which is but a small Variation; & I know not but yours may be right. I have lately sent a Printing-house to Antigua, by a very sober, honest & diligent young Man, who has already (as I am informed by divers Hands) gained the Friendship of the principal People, and is like to get into good Business. This will open another Market for your Books if you think fit to use it; for I am persuaded, that if you shall send him a Parcel with any quantity of Stationary he may write to you for, he will make you good and punctual Returns. His Name is Thomas Smith; he is the only Printer on that island; had work'd with me here, and at my printing House in N York, 3 or 4 years, and always behaved extremely well.

Mr. Thos Osborne, Bookseller of London, is endeavouring to open a Correspondence in the Plantations for the sale of his Books. He has accordingly sent several Parcels, 1 to Mr. Parker of N York, 1 to Mr. Read here, & one to Mr. Parks in Virginia. I have seen the Invoices to Parker & Read, and observe the Books to be very high charg'd, so that I believe they will not sell. I recommended Parker to you for Books, but he tells me he has wrote you several letters, & in two of them sent a Guinea to purchase some small Things, but never receiv'd an Answer. Perhaps the Guinea made the Letters miscarry. He is a

very honest, punctual Man, & will be in the Way of selling a great many Books; I think you might find your Acet in writing to him. Mr. Read having left off Bookselling Osborne has wrote to me, & desired me to take those Books into my Hands, proposing a Correspondence, &c. but I have declined it in a Letter p this ship.

My Spouse will write to Mrs. Strahan, to whom my best Respects. By this time, twelve-month, if nothing extraordinary happens to prevent it, I hope to have the Pleasure of seeing you both in London; being with great Esteem and Affection, Dr Sir.

Your obliged Friend & Sert

B FRANKLIN

P. S. You will find Mr. Geo. Smith, one of the Witnesses to the Power of Attorney at the Pennsylvania Coffee House. He goes over in this Ship —

We now come to a Letter which is eminently characteristic. Amid his multifarious duties, the indefatigable Franklin finds the time to write a letter almost entirely of friendship, interchanging his views of life with his friend in London whom he had never seen. It is evident that Strahan had been expressing opinions with regard to life in Scotland entirely opposite to those of Dr. Johnson.

PHILAD^a June 2, 1750.

DEAR SIR, — The person from whom you had the Power of Attorney to receive a Legacy, was born in Holland, and at first called *Aletta* Crell; but not being christen'd when the Family came to live among the English in America, she was baptized by the Name of *Mary*. This change of Name probably might be unknown to the Testator, as it happened in Carolina, and so the Legacy might be left her by her first Name *Aletta*. She has wrote it on a Piece of Paper, which I enclose, and desires you would take the Trouble of acquainting the Gentleman with these Particulars,

which she thinks may induce him to pay the Money.

I am glad to understand by the Papers that the Parliament has provided for paying off the Debts due on the Canada Expedition. I suppose my Son's Pay is now in your Hands. I am willing to allow 6 p ct. (the Rate of Interest here) for the Delay; or more, if the Disappointment has been a greater Loss to you — I hope the 50£ bill I lately sent you is come to Hand, & paid —

The Description you give of the Company and Manner of living in Scotland, would almost tempt me to remove thither. Your Sentiments of the general Foible of Mankind in the Pursuit of Wealth to no End, are expressed in a Manner that gave me great Pleasure in reading; They are extremely just; at least they are perfectly agreeable to mine. But London Citizens, they say, are ambitious of what they call *dying worth* a great Sum. The very Notion seems to me absurd; and just the same as if a Man should run in Debt for 1000 Superfluities, to the End that when he should be stript of all, and imprisoned by his Creditors, it might be said he *broke worth* a great Sum. I imagine that what we have above what we can use, is not properly *ours*, tho' we possess it, and that the rich Man who *must die* was no more *worth* what he leaves than the Debtor who *must pay*.

I am glad to hear so good a character of my Son in Law. Please to acquaint him that his Spouse grows finely, and will probably have an agreeable Person; that with the best natural Disposition in the World, she discovers daily the Seeds and Tokens of Industry, Oeconomy, & in short of every female Virtue, which her Parents will endeavour to cultivate for him; and if the Success answers their fond Wishes and Expectations, she will in the true Sense of the Word be *worth* a great deal of Money, and consequently a great Fortune.

I suppose my Wife writes to Mrs.

Strahan. Our Friend Mr. Hall is well, and manages perfectly to my Satisfaction. I cannot tell how to accept your Repeated Thanks for Services you think I have done to him, when I continually feel myself obliged to him, and to you for sending him. I sincerely wish all Happiness to you and yours, and am Dear Sir

Your most obliged humb Serv't

B FRANKLIN

In the next letter we have an allusion to the thrifty habits of Franklin's daughter, who subsequently married Mr. Bache. We shall hear more of her business transactions in another letter from her father.

PHILAD^a Sept. 22, 1751

DE SIR, — My Daughter receiv'd her Books all in good Order, and thanks you for your kind Care in sending them. Enclos'd is a second Bill for 20£ sterl^e, the first went p Mesnard.

There is a little Book on the Game of Chess, by Philip Stamona, printed for J. Brindley, 1745. If to be had, please to send it me; with the remaining Vols. of Viner as fast as they are published.

We are all well, and join in affectionate Regards to you, Mrs. Strahan and your Children. I am, Dr Sir,

Your obliged humb Serv't

B FRANKLIN

The allusion to the New England Coffee House in the next letter, as well as one to the Pennsylvania Coffee House in a previous communication, indicates the clannishness of the colonists when in London.

PHILAD^a March 21, 1752.

DEAR SIR, — I wrote to you in the Winter via New York, for a few Books, and sent a 2^d Bill of 30£ Barbad^a Currency. The first is enclos'd. I hope it came to Hand Time enough for you to meet with the Gent'n and get the Money. He is Capt. of a Ship, and was to be found in the New England Coffee House,

but probably may be gone before you receive this — They were mostly School Books, and I have mislaid the original List, so cannot send a Copy.

The Books for the Trenton Library arrived safe, and I believe gave Satisfaction.

I want yet vol. 17 of the Universal History in blue Covers, to compleat my Set.

My Wife & Children join in sincerest Wishes of Happiness to you & yours, with, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humb Sert

B FRANKLIN.

Mrs. Franklin's letter, introduced here, is interesting not only on account of the rarity of her letters, but as showing the character of a woman's education in the colonies. She not only spells incorrectly, but is also careless as regards the uniform use of capitals with substantives then prevalent. It is known that Martha Washington was also but an indifferent speller. The *f* in the word "daughter" suggests that there were some in that day who pronounced the first syllable as in the word draught.

MADAM, — I am ordered by my master to write for sum books for Salley Franklin I am in hopes shee will be abel to write herselfe by the Spring

8 Sets of the Preceptor best Edit

8 Doz of Craxalls Fables

3 Doz of Bp Kenns manual for winchester School

1 Doz of Familiar Forms Latin and Eng Edit Ainsworth's Dictionaries 4 Best

2 Dozⁿ of select Tales and Fabels with prudential Maxims.

2 Doz Costalios Test.

Cole's Dictionarys Lattin and Eng. 6 & haffe doz.

3 Doz of Clarkes Cordery. 1 Boyles Pliny 2 vols 8^{vo}.

6 Sets of Nature Displayed in 7 volumes 12^o.

one good quorto Bibel with Custes (*sic*) bound net (*sic*) Calfe

1 Pueritia 1 Art of making common Salt, p Brownrigg

My Dafter gives her Duty to Mr. Strayhan and his Lady and her Complements to master Billey and all his Brothers and Sisters My Son is Gon to Boston on a visit to his friends I Suppose Mr. Franklin will write himself. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are very well thay have lost their other Child shee lays in this winter My Complements to Mr. Strayhan and all your Dear littel famely I am Dear Madam

Your Humbel Sarvant

DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

December 24 1751

Enclos'd is a Bill on Mr. Richard Manley for 30£ Barbadoes Currency. On the Change you will easily learn its Sterling value. If Mr. Manley refuses to pay it, give his Letter to Mr. David Barclay,¹ who has a Power from Mrs. Middleton, & will compel him.

The next two letters give an entertaining suggestion of Franklin's canny shrewdness in so far as relates to Mr. Harris; from a letter written at a later date, we are led to infer that Strahan was "taken in" by this promising candidate for holy orders, notwithstanding Franklin's caution.

PHILAD^A Augt. 7, 1752

DEAR SIR — I wrote to you lately p Mesnard. and sent a bill for 50£ sterling, with a List of Books to be purchased for our Library; a Copy of which I shall send p another Ship that sails in a few Days.

This is chiefly to recommend to you Mr. Matthias Harris, a Gentleman of Maryland, and a Friend of mine. As he will be entirely a Stranger in London, your Acquaintance and Advice on any Occasion may be of Use to him, and any Civilities you show him shall be

¹ Merchant in London.

esteemed and acknowledged as Favours to Dr Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN

PHILAD^A Augt. 8, 1752

DEAR SIR — I wrote to you the 20th of June p Mr. Sterling (who I hope is by this Time safe arrived in England) and sent you a Bill of 50£ sterl^e with a List of Books to be procured for our Library. Enclos'd is a Copy, and the 2^d Bill.

I wrote at the same Time for a Pair of Globes of 6, or 8 Guineas Price; a concave Mirror of 12 Inches Diam^e. and a large Popple's Mapp; sent you 9 Guineas, and promis'd a Bill p next Ship, which I now accordingly send. It is 20£ sterl^e drawn by Mary Stevens on Alex^r Grant, Esq^r. When paid, please to credit my Acet with it.

I have only the 1st vol. of Bower's History of ye Popes. I hear a 2^d is publish'd; please to send it bound, dark sprinkled, filleted & letter'd.

I wrote you a few Days since, recommending to your Notice an old Acquaintance, who is bound Home from Maryland, to obtain holy Orders. His Name Matthias Harris. Any Civilities you show him, as he will be an entire Stranger in London, I shall gratefully acknowledge — only I ought to acquaint you, that he has always had a strong Panchant to the buying of Books, and that some late Misfortunes have rendered it more inconvenient to him to gratify that Taste than it has been heretofore.

My Wife, Son and Daughter, desire to be respectfully remember'd to you, Mrs. Strahan & Master Billy. I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN.

No apology is required for reproducing the letter of October 21, 1753, for its technical details, if somewhat dry, are

of importance to those who would obtain precise information regarding the art of printing in the colonies in a century when such men as Bradford, Thomas, and Franklin made it an agent of freedom and power in America.

PHILAD^A Oct. 27, 1753.

DEAR SIR, — I have your Favour of June 27, and am quite surprised at the Conduct of Mr. Harris. He is returned to Maryland, as I hear, a Parson!

I have now received Bower's 2^d vol. and shall send to the Trenton Library to enquire after Crito and Delaresse —

The Sum was 25£ to which I limited the Books, &c. to be sent my Nephew Benjⁿ. Mecom. But if you have sent to the Amount of 30£ 't is not amiss.

I am now about to establish a small Printing Office in Favour of another Nephew, at Newhaven in the Colony of Connecticut in New England; a considerable Town in which there is a University, and a Prospect that a Bookseller's Shop with a Printing House may do pretty well. I would therefore request you to bespeak for me of Mr. Caslon, viz

300 lb Long primer, with Figures and Signs sufficient for an Almanack.

300 lb Pica

300 lb English

100 lb Great Primer

60 lb Double Pica

50 lb Two line English

40 lb Two line Great Primer

30 lb Two line Capitals, & Flowers of different Founts

20 lb Quotations.

As Mr. Caslon has different Longprimers, Picas, &c., I beg the Favour of your Judgement to chuse & order the best.

To which add,

A compleat good new Press

2 pair Blankets

2 pair Ballstocks

Some Riglets, Gutter Sticks, Side Sticks, Quoins, &c.

3 pair Chases of different Sizes, the biggest Demi.

2 folio Galleys, each with 4 Slices —

4 Quarto Galleys —

A few Faces, Head and Tail Pieces, 3 or 4 of each —

2 Doz brass Rule.

2 good Composing Sticks —

2 Cags of Ink, one weak, the other strong —

With such another small Cargo of Books and Stationary as I desired you to send to Antigua, for a Beginning.

Mesnard sails in a Week or two, by whom I shall send you Bills for 100£ ster^ls. But desire you would immediately on receipt of this bespeak the Letter, &c. that we may not be disappointed of having them p first ship to Newhaven or New York in the Spring. If sent to Newhaven, direct them to the care of Mr. Thomas Darling, Merch^t there. If no Vessel for Newhaven, then to New York, to the Care of Mr. Parker, Printer.

Insure the whole.

The Furniture may be packed in the large Case that contains the Press.

If you can persuade your Pressmaker to go out of his old Road a little, I would have the Ribs made not with the Face rounding outwards, as usual, but a little hollow, or rounding inwards from end to end; and the Cramps made of hard cast Brass, fix'd not across the Ribs, but long ways so as to slide in the hollow Face of the Ribs. The Reason is, that Brass and Iron work better together than Iron & Iron; such a Press never gravels; the hollow Face of the Ribs keeps the Oil better, and the Cramps bearing on a larger Surface do not wear as in the common Method. Of this I have had many Years Experience.

I need not desire you to agree with the Workmen on the most reasonable Terms you can; and as this Affair will give you Trouble, pray charge Commiss^s. I shall not think myself a Whit the less oblig'd.

My Compliments to Mrs. Strahan,
Mast Billy, &c., in which my Wife &
Children join with

Dr Sir,

Your most humb Ser^t.

B. FRANKLIN.

Of our two next selections the first is interesting, for its curious list of books, as well as for its clear, beautiful chirography, and the second for the feeling allusion to Franklin's domestic cares and duties.

PHILAD^a April 28, 1754.

DEAR SIR, — The above is Copy of mine p Reeve Two Ships are since arrived in New York, but I hear nothing yet of the things expected, tho' possibly they may be come. I enclose Mr. Stevens's second Bill for £20 Sterling.

Please to send the following Books, viz.
2 Familiar Letters p Charles Halifax — 12^{mo} — Baldwin.

2 Nelson on the Government of Children — 8^{vo} — Dodsley.

3 Treatise on Cyder making — Cave Supplement to Chamber's Dictionary 2 Vols. folio.

Letter from a Russian Officer, with some Observations by Arthur Dobbs Esq^{re} — Linde.

The Nut Cracker, by F. Foote Esq^{re} — Cooper.

The Book of Conversation and Behaviour — Griffiths.

Seeds Sermons.

Mother Midnight's Works compleat 3 Vol. — Carnan.

Matho — 2 Vol. 8^{vo}. —

I am Dear Sir very affectionately,

Your most humble Servant.

P. S. I am not certain whether I before wrote to you for the following, viz.

2 Green's Maps of America

Philosophical Principles of Nat. & Rev^d Religion p Ramsay

Astronomical Rotula, a Print, p Ferguson.

2 Fry^e & Jesserford's Maps of Virginia, Maryland, etc.

PHILAD^a Augt. 8, 1754.

D^r SIR, — The above is a Copy of my last. Not receiving the Printing House as expected last Spring, has been a considerable Disappointment; but I am more concern'd to hear that you and yours have had so much Sickness. I hope before this time you are all perfectly recover'd. I inclose a Bill for 20£ Sterling, drawn by Mrs. Mary Steevens on Alex Grant Esq^t; which when paid you will pass to my C^{rt}.

With sincere Respect and Affection,

I am, Dr. Sir

Your most huml Ser^t

B. FRANKLIN.

PHILAD^a Oct. 7, 1755.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Hall has wrote to you for a Fount of English and a Fount with a Long primer Face on a smaller Body of the Gazette, on my Acet. Inclosed is a Bill for £109, 8, 4 Sterling, drawn on the Rev^d Mr. Sam^l. Chandler, which I doubt not will be readily paid. I know not well how my Account stands with you, & should be glad to see it: But suppose this Bill will leave a Balance in your Hands, after paying for those Founts; so have taken the Freedom to draw a small Bill on you, payable to Nath^l Voogdt and C^o Merch^{ts} London for £2, 17, 6 sterl^s which they are to remit to Germany on a particular Occasion.

My Compliments to Mrs. Strahan, and to your promising Son, perhaps one day mine. God send our Children, however, good & suitable Matches; for I begin to feel a Parent's Cares in that Respect, and fondly wish to see them well settled before I leave them.

Adieu, my dear Friend, and believe me to be

Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. The enclosed Pamphlet is lately printed in Boston. You will find a Number of interesting Facts in it. At the end a little Piece of mine.

The next letter, aside from its reference to B. Mecom, the son of Franklin's sister, whom he had established in the West Indies as a bookseller, is of special interest for its account of the introduction of the *Gentleman's Magazine* among the cultivated families of the colonies. This now venerable magazine, which was changed last year from an antiquarian periodical to a disseminator of light literature, was founded by Edward Cave in 1731, and was subsequently edited by David Henry and John Nichols. It is a point worth noting why this magazine should have been already taken by the gentlemen of Virginia, as Franklin shows, before it had found subscribers in the Northern States. In these letters we find allusions to public libraries already existing at Trenton and Philadelphia, while even at the present day public libraries are excessively scarce at the South; and yet the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical appealing especially to the educated, was read there before it appeared in Boston or Philadelphia. The brief, quaint letter immediately following this bears date only of Saturday, June 14; but the handwriting, as well as the evidence that Franklin was in England at the time, points to its having been written in 1762. After many hopes and disappointments, Franklin at last revisited England during that year, and the two friends, after nearly twenty years of correspondence, saw each other face to face. The increased intimacy and friendship which resulted was shown by Franklin in addressing Strahan as "Dear Straney," on arriving home again.

The last letter written by Franklin to Strahan during this visit to England, while he was waiting at Portsmouth for a fair wind, is given next, and shows what a strong grip old England had gained on the affections of one who, not many years later, was among the foremost to wrest the colonies from their allegiance.

PHILAD^a Nov. 27, 1755.

DEAR SIR, — I have yours of Oct. 3, Bolitha being just arrived, the Things not yet come on Shore.

By the Acet sent, I find I was then £59, 4, $\frac{1}{2}$ in your Debt. I hope you have since received the Bills I sent you p Jay and Budden for £109, 8, 4 sterl^s, which will leave a Balance in my Favour.

I do not at all approve of B. Mecom's being so much in your Debt, and shall write to him about it. The People of those Islands expect a great deal of Credit, and when the Books are out of his Hands, if he should die, half would not be collected; this I have learnt by Experience in the Case of poor Smith whom I first settled there. I am glad therefore that you declin'd sending him the other Things he wrote for. Pray write to him for the Pay & make him keep Touch; that will oblige him to dun quick & get in his Debts; otherwise he may hurt himself, and you in the End. Remember I give you this Caution, and that you venture on your own Risque. —

I shall be glad to be of any Service to you in the Affair you mention relating to the Gent^s Magazine; and our Daughter, (who already trades a little to London) is willing to undertake the distributing them p Post from this Place, hoping it may produce some Profit to herself. I will immediately cause Advertisements to be printed in the Papers here, at New York, New Haven and Boston, recommending that Magazine, and proposing to supply all who will subscribe for them at 13^s this Currency a Year; the Subscribers paying down the Money for one Year beforehand; for otherwise there will be a considerable Loss by bad Debts. As soon as I find what this Subscription will produce, I shall know what Number to send for. Most of those for New England must be sent to Boston. Those for New York, Connecticut, Pensilva-



nia [*sic*] & Maryland, must be sent in to New York or Philadelphia as Opportunities offer to one Place or the other. As to Virginia, I believe it will scarce be worth while to propose it there, the Gentlemen being generally furnisht with them by their Correspondents in London. Those who incline to continue, must pay for the second Year three Months before the first expires, and so on from time to time. The Post Masters in those places to take in the subscription money, & distribute the Magazines, &c. These are my first Thoughts. I shall write farther. That Magazine has always been in my opinion by far the best. I think¹ . . . never wants Matter both entertaining & instructive, or I might now & then furnish you with some little Pieces from this Part of the World.

My Wife & Daughter join in sincerest good Wishes of Prosperity to you and all yours, with Dr. Sir,
Your most obedient humble Servant

B FRANKLIN

My respects to Mr. Newberry, of whom you give so aimiable a Character.

Mr. Franklin's Compliments to Mr. Strahan, and out of pure Kindness to him offers him an Opportunity of exercising his Benevolence as a Man and his Charity as a Christian. — One Spencer, formerly a Merchant of Figure and Credit in North America, being by various Misfortunes reduced to Poverty, is here in great Distress, and would be made happy by any Employment that would only enable him to *Eat*, which he looks as if he had not done for some Time. — He is well acquainted with Accounts, and writes a very fair Hand, as Mr. S. may see by the enclosed Letter. His Expectations that brought him over, which are touched on in that Letter, are at an End. He is a very honest Man, but too much dispirited to put himself forward. — Cannot some *Smouting*, (*sic*)

¹ Word torn out here.

in the writing way, be got for him? or some little *Clerkship*? which he would execute very faithfully. — He is at Mr. Cooper's, at the Hat & Feather, Snow Hill. Mr. F. has done what he could to serve him (to little purpose indeed) and now leaves him as a Legacy to good Mr. Strahan.

Saturday, June 14.

PORTSMOUTH, Monday, Aug^r. 23, 1762.

DEAR SIR, — I have been two Nights on Board expecting to sail, but the Wind continuing contrary, am just come on Shore again, and have met with your kind Letter of the 20th. I thank you even for the Reproofs it contains, tho' I have not altogether deserved them. I cannot, I assure you, quit even this disagreeable Place without regret, as it carries me still farther from those I love, and from the Opportunities of hearing of their Welfare. The Attraction of *Reason* is at present for the other Side of the Water, but that of Inclination will be for this Side. You know which usually prevails. I shall probably make but this one Vibration and settle here forever. Nothing will prevent it, if I can, as I hope I can, prevail with Mrs. F. to accompany me; especially if we have a Peace. I will not tell you, that to be near and with you and yours, is any Part of my Inducement: it would look like a Compliment extorted from me by your Pretences to Insignificancy. Nor will I own that your Persuasions and Arguments have wrought this change in my former Resolutions: tho' it is true that they have frequently intruded themselves into my Consideration whether I would or not. I trust, however, that we shall once more see each other and be happy again together, which God, &c.

My love to Mrs. Strahan, and your aimiable & valuable Children. Heaven bless you all, whatever becomes of

Your much obliged & affectionate
Friend

B FRANKLIN

The friendship between the two correspondents continued uninterruptedly until the culmination of colonial affairs which brought about the opening of hostilities. Above all things a patriot, in a crisis of such a tremendous character, Franklin, under the overpowering excitement of the occasion, dashed off his famous letter to Strahan, showing how unreservedly he cast all his hopes and energies into the fortunes of the revolted colonies.¹

It is a remarkable proof of the deep and genuine sentiment which drew these friends together that, notwithstanding that such a letter passed between them, it produced no permanent rupture or lessening of their regard, for their relations were renewed even before the close of hostilities, when Franklin revisited Europe in a diplomatic capacity; and some of the most interesting, nay touching, expressions used by Franklin were addressed to Strahan in the closing years of life, while Franklin was residing in France, engaged in duties that prevented the venerable statesman from accepting the urgent and repeated invitations of Strahan to visit him once more. Four of these letters are included in this collection, possibly all that Franklin was then able to write to his friend. The handwriting of these final letters shows plainly the gathering shadows of night dimming the mind which had stolen the electric fires from heaven, and harnessed them for the service of man.

PASSY, Jan. 24, 1780.

SIR — I received yours of Dec. 31. By this Time you are probably satisfied that the Subject of it was a Mistake, & therefore requires no Answer. I congratulate you on the Marriage of your

¹ As that famous letter gains additional force by comparison with the friendly correspondence we have been considering, we give a copy of it here: —

July 5, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN, — You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which

Daughter, which I lately heard of. My ancient Regard for her is undiminished, and my best wishes attend her. Please to present to Mrs. Strahan the Respects of

Your long affectionate humble Servant
B FRANKLIN

W. STRAHAN Esq^r

The next letter is exceedingly valuable as showing that the two friends, now on the borders of the grave, had not yet lost their taste for books or their interest in the trade which gave origin to their friendship. The facts stated regarding the condition of the art of printing on the Continent at the time immediately preceding the French Revolution, and the opinion of such an expert as Franklin, are of historic importance.

PASSY, Dec. 4, 1781.

DEAR SIR — Not remembering precisely the Address of M^{rs} Strange, I beg Leave to request you would forward the enclosed to her, which I received under my Cover from America.

I formerly sent you from Philadelphia Part of an Edition of Tully on Old Age, to be sold in London; and you put the Book, if I remember right, into the Hands of Mr. Becket for that Purpose. Probably he may have some of them still in his Warehouse, as I never had any Account of their being sold. I shall be much oblig'd by your procuring and sending me one of them.

A strong Emulation exists at present between Paris and Madrid, with regard to beautiful Printing. Here a M. *Didot l'aîné* has a Passion for the Art, and besides having procured the best types, he has much improved the Press. The utmost Care is taken of his Presswork;

has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look on your hands, they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy and I am yours.

his Ink is black, and his Paper fine and white. He has executed several charming Editions. But the *Salust* and the *Don Quixote* of Madrid are thought to excel them. Didot however improves every Day, and, by his Zeal & indefatigable Application bids fair to carry the Art to a high Pitch of Perfection. I will send you a Sample of his Work, when I have an Opportunity.

I am glad to hear that you have married your Daughter happily, and that your Prosperity continues. I hope it may never meet with any Interruption, having still, tho' at present divided by public Circumstances, a Remembrance of our ancient private Friendship.

Please to present my affectionate Respects to Mrs. Strahan, and my Love to your Children.

With great Esteem and Regard, I am,
Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble
Servant
B FRANKLIN

The next letter bears no date, but evidently refers to the daughter of Mr. Strahan, to whose marriage Franklin alludes in the letter of January 24, 1780. It probably precedes the final letter, the last one of this collection and possibly the last written by Franklin to Strahan, fitly coming at the close of one of the most remarkable examples of friendship of modern times. We think that it

needed these letters to give the world a complete understanding of the complex character of Benjamin Franklin.

Oh! my dear Friend! — I never was more surpris'd than on reading your Note. I grieve for you, for Mrs. Strahan, for Mr. Johnston, for the little ones, and your whole Family. — The Loss is indeed a great one! She was everything that one could wish, in every Relation. — I do not offer you the common Topics of Consolation. I know by Experience how little they avail; that the natural Affections must have their Course; and that the best Remedy of Grief is Time. — Mrs. Stevenson joins her Tears with mine. — God comfort you all.

Yours most affectionately

B FRANKLIN

Wednesday morn^g.

PASSY, July 29, 1783.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, — Whom I shall probably never have the Pleasure of seeing again; You some Time since recommended Miss Beckwith to me; I in consequence recommended her to my Children in Philadelphia; the enclos'd will give you some Information of her present Situation. I hope you and yours continue well, as does

Your affectionate Friend & humble
Servant
B FRANKLIN

WM. STRAHAN ESQ^r

S. G. W. Benjamin.

JUDSON'S REMORSE.

THE Professor strolled along, meditating on a translation of *Antigone*. He was but dimly conscious how pleasant the soft, damp air felt against his cheek. The gray sky stooped to blend with a pallid mist that rested on the earth. This fog did not hide the wooded summit of a hill which rose steeply

from the western side of the road, but it caused the distant height to suggest some mysterious purport in its outlines and masses. Eastward, the country slipped easily to a lower level, where cool, sweet meadows skirted a placid little river. The road was bounded by stone walls, and lined, like all good New

England country roads, with wild rose and brier bushes and brambles, growing now under the open sky, and now under little thickets of small trees.

In one of the rocky pastures a quail began to call. The Professor answered the bird's cry. The quail responded confidently. An exchange of salutations went on for some time, and the Professor felt as if he had been received into the fellowship of the gods, till, turning a little, he descried the figure of a man half-way up the western slope. It stood upon a hillock, and held forward one hand. The shape loomed like an apparition through the moist atmosphere. Slowly it defined itself to the Professor as that of an old man holding a little box in the outstretched hand.

"So — ho! So — ho! Come here, my little beauty. Jenny! oh, my little Jenny!" The voice came down the hillside. "Jenny!" it cried again, and two horses appeared from some hidden nook, and trotted towards him. He received one of them with caressing gestures, laying her head against his own cheek. Then he coaxed her towards the bars, proffering her the little box. The other beast followed, with a dubious air. The Professor also started for the bars, to meet the old man, whom he now recognized as a farmer with whom he had some acquaintance, a rosy, round-cheeked man, with gray hair and twinkling blue eyes. Arrived at the entrance to the road, the farmer let Jenny pass the barrier, but shut in the other horse, whom he sought to console with what oats remained in the box. When he finally moved down the road, the Professor accosted him, and pointed back to the deserted animal, who had retreated to a little eminence, where he stood gazing forward, with grave melancholy in his appearance.

"Good — evening, Mr. Whitmarsh," said the Professor. "That horse yonder looks lonesome."

"Yes," answered the farmer. "He

allus acts as ef he had real feelin's about Jenny. Once when she was sick I found her layin' down in the sun, and that feller standin' so's to shade her. I'm keepin' 'em for some city folks. Good-evenin,' William," he added, as a tall, gaunt man appeared, climbing over the wall on the lower side of the road. This man carried a small Bible under his arm, spoke his answering greeting, and passed on. "That's William Hapgood, the Adventist preacher," explained the farmer. "I remember the Second Advent folks forty year ago. Things did n't turn out as we looked to have 'em then. Mebbe William's mistook the meanin' of the texts now. But I don't know. Mis' Whitmarsh seems to think she knows, but I ain't sure. She hates Second Adventists like p'ison. Women are queer, anyhow, in their ways of thinkin' an' hatin'. Be you merried?"

"No," said the young man.

Mr. Whitmarsh's eyes twinkled.

"Wal," said he, "mebbe it's lucky for you that you ain't got no wife, an' mebbe it's lucky for *her*. William Hapgood's wife, now. He used to drink an' swear some till he got religion this last time. She used to say it made her feel sick to hear him swear, but now she says it makes her sicker to hear him pray. Mis' Whitmarsh is a Baptist, — reg'lar kind. I guess she'd like it if she could be dipped more'n once, she's got sech faith in it. But her immer-sin' was all done up fifty year ago, jest afore we was merried. There's suthin' almighty queer about gettin' merried. Fellers an' gals live along together in the same town, an' don't think nothin' of each other, till all of a sudden suthin' seems to strike 'em, an' the feller must dress up Sunday nights an' go 'n' see some pertic'ler gal, an' she's pleased, an' the minister's called for after a time, an' then there they are, bound to set still an' bear it all the rest of their nateral lives."

"You consider marriage a state of endurance, then?" said the Professor.

"Wal, yes, pretty much so. I've took some comfort along of Mis' Whitmarsh these forty-nine years. But she was allus a driver, an' a woman with a head, an' sometimes it was wearin' to a man constitooted like me." He smiled a little ruefully. "I s'pose I worried her, too. Oh, yes. But she's eight year older 'n me, an' I went to school to her, an' she never got over thinkin' I was a child, to be ordered round. An' sometimes I wa'n't of her way of thinkin'. I think, if I was free to marry again, I'd look round for a younger woman."

His imagination did not seem to compass such a possibility as his having married a younger woman or any other woman in the beginning, and there was a sort of innocence about the old fellow which prevented his silly, half-humorous speeches from seeming offensive. The Professor could not repress a chuckle. The farmer looked at him with wide, vague eyes.

"I really believe I should," he said, as if he thought his sincerity was in question; so the other drew his face down soberly, and they walked on till they came in front of a small weather-beaten house, which stood close to the road. An untidy yard stretched away at the left to some dilapidated barns. Several old wagon-wheels slanted up against the fences, and hens roosted in a buggy-top, which, deprived of its natural circular supports, sat forlornly on the ground. The hill here retreated from the road, and on the other side of the house made room for a rich green field, marshy with the springs which leaked down the slope. The sunset rays were now breaking through the clouds, and the wet grass fairly shone.

A woman came to the doorway, holding a milk-pail.

"Hello, Emmeline," called the farmer.

"This pail leaks," she answered, turn-

ing it up to the light. "You'll have to use the four-quart one."

"All right," returned her husband.

The Professor advanced, and lifted his hat. "May I rest here a little while, Mrs. Whitmarsh?" he asked, seating himself on the broad stone at the doorway.

The old woman smiled consent. She was thin, bent, and worn, with scanty white hair laid smoothly under her cap. There was a red spot on each wasted cheek. She looked nervous and worried, but she took the mare from her husband's guidance and led her gently to the barn. Mr. Whitmarsh disappeared round the back way, and soon afterwards crossed the yard with a small battered tin pail. A swallow flew before him into the yawning portal of the unpainted shed. Then Mrs. Whitmarsh came to the Professor, bringing butter-milk and gingerbread. He put the dishes down on the stone beside him, and as he ate and drank she sat above him in the doorway.

"Judson says he met the Advent preacher," she began. "I wish that man would move off from here."

"Don't you like him?" asked the young man.

"No; somehow it makes folks kind of crazy to take up with his ideas. Seems as if most people was made with heads that only fit one kind of doctrines. Put any others in 'em, an' they split an' the wits scatter. Judson always had a leaning towards queer views, an' they ain't good for him."

"I should think you could keep him in the right way," observed the Professor tentatively.

"I've tried to," she answered simply, gazing before her through her spectacles. "I don't feel as I've always succeeded. I never could make him clear up the yard decent." Her glance rested on the buggy-top. Then she sighed. "Still, I hain't no call to complain," she went on. "We've got on better 'n I

supposed we would, when we were married. I did n't expect much then but that we'd end up in the poorhouse."

"You expected that when you married him?"

"Well, not exactly expected it, but thought it was likely. I knew his ways, you see."

"Why did you marry him, then?" asked the Professor, surprised out of his discretion.

The old woman's features relaxed into a shrewd smile. "Some on his ways was mighty pleasant ones," she said naively. "So I told him that I'd take the heft of things, if we was married; that I'd go ahead, and only expect him to rake after."

"Well, I hope some of his ways have stayed pleasant," said the Professor.

"Yes," she answered, with a look half amused, half tender, on her wrinkled face, "I'm bound to admit they have. But there's a sort of pleasantness that gets mighty aggravatin' in the course of forty-nine years."

A pause ensued, during which the young man's curiosity urged him to tempt her on to further revelations, but some other impulse constrained him to a silence which aided her to guard the secrets of the vicissitudes of her wifehood. So at last he sought to explore ground that seemed to him less sacred.

"Was Mr. Whitmarsh a Second Adventist in the old times?" he asked.

She roused herself from her reverie with a snorting ejaculation.

"Pretty much so," she cried. "And his sister Pireny was one out an' out. Had a white dress made to ascend in! It looked like a nightgown. I believe it was one, kinder fixed up. She kept it on the sofy in her parlor two weeks, all ready for the last day. I asked her once who she expected would be carried up to heaven safe an' sound, when everybody an' everything else went to everlastin' smash. Says she, 'I expect to be borne up, an' I expect my children will be,

an' I expect our cow will be, and *mebbe* Clement will be,' — Clement was her husband."

"No, really!" cried the Professor.

"Yes, really. You see Clement Newton did n't take to them notions at first, but he slumped in later; an' one day he come to Judson, an' says he, 'I can't tinker that harness for you to-morrow,' — he mended harnesses an' did such jobs, — 'because I must go to Peperill so's to come back Thursday. To-morrow's Wednesday, and Christ leaves his Mediatorial Throne Friday. I must go an' get back before then,' says he, 'as nothin' can't be done in the way of savin' souls after that.'"

"Did you ever go to their meetings?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, yes, an' I never shall forget one meetin'. The preacher was a man named Hiram Oldfield, an' this William Hapgood sat right in front, glowerin' with all his eyes at him. William hain't never got that look out of his eyes since, though he's fell from grace an' had to get religion over again. Hiram Oldfield just tramped up an' down the platform. 'What is it Christ wants of you?' he shouted. 'It's all you've got. Christ's got a wardrobe full of weddin' garments. An' there's only one price to 'em. It's all you've got. It don't make no difference whether it's a farm, or a thousand dollars, or a cow, or a silk gown, or a string o' gold beads. That's the price, all you've got. An' you can't enter the new kingdom without havin' one of these weddin' garments. Soon the last prayer that'll do any good will have gone up from the lips of repentant sinners, the last car will have started for heaven, the last Bible will have left the earth. Christ will descend from his Mediatorial Throne, an' there'll be silence in heaven for about half an hour; an' the silence on earth will be full of hope for them as have paid the price of the weddin' garments, an' full of groanin' an' misery for them as have

kept back things, an' set store by what is perishable. Oh, how 'll you stand then, neighbors? Sisters, how 'll you feel then? Give, give! cries Christ.' So he went on, an' Pireny, she got up, most knockin' Clement over as she pushed by him, an' she tore her gran'-mother's gold beads right off her neck, an' marched forrard an' gave 'em to the minister, an' he said there wa'n't no doubt about her bein' saved. An' a woman behind me fetched a screech because she'd left her beads to home, thinkin' she would n't give 'em anyhow, an' now she was scared for fear she'd lost her soul. She stood up screamin' an' tremblin', an' promised she'd bring 'em next night."

The old woman told her story with a dramatic force which surprised the Professor. He wanted more of this diversion, and when she stopped he inquired how far her husband sympathized with his sister at that time. A look of real pain came into the withered face.

"He got pretty far gone," she said. "The Adventist folks set up a sort of common fund, you know. That's why they wanted the gold beads. Judson gave all my silver spoons. I got 'em when we was married, with money I'd earned. There was six of 'em, — beautiful ones, — an' I had 'em marked J. E., for him an' me." She snorted again. "I never felt so bad about anything in my life. An' I've had to set my teeth against pewter an' tin spoons ever since."

The Professor respected her sorrow by a moment's hesitation before he spoke again.

"And when the day came that was fixed for the destruction of the world, how did the believers feel?"

She brought her fist down emphatically on her knee. "Like fools, I guess," she said laconically. Then she added, "Pireny put on her ascension robe, an' wrapped a sheet round Clement, for she had n't made him no robe; an' they

sot together all night on the roof of the woodshed waitin' for the summons. The roof was kinder flat, an' they took chairs up there, an' made themselves sorter half-way comfortable. But Pireny wa'n't quite satisfied. She wanted to get on the housetop; but there wa'n't no place to set there, an' Clement spunked up an' vowed he would n't perch on the ridgepole to wait for nothin'."

While the young man laughed, Mr. Whitmarsh came up, calling for another pail that he might finish milking. His wife spoke rather sharply.

"Empty that in the pans," she said, "an' use it over again. Mebbe that 'll help you to remember to get the other mended to-morrow."

"All right," retorted the farmer cheerily. "I wisht I had a better memory."

Whereat the woman got up and went into the house. When she had disappeared, the old man glanced after her, came a little nearer to the Professor, set the milk-pail down on the grass, put up both his horny hands around his mouth, like a schoolboy, and, with his blue eyes twinkling, whispered, —

"If I had a better memory, you see, I could allus keep it in mind what a handsome girl Mis' Whitmarsh used to be."

Then he picked up the pail, and went chuckling away, just as his wife came back.

"Won't you come in?" she said to the Professor. "I'd like to show you the powder-horn that Judson's grandfather carried in the Revolution."

It ended in the Professor's staying to a homely tea, drunk out of burnt and chipped cups. The birds darted about past the window next which he sat. The old man laughed beside him, and, in spite of the jests and the complaints which had suggested some dissonance, the young man perceived that the husband and wife indulged in a certain tolerant affectionateness toward each

other. A very slender moon shone above the hill when the visitor departed, and he rejoiced because he caught the first glimpse of it over his right shoulder. "You 'll have good luck, sure," said the farmer; and the guest's thoughts leaped suddenly towards the hope which inspired his youth.

The Professor boarded with the village doctor, and so it happened that he heard early the next morning that Mrs. Whitmarsh had been taken ill in the night, and was then lying at the point of death. Obeying an impulse he hardly felt warranted, he hurried to the farmhouse. The sunshine lay richly decorative on the fields. The air moved with a little breeze, like the motion of a happy pulse. It was one of those vivid days, when the soul feels akin to the earth, and death seems like an impossible legend. But the Professor was learned in strange lore, and believed that in every legend, howsoever startling it be, lurks a kernel of truth.

When he reached the house, he found that he had done right to come. Judson sat on the doorstep, his hands looking helpless and misshapen as they rested on his knees. His blue eyes were dull, his cheeks fallen, and his lips dropped apart. He turned a vague, beseeching glance on the young man.

"There's lots of folks in there," he said, slowly lifting one hand, and pointing within. "Wimmen sittin' round and whisperin'. It's sorter skeery to see their faces an' to hear 'em. I'm kinder glad to see you."

The Professor sat down by him, and touched his knee with a filial gesture of sympathy.

"If our Gilead had lived, he'd a been about your age now. He come late, the only boy we had. An' the gal was allus sick. He was killed at Bull Run. Lord, what a day that was! We thought the country was ruined, an' we knowed Gilead was dead. He's buried somewheres down there amongst them

stranger folks, — them thet killed him, — an' him nothin' but a boy. It's lonesome to think on." He paused, and his lips trembled. "This mornin'," he added after a moment, "I've thought Emeline was mebbe goin' to die, too. I wonder if she'll tell Gilead how I've disapp'inted her expectations. Look at them wagon-wheels, now. I guess if she's asked me once to put 'em away, she's asked me fifty times."

A lean-faced woman came from within, and touched the farmer's shoulder.

"She's callin' fur you," said she.

"Yes, Mis' Whitin'," answered he, rising obediently, and going in. The Professor remained behind, watching a butterfly career lightly before him in the shadow of a big elm that stood between the house and the road.

Mr. Whitmarsh came back with excited eyes.

"Lord!" said he, "she's talkin' about them spoons I give away in the Millerite times. She says she won't take her gruel from a tin spoon. I'm goin' to get her a silver one." He pulled from his pocket a worn greenback.

"You'd better borrow one," said the Professor. "You can't buy one in this village."

The old man looked woe-begone. "I wanted to buy one, an' tell her 't was reelly hern," said he.

"Well," answered the young man, "I will go to Worcester and get it for you."

Mr. Whitmarsh brightened up at this, and, accompanying his friend part way to the station, finally told him to get two or three spoons, if the money held out so far.

Before noon the Professor came back, and gave a little box to the old man, who opened it with clumsy fingers.

"Six of 'em," he said, smiling tremulously. "If I'd known silver spoons was so cheap, I'd ha' got some long afore now."

The Professor had a little secret, and

kept it, as he threw himself down on the grassy slope under the elm.

Mr. Whitmarsh went eagerly into his wife's room. She lay there covered with a calico quilt. Her sharp features looked gray and pinched. Her fingers wandered over the gay covering of the bed. A bunch of red roses stood in a tumbler on the window-seat. Judson leaned over her, and said,

"Look here, Emmeline, here's six new silver spoons for you. Ain't they as good as them others? Won't you take your gruel now?"

She did not seem to hear his words. He choked with a great sob, laid the spoons beside her arm, and, turning, left the room.

"T ain't no good," he said disconsolately, sitting down on the doorstep, and looking across at the Professor, who came up sympathetically and stood by him. Then both men distinctly heard Mrs. Whiting's voice within the house, saying,—

"Wal, I never! Gittin' silver spoons for her now she's 'most dead. He'd better have smarted up an' helped her more while she was well, 'stead o' settin' round playing on the jew's-harp an' tamin' squirrels, while she was slavin' herself to death with that sick darter, an' takin' care of his old mother, an' aunt too, till they died. I don't see whatever the Lord made men so unsatisfactory for."

Judson looked appealingly at the young man, whose silence confessed his impotence in this emotional emergency. Then the old man let his head droop a little, as he said helplessly,—

"I did use to play the jew's-harp considerable."

A crow flew overhead during the pause that ensued, and then Judson began again.

"What troubles me the most," said he, "is that I have thought some about Emmeline's bein' old an' fussy. An' 't wa'n't no longer ago 'n last night as

I said what I did about lookin' out for a younger woman. It was kinder mean o' me. I feel as if I'd oughter tell her, — own up, afore she dies."

"But you must n't think of doing such a thing!" cried the Professor, aghast.

The old man persisted mournfully. "It seems mean to let her die 'thout knowin' jest how wuthless I be. An' I'd rather tell her now, with no one to hear but her an' me, than tell her at the Judgment Day, afore Christ an' Gilead an' the Lord knows who else."

"It would be very cruel to tell her," said the other energetically. "Besides, it was nothing. You spoke in fun."

"Not jest in fun, — not jest."

But the Professor was so determined that he constrained the remorseful husband to promise silence.

When, later in the day, the young man came again to the farmhouse, Mr. Whitmarsh stood under the elm-tree in close consultation with a very fat old woman.

"My sister Pireny," said he, introducing her, "and her husband, Mr. Newton."

Clement Newton, a small, lean man, with perked-up features, stepped from behind his wife, and stared vacantly around.

"They say," said Mr. Whitmarsh, "thet I'd oughter send for a minister to pray with Emmeline. Pireny wants me to send for William Hapgood, bein' of his way of thinkin'. But it don't seem fair to Emmeline. She allus hated them doctrines."

"It won't hurt her none," said Pireny. "She don't sense nothin' of what's goin' on."

"But," said Judson, "I don't know as I set much by his prayin', in a case like this. He's gre't on the Day o' Judgment, an' trumps, an' angels flyin' round in the sky, an' sech things; but when it comes to prayin' for rain or against sickness, for my part I'd rather have Mr. Allen."

The Professor sided with the farmer, and Clement Newton went off for the minister. When that gentleman arrived, he was taken at once to the sick-room, but Mr. Whitmarsh came and sat in the doorway with the Professor. The troubled vagueness in his eyes had increased.

"I don't want to go in," he whispered. "It sorter skeers me to see her layin' there, never takin' no notice of them spoons, an' never so much as grumblin' at me now. I don't feel like prayin', neither. I feel as if I was a-keepin' back suthin', an' as if I had n't nothin' to do with God."

"Judson, Judson," said Pireny, shaking the entry behind them with her mighty footsteps, and speaking in a hoarse whisper of command. "You've been as onreliable as a willow twig all your life, but you've *got* to come in an' pray for your wife *now*."

Judson rose, and tottered in. The day passed into twilight. The voice of the minister came softly to the ears of the Professor. Life grew drowsy on the earth, and the sky reddened above.

After this sunset hour everything was peaceful in the room where the worn old woman lay. Sometimes Judson tried to think she looked at the silver spoons, which he insisted should stay on the bed, but in truth she saw nothing in this world more. At intervals she talked, generally about her housework. Once only she fancied that she held a baby again in her arms. Her features sharpened steadily, and she spoke at longer and longer intervals. Judson himself grew less restless, and made fewer uneasy excursions from the room. The blinds were left open, and as the night came on he sat by the window and watched the stars, till he could bear their lonesome light no longer. Then he turned his eyes back into the room, and fixed his gaze on the rag carpet. He remembered the evening that he was engaged to Emmeline. It had never

been quite clear to his mind whether he or she had made first overtures on that occasion, but he knew that he had been very happy when it was all settled. His head dropped forward a little. He seemed to lose the consciousness of that which connected his present pain with that far-off happiness. The fat Pireny sat by the head of the bed, and the thin Mrs. Whiting by the foot. The lamp burned dim, but its yellow glare shone full in the lean woman's eyes, and made her wink and blink. Pireny slept in her chair. Once a bat flew in at the window, but fortunately flew out before Mrs. Whiting had quite shrieked aloud.

The Professor sat in his own chamber, half a mile away, with his Greek books and manuscripts before him, but his thoughts were at the farmhouse.

"Death is an outrage," he cried at last, rising up and stamping about. He went to the window, pushed open the blinds, and leaned forth. The earth was as sweet in the darkness as a bride in her veil. "I shall never want to die," he said. Some old memory seized his heart, as he marked the outline of a pine-tree against the low horizon. "Why," he asked, "should God take me from sights that can make me feel as these do?"

At that moment Judson's eyes were closing in slumber, and Pireny, who chanced to be awake, whispered to Mrs. Whiting, "I'll make him go to bed. He needs it, an' he ain't no use here. He's had a look all day thet worrits me."

Judson felt a touch on his shoulder, and when he started guiltily, expecting reproof, he heard his sister saying kindly, "You'd better go up an' lay down in the attic."

She made him stop first in the kitchen, where Clement sat dozing, and gave him tea to drink, and finally followed him to his chamber, and did not leave him till his head was on the pillow. As her heavy footsteps creaked down the stairs, he lay still, and remembered how they two used to go for flag-root together,

and how they had been wont to make money-bags out of the leaves of live-for-ever. He felt soothed and peaceful, and after a moment more he struggled up in the bed, said a short prayer, lay down again, thought of his mother, and fell asleep.

When he woke in the morning he was afraid to go down-stairs, afraid of what he should hear there; so he remained sitting irresolutely close to the door he dared not open, till he grew more afraid some one would come up and find him thus, and reproach him with the news that his wife had died while he waited. He rose with an effort, and groped his way down. There was a blaze of sunlight burning over the earth, and he went out into it, and stood bareheaded under the elm, looking among the boughs for some odd, cup-shaped leaves that grew on that particular tree. Mrs. Whiting called him sharply from the window.

"I did n't mean nothin'," he stammered. "I was jest comin' in," and he hurried to the house. The fact was that he felt afraid, like a little child, to go in and see how his wife would look, but when he saw her his mind was quieter. Her face was very peaceful, and as the sunshine faded, that afternoon, her soul passed away with it.

"Where be them silver spoons?" cried Pireny, a few minutes after all was over. They had disappeared from the bed. She went out into the kitchen, and stood with her husband and her daughter Eolah, who had come that forenoon. Judson passed silently through the room.

"Uncle looks kinder distracted," whispered Eolah.

"I declare I don't know what he will do," answered Pireny. "He never was quite like folks. Best let him pretty much alone."

Judson, therefore, was left to his own devices during the two days that elapsed before the funeral. He spent most of the time in the barn, where the fowls

cackled and fed, and some young kittens played about his feet. Once he undertook to clear up the yard, and remove therefrom the rubbish that had been so obnoxious to Emmeline; but he worked only a little while, and finally abandoning the effort, he went back to brood in the barn doorway, and to watch a flock of pigeons peck among the clutter.

On the morning of the funeral, twenty pies ranged in the kitchen bore evidence to Eolah's efforts to prepare for the occasion. Pireny was too fat to work much, but she had been able to suggest a good many things for her daughter to do. Emmeline was laid out in a black gown, and after all was ready Judson went into the room where the coffin stood, and shut the door behind him, while Pireny chattered and wondered in the entry.

"I was real relieved," she said afterwards, "when he come out, lookin' natural. I was skeery about his mind them days. It was a beautiful thing for him to do, I think."

The country folk filled the house during the service. Mr. Allen preached and prayed. William Hapgood listened, with a wild devoutness in his look. The minister's words were simple. He spoke of the love of God, and declared that it completed that which life and death left incomplete. The Professor listened, and involuntarily bowed his head.

Clement Newton acted as sexton, and confused the arrangements as much as possible. Judson escaped from the house as soon as he could, and climbed into the carryall which was to convey him to the grave. Pireny tried to follow, but was so big and clumsy that she was not able to get into the vehicle.

"Get her suthin' to stand on," suggested Judson. "Suthin' solid."

Clement, full of this idea, ran back to the parlor, and shouted out, —

"Is anybody settin' in a wooden-bot-tomed chair?"

The whole grim, speechless company

looked dazed, then solemnly arose. All the men and women faced about, and gazed seriously at the chairs they had been occupying, and then all who found that theirs were bottomed with flag or wicker-work silently sat down again. Six women remained standing. Clement seized the wooden chair that was nearest him, and bore it forth; then the five reseated themselves, and one woman stood erect in that mute assembly.

The Professor helped to push and hoist Pireny into the carryall, and Eolah got up on the front seat, and drove on a little way.

Two evenings later, the Professor wandered again along the road at the foot of the rocky hill. When he reached the familiar pasture, he loitered by the bars till Judson came over the uneven ground, coaxing the horses after him. The Professor's mood had been a happy one. June was never more beautiful than in that sunset hour. It seemed to him that he knew how the shimmering grass blades felt. There was an orchard at one side of the field, and his soul was conscious of an intimate relation with the long shadows under the trees, and with the sunlit spaces between. But when he saw the old man approaching, the sense of the keener human relation saddened him. The two men greeted each other quietly, and Judson came out into the road, letting both animals follow him this time, and then stray on before him towards home.

"I'm going away to-morrow," said the Professor.

"Be you? Wal, I'm sorry," said the farmer. "You understand things sorter that most folks don't."

"What are you intending to do?" asked the young man.

"Oh, I shall live right on. There ain't nothin' else to do; but it's kinder upsettin' to be shook up so, after fifty years in one measure. An old ache even gits to be company, you know, an' a wife's a wife, somehow. Pireny's darter 'll stay with me one while, so I'm fixed. As good as I deserve, I dare say." His lips quivered with the pathetic quiver of sorrow in old age. His white hair was tossed. The red was gone from his cheeks. He carried in one hand a small tree that he had uprooted on the hillside, and his eyes were wild and troubled in their blueness. "I've thought about it a good deal," he went on. "I don't expect to make no change. An' I hid them spoons in Emmeline's coffin, an' buried 'em with her." He raised his hand, and planted the tree like a staff on the ground. "I don't never mean to marry again. Thet's what I mean." He blurted out the words, and looked suddenly and squarely at the younger man. "But if I ain't preserved from sech folly, at least I'll marry a woman *as* old as Emmeline was, — to a day, — an' *quite* as humbly. Thet's all. Good-by."

He turned quickly, but the Professor mastered a feeling of amusement, and detained him for an affectionate and serious farewell, and afterwards stood watching him as he tottered after the horses along the green-bordered road. A quail called cheerily, as on that other evening, from the spaces on the hill. The young man smiled, then suddenly felt that his eyes were wet, for the figure of the old man looked lonely, as it passed onward from his sight.

Six months later, however, Judson lay in his snow-covered grave, very near to Emmeline.

Lillie Chace Wyman.

THE LOST EARL.

WITH his lariat coiled on the horn of his saddle,
Face bearded and bronzed, in the broad-shadowed hat ;
High boot-tops, and stout leather leggings astraddle
His broncho's brown sides ; pistol-belt, and all that ;
His shout ringing out, a bluff, resonant basso,
Above the herd's bellowing ; hand that can hurl
At a gallop the long-looped and wide-swinging lasso, —
There rides — can you fancy ? — the son of an earl.

With the best and the worst a familiar companion ;
Who often in winter, at twenty below,
While guarding his cattle within the deep cañon,
Camps down in his blanket, rolled up on the snow ;
Bold rider and roper, to aid in a round-up,
Head off a stampede, run the ringleaders down :
In him — does he pause to remember ? — are bound up
The hopes of a race of old knightly renown.

The world's pampered minion, he yet, in requital
Of all its proud favors, could fling them aside
As a swimmer his raiment, shed riches and title,
And plunge into life, breast the turbulent tide !
Some caprice, you infer, or a sudden declension
Of fortune, the cause ? Rather say, the revolt
Of a strong native soul against soulless convention,
And privilege shared by the roué and dolt.

He chafed at the gilded constraints of his station,
The bright ball-and-chain of the name that he bore ;
Grew sick of the smiles of discreet adulation,
That worshiped, not worth, but the honors men wore.
With falsities stifled, with flatteries sated,
He loathed, as some player, his wearisome part,
The homage of lips where he righteously hated,
The rank that forbade him the choice of his heart.

(For that choice, it is told, fell to one far below him
In station, who yet was so loyal and true
In the love which he won, she could love and forego him,
And even his nobleness nobly outdo ;
Who scorned to climb up to a class that would scorn to
Receive her its peer ; and refusing to dim
The coronet's brightness her brow was not born to,
Lived maidenly faithful to love and to him.)

Was it then, in despair at the pitiful wrangle
His preference raised, he resolved to be free,

To escape from his toils, break the tyrannous tangle
Of custom and caste, of descent and degree?
In this lot which he chose, has he sometimes repented
The impulse that urged him? In scenes such as these,
Hard lodgment, hard fare, has he never lamented
The days of relinquished enjoyment and ease?

Was that impulse a fault? Would he speak, would he tell us
His sober conclusion! For good or for ill,
There are tides of the spirit which sometimes impel us,
Sub-currents, more potent than reason and will,
That out of our sordid conditions uplift us,
And make our poor common humanity great.
We toy with the helm, but they draw us, they drift us,
They shape the deep courses of life and of fate.

But then comes regret, when the ebb leaves us stranded
In doubt and disaster: was such his reward?
How much we might gain would the fellow be candid,
This volunteer ranchman who might be a lord!
Could we think with his thoughts as he rides in the shadow
That falls from the foothills when, suddenly chill,
Far over the mesas of lone Colorado
The fast-creeping twilight spreads solemn and still.

From the rose-tinted, snow-covered peaks, the bright sources
Of torrents and rivers, the glow pales away;
Through cañons and gulches the wild watercourses
Rush hurried and hoarse: just the time, you would say,
For our exile to fall into sombre reflection, —
The scion of earls, from the uppermost branch
Of the ancestral tree, in its cultured perfection,
Set here in the desolate life of the ranch!

Amid wastes of gray sagebrush, of grama and bunch-grass;
The comrade of cowboys, with souls scarce above
The level of driven dumb creatures that munch grass;
Self-banished from paths of preferment and love,
An unreturned prodigal, mumbling his husk:
At least so your sapient soul has divined,
As he gallops far off and forlorn through the dusk.
But little men know of a man's hidden mind.

In his jacket he carries a thumb'd pocket Homer,
To con at odd spells as he watches his herd;
And at times, in his cottage, (but that's a misnomer;
A hut with one room!) you may hear, on my word,
These long summer twilights, (in moments not taken
For washing his dishes or darning his socks,)
On strings deftly thrummed a strange music awaken,
Mazurka of Chopin's, sonata of Bach's.

As over the wide-shouldered Rockies the gleam
 Of day yet illumines the vastness and distance
 Of snow-hooded summits, so shines the still beam
 Of high thought, high resolve, on his lonely existence.
 (And a maiden, they say, of her own sweet accord,
 Who to-night may be sailing the moonlighted sea,
 To the ranchman brings what she denied to the lord.
 Idle rumor, no doubt. But, however it be) —

Our knight of the lasso, long-lineaged Norman,
 Now guiding his herd to good pasture and drink,
 Now buying and selling, stock-owner and foreman,
 Feels life fresh and strong; well content, as I think
 That the world of traditional leisure and sport
 Without him should amble its indolent round.
 Though lost to his title, to kindred and court,
 Here first in rude labor his manhood is found.

His conclusion is this, or I sadly mistake it:
 "To each his own part; rugged action for me!
 Be men, and not masks; fill your sphere or forsake it.
 Use power and wealth; but 't is time to be free
 When the trappings of life prove a burden and fetter.
 The walls of my forefathers' castle are stanch,
 But a cabin, with liberty, shelters me better.
 Be lord of your realm, be it earldom or ranch!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE GOLDEN HESPERIDES.

It has been a subject of regret ever since that I did not buy Southern California when I was there last March, and sell it out the same month. I should have made enough to pay my railway fare back, and purchase provisions to last through the deserts of sand and feeding-places, and had money left to negotiate for one of the little States on the Atlantic coast, and settle down in such plain living and civilization as it might afford. It was all offered to me, but I hesitated, and before the end of the month it was beyond my reach. There is not much of it, little more than what you may call a strip of irrigated sand between the Mohave Desert and

the Pacific Ocean; and if you do not secure a portion of it now, it will be forever beyond your means. For there is but one California in the world (one ought to know this, after hearing it a hundred times a day), and everybody "has got to have" some of it. There is nowhere else to go in the winter. Travelers who have been in Southern Italy, in North Africa, in Sicily, in Florida, in Greece, in Madeira, in Jamaica, in Bogota, in the Piney Woods, are perfectly open in telling you this. There is no climate like it. But it is rapidly going into the hands of investors, climate and all. If the present expectations of transferring half-frozen Eastern

and Northern people there by the railway companies and land-owners are half realized, Southern California, in its whole extent, will soon present the appearance of a mass-meeting, each individual fighting for a lot and for his perpendicular section of climate. In a year, perhaps in six months from now, you might as well attempt to buy a plot in London city, near the Bank, on which to set out an orange grove and some pepper-trees, as to get a foothold in the Garden of the World. I am not an alarmist, but I have seen London, and I know what its climate is in winter. It is sufficient to hint to prudent folks that there are many people in the world, that there is but one California, and that there is not room enough in it for all. Somebody is going to be left out.

There is nothing that will grow anywhere in the world — except, perhaps, certain great staples — that will not grow there in greater abundance and perfection: oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs, almonds, olives, Madeira nuts, every edible vegetable known to woman, — perhaps even grass might be raised by constant and excessive irrigation. Happening one night into the Pullman smoking-room, after days of travel through the Sahara wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, I chanced to hear fragments of a conversation between a man familiar with the region and a new-comer, who was evidently a little discouraged by the endless panorama of sand and dry sagebrush.

"Anything grow along here?"

"Everything, sir, everything; the most productive soil on God Almighty's earth. All it wants is water."

"Fruits?"

"Fruits? I should say so. Every sort that's known. This country right here is going to beat the world in fruits."

"Melons?"

"Well, yes;" relapsing into candor and confession, "no; the fact is, melons don't do so well here. They ain't apt

to be good. The vines grow so fast that the melons are bumped along over the ground and bruised."

"Ah?" without any sign of surprise.

"Yes," without a smile, and with evident desire to keep back no part of the truth, even if it were an after-thought; "if you want to pick a melon in this country, you have to get on horse-back."

And then the conversation expanded into what seemed to me a little exaggeration of the "boom" in New Mexico. There is a buoyancy in the air. The traveler who has been dragged through the sordidness, the endless materialism of flat, muddy, or dusty land, and shanty-towns, as seen from the railway, of Kansas and Nebraska, experiences a certain elevation of spirits on coming to the high, barren vastness of New Mexico, mostly treeless and verdureless; a sort of clean, wind-swept top of the world, free and out-doors, illimitable. The air is like wine. It is a luxury to breathe it. The American lungs expand, the pulse quickens; it is necessary to breathe twice as fast as in the East, to get oxygen enough to satisfy one. One's whole nature expands. The imagination is kindled. The tongue is loosened. Here is freedom, the real elixir. You see at once that it was a mistake ever to expect a good climate with trees and a lush, green vegetation, requiring and giving dampness. The mind is enfranchised. The dweller desires to speak the truth, the whole truth, to give free play to it. Truth becomes buoyant, expansive, hyperbolic. It knows no limit of time or space. The difference between conversation in the East and in the West is that in the latter it is pitched an octave higher. Vast spaces, limitless horizons, thin air, clear skies, beget a certain largeness of speech. The new-comer, in my experience, is more subject to it than the old resident, especially if he has invested in a bit of land, which he may or may not want to sell. Human

nature is the same everywhere, under varying conditions. Women who talk of the fashions and of education in the East speak about real estate in the Far West.

The two pieces of advice that were given me on starting for California were that I must wear always there the thickest flannels and the heaviest winter suit, and that I must ask no questions about anybody's marital relations. The first was good. The second was a humorously malicious allusion to the notion that divorcees are as common there as in Chicago and Connecticut. It was repeatedly impressed upon me that the California climate, the best in the world, was something that one must get used to.

From the heights in New Mexico to the Pacific it is a land of strange and confusing contrasts, upsetting all one's preconceived notions of how Nature ought to act. At Las Vegas Hot Springs, at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, in a barren valley inclosed by stony brown hills, in March, there was no sign of spring except here and there a purple wild-flower in the sand, and yet it somehow looked like summer. The sky was turquoise blue, the sun rays were warm, the air splendid in quality, elastic and inspiring. From the appearance, I should have had no doubt that it was summer, — a summer without vegetation, — if I had not discovered a snow-bank under my north window. It was difficult to conceive that one needed an overcoat, or might not lounge in the easy-chairs on the broad verandas, unless one happened to observe that at ten A. M. the thermometer had risen from the freezing point of sunrise to only 38°. It was so dry. Everything and everybody was electrified. The hotel, sumptuously furnished, heated by steam and lighted throughout by electricity, was a sort of big dynamo. We could not touch a bit of iron, turn on a light, brush against a portière, or shake hands, without experiencing a tingling shock. Inside and

out, it was like being in a place enchanted. It was much the same at Santa Fé, — cold, clear, looking like summer, water freezing in the pitcher at night, sky blue by day, purple at sunset, the air so tenuous that Old Bald, a snow-peak twelve thousand feet high, seemed close at hand; and I noticed that the moon was thin and had no body, merely a disk of silver-paper stuck on the distant sky.

But it is seldom cold in the Needles and the Mohave Desert, — a shimmering alkaline waste: 85° in March, and say 120° to 130° in July. It does not matter. The few people in the far-apart stations live in houses that have a second detached roof, put on like the fly of a tent; and the heated, desolate passage is a providential arrangement to lower the spirits of the traveler to the enjoyment of the irrigated country recovered from the desert, in Southern California. It is a veritable paradise, as really such as the oasis of Fayoum in Egypt. Heavens! how the human eye does crave the green color; how grateful it is for a field of barley, a straight eucalyptus-tree, vines and roses clambering over the houses, the lustrous foliage of the orange groves starred with globes of gold! This is Paradise. And the climate? Perpetual summer (but daily rising in price). There is no doubt of this when you reach the San Gabriel Valley, Pasadena, and Los Angeles. Avenues of eucalyptus, pepper, and orange trees, two, three, four rows of them, seven and eight miles long; vast plumed fields of oranges; the vine stubs in the grape plantations beginning to bud; barley fodder (the substitute for hay) well up and verdant; palmettos and other semi-tropical plants, and all the flowers, and shrubs, and vines, gay, rampant, vigorous, ever-blooming, in dooryards, gardens, overrunning trees and houses, — surely it is summer. There is snow sprinkled on the bare, ashy hills, but everywhere in the plain is water, from

the unfailing mountain springs, running in wooden conduits and ditches. You can buy this water at so much an hour. All you need to buy is climate and water, — the land is thrown in. It is warm in the sun, — the thermometer may indicate 70°; it is even hot, walking out through the endless orange plantations and gardens that surround Los Angeles; but there is a chill the instant you pass into the shade; you still need your winter clothing, and if you drive, or ride in the grip-cars over the steep hills, you require a winter overcoat. The night temperature throughout California is invariably in great contrast to that in the daytime; nearly everywhere fire is necessary at night the year round, and agreeable nearly all the year, even in Southern California. I doubt if it is ever pleasant to sit out-of-doors or on the piazzas at night, though it may be in the hotter months, in the southern portion. But it is very confusing to the mind of the new-comer to reconcile his necessity for winter clothing to what he sees and almost feels; in short, to get used to the climate. The invalid is thrown off his guard by appearances; and I should say that there is no country in the world where a person needs to use more care about taking cold. Yet this must be said: the air is bracing and life-giving. I did not, in any part of the State, in walking or taking any sort of exercise, feel the least fatigue. A "cold," therefore, for a person in ordinary health and condition, is not the dragging, nearly mortal experience that it is apt to be in the East. Then the crowning advantage of the country, even if the climate is treacherous and needs watching in its effects, is that one can be out-of-doors all the time, nearly every day in the year. Meantime, he can eat oranges, if he is not particular about the variety, and get rich selling prospective or real orange groves to Eastern people. But he will never get over the surprises and contrasts of the country. We went one

day, by rail, eighteen miles over the gentle hills, from Los Angeles to its lovely seaport of Santa Monica. Fine hotel, charming beach and sand bluffs, illimitable Pacific Ocean. It was not a warm day nor a cold day, just the ordinary kind of day to sell (I suppose one could buy a day's climate there, or half a day's, or swap off a morning for an afternoon with the real-estate brokers, — and every man and woman is a real-estate broker), but we wore thick winter clothing, and carried overcoats, which occasionally were needed. Yet as many as seventy-five sane people were bathing in the Pacific Ocean as if it had been August! Flowers, fruits, summer bathing, and winter overcoats, — you have to get used to it.

It is a splendid place for invalids. The country was full of them. It will be fuller yet, if Los Angeles, lovely city of angels, growing like asparagus in a hot-bed, already with fifty thousand people, and may be ten thousand more, in the season, trying to find a night's lodging, never yet having had the least time to pay attention to ordinary sanitary precautions, does not speedily design some system of drainage out of its shut-in valley. But this is a matter of detail. And yet it cannot be neglected, for already the doctors there have cases of pneumonia, diphtheria, and typhoid fever. San Diego, lying mostly on sand hills overlooking its magnificent harbor, has already appropriated a million and a quarter of dollars for drainage, inviting the Waring system. And another thing, also a matter of taste as well as of detail: the buyer, driving around the city and the country, which for thirty miles in any direction is humming with the noise of building, and planting, and laying out streets, — the hum of populations yet to be, — the buyer, amid the myriad signs of "Real Estate For Sale," ought not to be confronted by so many legends of "Undertakers and Embalmers." It chills ardor.

Real estate for certain limited purposes, though unlimited occupation, we are all reluctant to purchase.

One of the great uses of New England in the world is that of an object lesson, for the devotees of the development hypothesis, of the survival of the fittest. Southern California offers to illustrate the converse. The movement of people thither is, both in quality and volume, the most striking phenomenon of modern times, in its character a migration perhaps unprecedented in history. It quite equals the movement of 1849, perhaps surpasses it in speculative excitement, but its original motion is entirely different. There was mixed, in the hegira of 1849 to the west coast, a greed for sudden wealth and a spirit of reckless adventure, which recalled the romantic heroism of both Jason and Cortez. The present emigration is not for adventure at all, and primarily not for gold; it is a pursuit of climate. But naturally, this human desire for dwelling in a place genial and tolerant of human physical weakness has been taken advantage of, and the west coast is the arena of the most gigantic speculation and inflation known in American annals. I cannot conceive that the excitement of '49 exceeded this. We can well understand why men and women, who discover that they have but one life to live on this engaging planet, that they are freer than plants to change their habitat, and that all the places in the world are not alike inhospitable and not alike devoted to the development of the robust virtues, should weary of the winters of the North, and of the blizzards and cyclones of the West, and seek a land comparatively free from physical anxiety. In the process of natural selection there has been developed a great number of people who come to regard climate as of more importance than anything else. When to this desire is added the advertised advantage of living in luxury with comparatively little labor, the migration

is accounted for. The fact is, besides, that we are a poetic people; notwithstanding the sternness of our discipline, we have a good deal of Oriental imagination, and if you dangle a golden orange before the eyes of a Northern man you can lead him anywhere.

The Southern California speculator has a reasonable, not to say a mathematical, basis. You can figure out of our sixty millions of population a certain number of invalids and their families, or of people not exactly invalids, to whom a genial climate seems the most desirable thing, a number large enough to fill up Southern California several times over. What interests the traveler is the inquiry, What will all those people now there, and on the way there, do when they have sold out all the land to each other, and resold and resold it at constantly mounting prices, until it is beyond purchase, and it is found that no possible crop on it can pay a remunerative per cent. on the irrigated principle? What interests the philosopher is the inquiry, What sort of a community will ultimately result from this union of the Invalid and the Speculator? Assuming that Southern California is the best winter climate in the republic, and that its product is mainly small fruits, given a land as valuable as Wall Street, is it not the expectation that this shall be the home of the rich, who must draw upon Eastern accumulations of capital? Agriculture is now the dependence there of labor, for at present coal is so high as to forbid profitable manufacturing. How are the laboring people to live? I was told, in a certain region, that there were at least a thousand dress-makers and milliners, who had gone there expecting to live by their trades, who found the ground completely occupied, and were filling the positions of chambermaids and other servants, glad to get any sort of work by which they could live. Many a man, who went there with a little money, expecting to enrich him-

self by speculation, or to own that gold mine, an orange grove, has had his lesson, and is glad to earn the means of subsistence by grooming or driving horses. It begins to be said with frequency, "This is no place for a poor man."

If it is true that the quantity of land open to purchase is very limited, as the intending buyer is constantly told, and limited because of the difficulty of irrigating the adjacent desert, there is also at present an artificial limitation on account of the ownership of vast tracts, ranches of from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand acres, by investors and speculators and railway corporations. California — one hears that already — is practically in the hands of a few rich men. It is not literally true, but vast land-ownership is certainly a feature of this Eldorado.

There is an undeniable fascination about the west coast for most persons. Probably the temporary sojourner, however much he may be pleased with certain qualities of the climate, and however deeply he may be interested in the abnormal state of things, declares, if he is in health, that nothing would induce him to live there. Possibly a majority of those who go there think they go temporarily, for the winter, or to make easily a little money. It is a common experience, throughout the State, to dislike the life, the society, the whole thing, at first, and then to become as violently attached to it as a place of residence. Something is apt to draw people back who have been there once: perhaps the climate, or the untrammelled life, or a certain expansiveness congenial to the American mind.

I do not know whether the English language is exactly adapted to Southern California. It seems to me too tame and literal to express the exuberant growth of that region. At any rate, the real-estate people call in the aid of art and music. Brass bands, heading the

processions to auction sales of city lots in the outlying deserts, excite the buyer to frenzy; and seductive paintings, a vast broadside of boards erected at the railway stations, — pictures of vineyards, orchards, lofty rose-covered houses and delectable hills, — appeal to the most stolid visitor. Indeed, our language is too poor to do justice to the prolific powers of nature, to say nothing of the prolific invention of man. Jack's Beanstalk is not a myth, but simply an illustration. We are accustomed to regard the tree as a slow, laborious product of nature. I do not say that in California the forest tree is an annual, but if you plant eucalyptus saplings you will have in three or four years a fine, stately grove, from which firewood is cut; and very good firewood this fat tree makes. I was shown a big stump of a eucalyptus-tree in a Los Angeles garden, which the owner had cut down because it was too near the house. It was ninety feet high, and he had planted the sapling only seven years before.

Possibly Southern California should be described as a garden rather than an agricultural region. The most considerable plantations I saw were of vineyards and orange groves. The vineyards were on flat, irrigated land, vineyards sometimes six hundred acres in extent. There is no doubt that the yield of grapes is prolific. There is also no doubt that nearly every kind of wine known to the market is made from the same field, — hock, claret, burgundy, champagne; wine sweet as cordials and sour as vinegar; wines white, red, and golden. Quantity is the thing aimed at. Good wine is produced here and there. I did not happen upon any in the hotels or vineyards of Southern California, but I tasted of a good bottle in San Francisco. I question if choice, fine wines will ever be produced on the rich flats; certainly not by the present wholesale system of cultivation, — getting the most possible from the acre. It is probable that the best

wine grapes will be grown in the foothills, where the producer, for the sake of quality, will be content with a yield of a quarter of the present quantity per acre. I doubt not that if a man were to limit his vineyard to fifty acres, which he could properly cultivate, and the product of which he could properly take care of, he would get a much better result as to quality of wine than he gets from two hundred acres, and that his profit would be greater. The science of wine growing and handling is still little regarded. The effort is to obtain the greatest quantity of juice, and the manipulation and manufacture of sorts from the same juice is, I was told, becoming common, though perhaps not yet as universal as in France, where we get now almost no wine in the bottle answering to the name on the label.

The orange-tree is very prolific in Southern California. I do not know why the best varieties would not grow there. There is, of course, as much difference between oranges as between apples. The attractive golden outside is a constant deception, the cover of an unpleasant surprise. I found at Las Vegas a delicious orange, not very large, fine skin, firm, lively pulp, melting in the mouth, with little remaining fibre; sweet, but not with the insipid sweetness of so many of the Havana oranges, — very like the Malta oranges. It came from Helmsville, in Mexico. I searched diligently in California, but I did not find in any hotel, market, chance peddler's basket, or grove any orange to compare with this. Nearly all of them were sharply acid. There is a kind called the Navel, much praised. But it was sour, wherever I came across it. Oranges were in great abundance. Perhaps I was unfortunate in not finding any in perfection. But I ate those which were praised, and the variety which I was informed had taken the premium in competition with those of Florida. All had the same sourness; and I concluded that

the grafts must have come from Sicily or Southern Italy, where a really sweet, luscious orange is rare. I know that this is a matter of taste; that Californians ate their own oranges and said they liked them, and seemed hurt when I sometimes asked for a lemon, to "take the taste out." I hope the experiment will be made with other varieties, for I desire to believe that California can produce the best oranges in the world.

In some fruits California certainly excels. The small olives have the nutty sweetness of those grown in Southern France; and I ate raisins, made from grapes grown in a little valley back of San Diego, which were, in my experience with this wholesome article of food, incomparably fine. With more careful cultivation and attention to best varieties, I see no reason why this region cannot supply the rest of the United States with abundance of small fruits and nuts which will be preferred to those now imported.

The success of this gardening and fruit-raising, however, must depend largely upon the price the cultivator finally pays for his land, for the competition will be with countries where land is cheap and wages are low. It would not pay to raise pears in Wall Street. I do not mean to say that the small industries of husbandry are neglected; irrigation and planting keep pretty even pace with surveying, auctioneering, and building. But at present the leading industry is the selling of real estate, — it is about the only thing talked of. In the six months previous to March, 1887, the price of real estate in the region of Los Angeles and Pasadena had advanced four hundred per cent. A lady went out one morning by rail from Los Angeles to Pasadena, where she took carriage for the ordinary drive round the country, through Baldwin's thirty-thousand-acre ranch. As she was starting an agent asked her if she did not want to buy a lot, — they peddle lots like oranges;

he could offer her a bargain of a small building lot for fifty dollars. The lady said she did n't mind making a little investment (the air is so stimulating, the orange blossoms are so intoxicating, there is such a noise of building and hammering everywhere, and there are so many invalids from Maine and New Hampshire, sitting in the rose-covered porches of their little cottages), and she took the lot and paid for it. On her return in the afternoon, the same agent met her, and asked her if she did not want to sell her lot. She replied that she was perfectly willing to sell at a fair price — her drive had been rather dusty, and she had seen a good deal of apparently unoccupied ground. The agent offered her two hundred dollars, and she handed back the lot and took the money, and went home to her dinner. The story has no affidavit attached to it, but it is not an exaggeration of daily occurrences.

In front of San Diego and forming its beautiful harbor lies Coronada Beach, an island of sand, something like two miles long and half a mile broad, with a curved tongue of beach along the Pacific, a superb bathing and driving place. This sand heap had been bought by a company, all staked out in building lots, with shrubs planted at the corners, a shanty or two erected, and from November to March seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of lots had been sold. How much cash had been paid I do not know. The island is reached by a ferry; water has been carried over, a line of railway crosses the island, and on the ocean side, with a beautiful prospect of gray hills framing the bay and the sparkling Pacific, foundations were being laid for a hotel which was to be the largest in the country (the reader understands that everything is the largest and every view is the finest in the world), twice as big as the Raymond at Pasadena. The house is to be ready for occupation this winter, and I hear that its rooms are all engaged, and further-

more that the sale of land on the island is already reckoned at over two millions of dollars. A friend of mine, who during the last half dozen years or so has been gradually investing forty to fifty thousand dollars in San Diego lots, told me that they would any day bring half a million. I do not mean to say that everybody in Southern California is rich, — perhaps the majority are having a hard struggle for existence, — but everybody expects to be rich to-morrow. It gives one a feeling of the rapid accumulation of property merely to hear the ordinary conversation. But it is scarcely a restful feeling, and I must confess that for me the atmosphere of this sunny and flowery land would be more agreeable if I could escape the uneasy sensation that the first duty of man is to buy a lot.

Certainly it was not a restful place. The railways swarmed with excursion trains, the cars were crowded, and it was difficult to get a seat. The towns overflowed with speculators, invalids, and travelers; it was not easy to obtain accommodations in hotels even by applying days in advance. Los Angeles secured temporary relief by getting up a small-pox scare, and hanging out on various houses about town danger flags, and this sent thousands to the neighboring villages. Owing partially to the sudden influx of settlers and visitors, the post-office service was completely demoralized. The government refused to employ clerks enough to do the business; as a consequence the post-offices, as at Los Angeles, were closed more than half the time for assorting and redirecting letters, and during the few open hours long cues of people waited a chance at the windows. It required a long time to procure access to the open office, to register a letter or to inquire for one. By chance a letter might be delivered promptly; by chance it might lie in the office a week. The employees were worked to death. Very soon I gave up

all expectation of getting letters with any regularity or promptness. This was of course largely the fault of the government, — though the closing of the post-offices generally for several hours each day seems a relic of the Spanish-Mexican habit. But the annoyance about the telegraph is due solely to the fact that one company has a monopoly. In New Mexico and Southern California the service was intolerably vexatious. Messages were missent, lost, thrown into the waste-basket, delayed. There was no remedy, little spirit of accommodation, generally carelessness and often insolence in the employees.

Yet the climate remains, with the extraordinary fertility of the irrigated land, the strange beauty of sunny valleys and brown, savage mountain spurs. The beauty of turf, the abundant spontaneous vegetation, and the wonderful wealth of New England landscape in summer it does not approach; but it has a loveliness of its own, partly due to contrast with the surrounding and encroaching desert, but also to the sun, the genial air, and the fruits, flowers, and semi-tropical suggestions of a perpetual summer. The grandiose scenery of the Far West — great wastes, gigantic mountains, fantastic freaks of a nature worn out with age and violence — reminds one of Spain. Southern California, with something of this character, has a softer attractiveness, and the inhabitants like to say it is Italian. Sierra Madre Villa, nestled amid vineyards and fruit groves on the side of a mountain, with a glimpse of the ocean twenty miles distant, certainly suggests Southern Italy; but no man who has not bought a lot can lay his hand on his heart, and say that there is here the picturesqueness of the Sorrentine promontory, or the atmospheric color. The region should be content to be its glorious self, and unlike any other part of the United States.

I should think that the camel would become this landscape, and I know that

the ostrich looks more or less at home. I saw an ostrich farm, where the birds lay eggs at a dollar and a half apiece, and shed plumes at a reasonable price, with no improvement to their appearance. The ostrich is an interesting animal, with his exaggerated, stately strut, his long snake-like neck, the head carried haughtily and parallel with the ground, the big, supercilious eyes looking straight along the flat, soft bill. A procession of these birds is even comical. They are denied, apparently, the pleasures of the palate in eating, everything going whole into the best digestive apparatus known to the physiologists. It is a recreation to see one dispose of an orange. It passes easily into the capacious mouth; then the ostrich stretches and twists the long neck, and the round fruit is traceable, slowly making its way down, round and round, a solid lump, until it disappears. If the bird could only taste the fruit in its progress, his capacity of enjoyment would be envied.

Traces of the old Spanish life are rapidly disappearing, but may still be seen at such a ranch and hacienda as that of *Comulos* (the scene of *Ramona*), and lingering still in Santa Barbara. At this place, besides a few dwellings in the Spanish style, exists a refined Spanish society. Santa Barbara, lying in a valley opening southward to the Pacific, with nooks and cañons among the hills, of wild and almost incomparable beauty, does strongly suggest a sort of Italy. The character and color of the great mountain that shuts it in on the left hand, looking seaward, are very Italian. The railway has not yet reached it, and the situation, the air, the equable climate, — genial in winter and not too warm in summer, — something reposeful and secluded, gave me great content to be there. As I think of it with longing, at the approach here of snow and storm, I cannot but regret that so many days and deserts lie between it and the East.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE SECOND SON.

XLIII.

THE CULPRIT'S REVENGE.

THEY were left, as the exit of an important actor in a stirring scene leaves the rest of the parties to it, in an enforced pause before the movement can be resumed, at watch upon each other, distracted for the moment, each antagonist a little astray, not knowing how the debate is to be resumed, and against which of the adversaries he is to find himself engaged. To Stephen it was a moment of relief. Among the others, there seemed no one whom he could not cow by his louder voice and stronger denial. It appeared to him that he could crush that slight creature standing opposite by the mere lifting of his hand. But for the moment he did not know whether it were she or some other against whom he would have to stand.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Travers, leaning back a little upon Lily, who stood behind her. The old lady was frightened, flurried, horror-stricken. "Oh dear, dear!" she cried, wringing her little transparent hands. "I knew there was something, but I never knew how bad it was. Oh dear, dear! — oh dear, dear!"

"Stephen," said Edmund, "I think we had better follow my father. After what has passed, it can do you no good to stay here."

"After what has passed! What has passed? The story of a — of a — the sort of creature no man is safe from. It might have been you instead of me. Would you slink off, and let her have it all her own way? I'll appeal to Mrs. Travers. *You* know what the world is: will you trust that woman against me? a girl that has nothing to lose against" —

"Oh, hush!" interposed Elizabeth. "For Heaven's sake, don't go any further, — there has been enough. Oh, get your brother to go away! We do trust her, — we know her better than we know him. Oh, get him to go away!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, "oh dear, dear! I can't bear this sort of thing, Elizabeth. He's a gentleman, a military man. And don't you hear him? He appeals to me. Lily may have been mistaken; he may be able to explain. Oh dear, dear! Mr. Mitford will have a fit, and it will kill me. To have such a disturbance and such things talked of in a lady's house, — oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

"Let me alone, Ned," cried Stephen: "it's my character, not yours, that is at stake." He straightened himself, and looked round him with rising courage. "You say true," he continued. "Mrs. Travers, *you* understand. How am I to explain before ladies? Things look dreadful to ladies that are no harm among men. If you will get Miss Travers to go away, and that girl, I will tell you all I can. I'll explain as well as I can — to you" —

"To me!" interrupted the old lady, with a subdued shriek, — "explain improprieties to me! Lizzy, he ought n't to be allowed to talk to me like this. Unless she has made a mistake — Oh, don't be too hasty, my dear! Are you sure, are you quite sure, it's the same gentleman? Oh, Lily, look again; you might be mistaking him for some one else. Are you sure it is the same gentleman, Lily? If it was the right one, do you think he'd appeal to me?"

"It is the man whom I was going to marry," returned Lily, drooping her head. "How could I make a mistake as to him?"

"That was my brother Roger," said Stephen, "as is well known. Why she should wish to ruin me in your opinion, I can't tell. She came up to London to Roger. What happened to her there, who knows?" he added, with an insulting laugh. "Perhaps it's natural she should seek out some one to answer for that adventure, — I should n't blame her. It's fair enough to do what you can in self-defense."

"Let my brother Roger's name be left out of this," said Edmund, sternly. "Say what you will for yourself. She never went to London to Roger. He was as delicate and tender of her and her good name as if she had been the Queen's daughter. Keep his name out of it. I cannot allow any reference to him."

Mrs. Travers sat up erect in her chair, and looked at Stephen with her small, keen eyes. "They are not like each other," she said; "and how could she mistake the man she was going to marry, as she says? Captain Mitford, I think you had better go away. I am very sorry, for I have a partiality for military men, but I don't really see how there could be any mistake. And you mustn't speak about the girl and that sort of thing. We know her, as Elizabeth has told you, a great deal better than we know you."

Stephen looked round upon the audience, which he began to perceive was hostile to him, with lessening self-command and growing wrath. His father's departure had sobered him out of the first burst of passion, but he was not a man to fight a losing battle. He went on, however, repeating his plea. "I can't go into it now, before ladies. Name a man, and I'll explain everything. I can't speak before ladies. A man would soon see it was all a made-up story. Send for old Gavelkind, or somebody. I'll explain to a man."

"You are not upon your trial here, Captain Mitford," remarked Elizabeth.

"We have nothing to do with it. It has been all very unexpected and very painful." She turned to Edmund with an appealing gesture. "It would be much better if it could end here. There is nothing more for us to do; it is no business of ours."

"That is to say," cried Stephen quickly, "I am to consent to a slur upon my character because there is n't a man in the house to whom I can speak, nor any one who can see through a made-up story. I sha'n't do that! Send that little devil away, and not me. You can't know her half so well as I know her. How should you? She puts on one face to her backers-up, but quite a different one to me. She's" —

"Captain Mitford," Mrs. Travers said, "you seem to think, after all, that you know Lily very well."

He stopped short, confounded, and looked at the old lady with a dangerous glitter in his eyes — like a bull putting down its head before it charges.

"You think you know Lily very well," she repeated; "and how should you know her, unless what she says is true? I'm very sorry, for you are a near neighbor, and I always thought I should like you best of the family. If you please, Captain Mitford, will you go away? I don't want to hurt your feelings, but there's no man in the house, as you say. We are only ladies; we have ourselves to take care of. Please go. And I don't think," added the old lady, upon whose face there had come a little color, a flush of roused temper and feeling, "that so long as this is my house I shall want to see you here again."

He burst out suddenly into a loud laugh. He was exasperated by her little air of authority; her precise words, the majestic aspect she put on, and he was half mad with the efforts he had made to restrain himself, and the sense that he had failed, and the fury and shame of the exposure. No one had listened to what he said in his own

defense; but he had it in his power to startle them into listening to him at last. "Your house?" he cried, hurling the words at her as if they had been a stone picked up in haste; "you've no house, any more than you have the right to judge me!"

"No house! The man must be going mad!" Mrs. Travers exclaimed.

"Captain Mitford," cried Elizabeth, "if you have any sense of honor, go,—go away!"

"I'll not allow myself to be insulted," he returned, "not even by an old woman. Her house! It's no more hers than it's mine. She's got no house,—she has not a penny but what you give her. Do you think I don't know? Do you think that everybody doesn't know? Let go, Ned. I'll not be put out, either by her or you. By Jove! to order me out of her house, when she's a pauper, a pensioner, a— Good-evening, Mrs. Travers. I hope I've given you a piece of information which is as good as yours to me!"

The little old lady had risen to her feet. It was not possible for the small, worn face in the white circle of her widow's cap to be paler than it habitually was; but her eyes were opened more widely than usual, and her lips were apart. "Lizzy!" she said, with a gasp, putting out her hands. She paused until Stephen had gone out of the room before she said any more. Then she resumed: "Lizzy! Is that true?"

"Mrs. Travers," replied Edmund, "my brother is entirely in the wrong. He has received a dreadful blow. I am dazed and confused by it, though I have nothing to do with it. He did not know what he was saying. He wanted to revenge himself on some one. It was a dastardly thing to do; but that is all. Don't think of it more."

"I am asking Lizzy. Lizzy," said the old lady, "is that true?"

"Aunt, listen to him, he knows everything, and we've done him injustice!"

cried Elizabeth, with an effort, scarcely conscious, to turn the discussion into another channel. "Ask him to forgive me. I thought he was involved in all this dreadful story. I thought it was all different."

"Lizzy," said Mrs. Travers, "is that true?"

"Aunt, how can you ask me? It is nothing; it is revenge, as he tells you."

"What does it matter what he tells me, or the other? The other meant what he said. Lizzy, is it true?"

"Aunt, dear aunt!"

"You call me by my name, but that's no answer; nor is it an answer," cried the old lady, holding Elizabeth at arm's length, thrusting her away, "to come and coax me and kiss me. Is it true—*true*?" She grasped Elizabeth's shoulder after a moment, and shook her, as a child might grip a woman in vain passion. "I want an answer,—I want an answer. My husband thought it right to leave you everything—after me: that's what I've been told, and I thought it was hard. Was there more than that? I'll not be deceived any longer!" she cried, stamping her foot. "If I'm a pauper, a pensioner, as he said, tell me. I'll not be deceived any more!"

"Oh, aunt! Never, never that! Oh, never that!"

"Never what? There may be degrees of lies, but there can be but one truth. What? I will know!"

"Aunt," said Elizabeth, who had grown very pale, "there is but one truth, but I might tell that truth so that it would be almost a lie. If you will sit down, and have patience, and let me explain"—

"Explain, when it's a simple matter of yes or no? Mr. Edmund Mitford, this is between my niece and me; but she seems to wish you to remain," Mrs. Travers added, querulously. "And I suppose you know, as he said everybody knows. Oh, that Mr. Gavelkind should

have gone, just when he was wanted!" Mrs. Travers began to moan. She clasped her little attenuated hands together; tears began to gather in her eyes. "Lily Ford," she said, "I've been kind to you, I've asked you no questions, you've been living in my house — In my house? I don't know if I have a house. Oh, what am I to do, — what am I to do?" She sank back into her chair, and began to whimper and cry. "I was his faithful wife for forty years. I brought him a bit of money that was of great use to him at the time. I was never extravagant, — never wanted anything that he was n't the first to get! The plate-glass and all that, — was it my doing? I never had any interest but his. And now he's left me without a home, without a home, after being his wife for forty years!"

"Oh, dear aunt," cried Elizabeth, flinging herself on her knees beside Mrs. Travers's chair, "he never thought of that. You were like himself to him. It was a mistake, it was some delirium, he never thought."

"Ah!" she said, "there's mistakes; yes, there's mistakes. You asked me, Lily Ford, if you could mistake the man you were going to marry; and it seemed both to me and you as if you could n't. But I was married to mine for forty years, and I was mistaken in him all the time, it appears. I never thought he would leave his wife a — a pauper, a pensioner, as that villain said. Oh, that villain! Get up, Elizabeth, get up; don't hang on me. I'll be your pensioner no more."

Elizabeth, repulsed, still knelt at her aunt's feet, her hands clasped, the tears streaming from her eyes. Lily Ford, behind the old lady's chair, put her arms timidly round her, caressing her, crying too. Beside all these weeping women, what could Edmund do? He stood irresolute in sheer masculine disability to bear the sight of their tears:

and yet he could not go away, nor desert Elizabeth at this crisis. Not a word had been said between them, and yet she had called him, bound him to her side. He turned from them, and walked about the room in the confusion of despair.

"That's what marriage is," Mrs. Travers resumed after an interval of sobs. "I'll go out of my husband's house with the little bit of money I brought into it, and glad to have that. It was all mine for forty years; but what was I all the time? What's a wife but a pensioner, as that man said. She has no right to anything; it's all in the man's hands, though she's helped him to make it, though she's taken care of it and saved it, and done her work as honest as he. But when he dies, he does what he likes; he takes her home from her, and gives it to some one else. She's got no right to anything. Oh, talk of mistakes, Lily Ford! You might well mistake the man you were going to marry, when I've mistaken mine, after I've been his wife for forty years."

"Aunt," Elizabeth cried, "have some pity upon me! You cannot have the heart to leave me! I would have died rather than let you find out — anything to wound you. Every word you say goes to my heart. It's all true; but he never meant it so. He never, never meant it. It's true, and yet it's not true. And why should you punish me? What have I done? Will you leave me alone in the world, in a house that's no longer a home, because I have been put in a wrong position, and because his mind got confused at the end?"

"Hold your tongue," said Mrs. Travers angrily, turning sharply upon her. "Don't say a word against my husband to me. I know what I think; but it's not for you to say it, — you that he was always so good to. Respect your uncle, if you please. You shall not say a word against him to me. And as for leaving

you, why, what's this young man here for, Lizzy? He wants to go away, he has feeling enough to see he has no business here; but you won't let him; you keep him with your eye. I suppose you'll marry him, and then you'll want nobody, — there will be no further need for an old woman; though perhaps she *is* wanted, enough to earn her living, enough not to be a pauper," Mrs. Travers said, drying her eyes indignantly.

"I must speak, if I am to be here at all," said Edmund, coming forward; "let me be of some use now, at least. You are all excited, — too much excited to decide anything. If Elizabeth will have me, I have been long at her disposal, Mrs. Travers; and in that case I can speak for her as well as for myself. This house will never, by my consent, be anybody's but yours. She will never live in it, with my approval, except as your daughter should live. It is better this should be cleared up, perhaps, and that we should all understand each other. You shall never leave here with my consent. I can't but be of some importance, if what you think is true. All the rest is little, and means nothing. These are the facts of the case: you are here at home, and Elizabeth lives with you. What is to happen after shall be arranged between us, — you, as the head of the house, having the first voice. I know nothing about wills and law; in nature you are the head of the house and the mistress of the house, and so you shall always be for me."

When a man speaks words of wisdom, it is very seldom that they are not received by the women about him as oracles from heaven. Elizabeth rose from her knees, and came and stood by his side, putting her arm into his with a timidity unusual to her. Mrs. Travers sat up in her chair, with her face raised to him, in attention, half bewildered but wholly respectful. Even Lily Ford, behind the old lady's chair, looked up as if her salvation depended upon this su-

preme and serious statement. When he stopped, there was a breathless pause.

"Well, if it's any satisfaction to you, Lizzy, I think he speaks up like a man," Mrs. Travers said.

XLIV.

THE SQUIRE GOES HOME.

The Squire went out of the house like a man distracted, his brain on fire, a surging as of a flood in his head. He passed out into the hot sun, with his hat in his hand, feeling the rush in his ears too hot and terrible to permit of any covering upon the temples, which throbbed as if they would burst. Very few times in his life had it happened to him that the fiery commotion within dazed and confused him as to what was going on without, but so it was to-day.

He had been without any premonition of trouble, when he climbed that slope with Stephen. He was going to smooth over all offense on Elizabeth's part. Stephen was to tell his tale, to explain, as he seemed convinced he could. "Let me alone. I hope I know how to talk over a woman," he had said. Mr. Mitford had been such a fool as to trust to him. Such a fool! he said to himself now. As if Elizabeth had been an ordinary woman, as if the circumstances had been so simple! The Squire could not imagine how he had been such a fool, forgetting that he had known none of the circumstances. Now it seemed as if his own folly were the thing most apparent. How could he think that it would be so easily disposed of! How could he imagine that all would be well!

Mr. Mitford was not a severe judge. He had, perhaps, in his heart more sympathy with Stephen's errors than with the virtue of his other sons. He was not a man to make any fuss about a little irregularity, about what had been called youthful folly in the days when he was

himself subject to such temptations; so long as there was nothing disgraceful in it, he had said. But a girl upon his property, the daughter of an old servant, his wife's favorite, — nay, good heavens! the girl whom Roger had meant to marry! Was there ever such a hideous combination? To entice that girl away on the old pretense of marriage, what a scoundrel! and to let her slip through his fingers, what a fool! Everything that was most unbearable was involved in it. It would be over the whole county to-morrow, flying on the wings of the wind, — a scandal such as had not happened for a generation, and ridicule worse still than the scandal. It was like a Surrey melodrama, the Squire said to himself, crossed with a screaming farce. To have meant to outwit the girl, and to have found her too sharp for him! A Lovelace *planté-la!* a brilliant and conquering hero, made a fool of, like the old nincompoop in the plays. Jove! and this was his son! And the scandal and the derision, the county talk, the shaking of the wise heads, the roar of ridicule would peal round the house, like a storm. The laughter, that was the worst. Had Lily been altogether lost, Mr. Mitford would have been perhaps not much less disturbed: he would have felt keenly the shame of such a scandal, the noisy echoes awakened, the shock of that overthrow of all the decorums and betrayal of all those trusts which an old servant puts in his master, and which public feeling protects and authorizes. But that the laugh should be added to the shame; that when people heard what villainy Stephen had been about, they should also hear how the tables had been turned upon him, how the biter had been bit and the deceiver deceived, — that was more unbearable still! The echoes seemed all to catch it up, to breathe it about him, to come back laden with derision and scorn. Stephen, who had been admired in the county, who had a reputation as a dashing fellow, of whom

his father had been proud! Proud! Jove! there was not much to be proud of: a base, abominable seduction, and not even a successful one, the laugh turned against him, the victim holding him up to shame. If everything had been put together that could most humiliate and expose the family, — just on the edge of a family affliction, too, when decorum ought to have the strongest hold, — it could not have been more thoroughly done!

It was a very hot day, the very height and crown of summer, and the road between Mount Travers and Melcombe was for a great part of the way quite unshaded, exposed to the full beating of the afternoon sun. It was afternoon, but the sun was still high in the heavens, and the air was penetrated by the fierceness of its shining. Three o'clock is almost more than the climax of day; it has the meridian heat, with an accumulation of all the fiery elements stored up in every corner and in the motionless air, which has not yet been freed from the spell of noon. After a while, Mr. Mitford put on his hat mechanically, to interpose something between him and that glow of heat and brightness. The waves of the flood of passion, of coursing blood and heat, rose one after another, ringing and surging in his ears. He knew what his doctors had told him about that overwhelming sensation, — that he ought at once to get into a darkened room, and lie down and keep quiet, when he felt it. None of these things could he do now. This rushing along in the full sun, with his head uncovered for part of the way, no shade, no possibility of rest, and some miles of blazing road before him, was enough to have given Dr. Robson a fit, not to speak of the patient, whom he had warned so seriously. The Squire felt this dully in his confused brain, but also felt that he could not help it; that everything was intolerable; that he must get home, and do something at once. He

must do it at once ; there was no time to lose. A fellow who had exposed himself to the county, to the whole world, like that, could not be permitted to be the representative of the Mitfords. He had always felt uncomfortable about it, always since poor Roger was taken away. Poor Roger ! It seemed to the Squire that only death had taken his eldest son away, and that it was somehow a grievance to himself that Stephen had been put in that eldest son's place ; he could not make out, in his confusion, how it had come about. It was a wrong to Edmund, — he had always said so, — a great injustice, an injury, a — And now the fellow had proved how impossible it was to keep up such an arrangement. It was all his own doing, as somehow the other, the injury to Edmund, appeared to be Stephen's doing. But the Squire felt that if he could only get home in time, only reach his writing-table and his quiet library and the cool and the shade, and get his pulses to stop beating, and that rushing surge out of his ears, things might still be put right.

But the road stretched out white before him, like something elastic, drawing out and out in endless lengths, such as he had never been conscious of before ; and the sun blazed, without a tree to subdue that pitiless glare. He had a vague notion that there was some way with a handkerchief to stop the beating of the light upon his head, but his thoughts were not free enough to arrange it, or think how it could be done. And still, the further the Squire walked, the further and further before him seemed to stretch on these lengths of expanding road. If he could but get home ! Presently the name of Pouncefort surged up into his head on those rising waves. Pouncefort ! — he must send for Pouncefort : by an express, a man on horseback, in the old way, or by the telegraph, — there was the telegraph. Vaguely it came into his mind that he might stop at the station which he had to pass, and

send a message ; but that would keep him longer, would prevent his getting home. To get home was the first necessity, — into the cool, into the dark, with the shutters shut. The idea of shutting the shutters came with a sense of relief to his brain. Somebody could go to the office and send the message ; or a man could go, on horseback, the old way.

The laughing-stock of the county ! It seemed to him now, somehow, as if it were he who would be laughed at, he who had been outwitted, though without any fault of his. The laugh would be turned against him all over the place, who had meant to play the gay Lothario, and had been made a fool of by a little chit of a girl ! Something of the mortification and rage with which Stephen himself thought of that failure entered strangely into his father's brain, but with a confused sense that he had been got into that position without any fault of his ; that it was the trick of an enemy ; that he had been made to appear ridiculous in the eyes of all men, by something with which his own action had nothing to do. He seemed to hear the ring of that derision all about him. Ha, ha, ha ! did you hear that story about Mitford ? about the Mitfords ? about old Mitford ? That was what it came to at the last. Old Mitford ! though he was a man that had never made a laughing-stock of himself, always kept clear of that ; had been respected, feared, if you like ; an ugly sort of fellow to be affronted or put upon, but laughed at, never ! And now this was his fate, for the first time in his life, and by no fault of his.

How good it would be to have the shutters closed, all along the side of the house ! What a change it would make all at once ! — out of that beating and blazing, the pitiless heat, the sound of the laughter ; for somehow the laughter appeared to come in, too. Meanwhile, the road did nothing but grow

longer and longer, stretching out like a long white line, endless as far as one could see, not diminishing, extending as one rushed on; until at last, when the heat was at its highest, the sunshine almost blinding, the surging in his ears worse than ever, Mr. Mitford suddenly found a coolness and shelter about him, and saw that he was stumbling in at his own door.

"Shut all the shutters," he said to the first servant he saw.

"The shutters, sir?"

"Every shutter in the house. Don't you see how the sun is blazing? And I want something to drink, and a horse saddled at once."

"A horse, sir?"

"Don't I speak plain enough? Send Larkins, — he'll understand; but shut the shutters, every shutter; keep out the sun, or we'll go on fire," Mr. Mitford said.

Larkins was sought out in the house-keeper's room, with a message that master had come in, off his head, as mad as mad, calling for the shutters to be shut, and for a horse. The butler had been dozing pleasantly, and was just waking up to enjoy his afternoon tea.

"Rubbish," he said. "I dare say as he's hot with his walk, and wants a drink; they allays does, when a man's comfortable."

But Mr. Larkins was not an ill-natured man, and he had a sympathy for people who wanted a drink. He sent for ice and various bottles, and there was a popping of corks which occupied some time; and finally he took in himself to the library a tray, which the footman carried to the door. He found, what alarmed even his composure, his master tugging at the shutters to close them, though the sun had passed away from that side of the house.

"Bless me, sir, let me do that! But the sun's gone," he said, hurrying to set down his tray.

The Squire was purple. He fumbled

about the shutters as if he did not see, his eyes seemed starting out of his head, and he was panting, with loud, noisy breath. "Every shutter," he said, "or we'll go on fire; and, Larkins, have a horse saddled, and send a groom" —

"Yes, sir, but please leave all that to me, and take a seat, sir; you're rather knocked up with the heat, and I've brought some of that Cup."

Larkins, alarmed, had to guide his master to his big chair, and while he brought him a large glass of that skillful decoction, with the ice jumbling delightfully and making a pleasant noise, he resolved within himself that the groom should go for Dr. Robson, and that without a moment's delay.

"For Pouncefort, for Pouncefort," said the Squire; "a man on horse, the quickest way."

"If I were to send a telegram?" said Larkins, more and more decided that the doctor should be the groom's errand.

"That's it," said Mr. Mitford, and he took a deep and long draught; then repeated, "The shutters, the shutters, — shut the shutters!" Larkins moved away to humor his master. But his back was scarcely turned when there was a great noise, amid which the sharp sound of the glass breaking caught the butler's ear, a rumbling as when a tower falls, all the courses of the masonry coming down upon each other; and there lay the Squire, all huddled on the floor, with his purple face fallen back, and his breathing like the sound of a swollen stream.

Stephen left Mount Travers as hastily, and not much more pleasantly, than his father. The thing had come upon him which, with horrible premonitions of shame and discomfiture, he had feared, ever since that night when his victim, at the moment of his triumph, had slipped out of his hands. The sensation had been almost worse than he

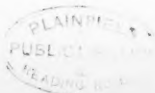
had imagined it would be. The sight of Lily had filled him with a rage which he felt to be cowardly, and which he would have resisted had he known how to do so; a desire to strangle her, to crush her, to stop that explanation by any means, however brutal. And Elizabeth's look of horror, and even the little white face of Mrs. Travers, avowing with a sigh her partiality for military men, had been terrible to him. But after the shock and sting of that crisis, there came to Stephen a sense of relief. The story would have flown to all the winds, if but one of the fellows in the regiment had been there, or any man who could communicate to them this too delightful tale. But the ladies would not spread it abroad,—they were too much horrified; and the Squire and Edmund would be silent. They would know, and would not forget the story of his disgrace, and that was bad enough; but they would not tell it, for their own sake, if not for his. Nor would *she* repeat it, for her own sake. It was more safe than he could have hoped; the horrible moment of the disclosure had come, but it was over, and nothing was so bad as he had feared. True, Elizabeth's money was not for him; the tramp to whom he threw a sixpence was as likely now to be received as a wooer as he was; but what then? There were as good fish in the sea as had ever been drawn out of it. For his part, he had no taste for such women; he could very easily make up his mind to the loss of Elizabeth: a prim woman, with that sanctimonious horror in her eyes, she was no loss at all. They were as safe an audience as he could have chosen, had he had the choosing of them. Not one of them would repeat it; and that, not for Stephen's sake, but for their own. And to console him further, he had the comfort of having revenged himself, which was sweet. He had thrown a firebrand among them, for them to extinguish as best they could. On the

whole, he said to himself, with fierce exultation, it was he who had come out of it best.

Therefore his excitement calmed down more easily than his father's. There remained the question as to what the Squire would do, which was a serious one. He had been furious; he had taken it as Stephen himself did, with rage and a sense of the mortification, the failure, the horrible ridicule to which he would be exposed. But Stephen hoped that he might make his father see what he so clearly saw himself; this shameful secret had been revealed to the most harmless audience that could have been chosen; that from Mount Travers it was very unlikely to spread or be repeated, or even whispered about; that the ladies would not do it, nor Edmund; and that the little devil herself,—the little — He set his teeth when he thought of her. He would like to meet her once more, only once more, in the park, and see what she would say then.

He went home more quickly than his father had done, thinking nothing of the length of the way, nor of the heat, nor of the want of shade. He must see what temper his father was in; and if it were very bad, he would pack up and be off. Happily, he had not sent in his papers; and if the worst came to the worst, there would be this compensation in losing his heirship,—that he should no longer be compelled to remain at home. There was always that to be said on the other side. He met a groom on horseback, tearing down the avenue, but paid no particular attention; nor was he roused by the scared face of Larkins, who met him at the door. He thought, indeed, that Larkins had been sent to warn him that the Squire would not see him; but this alarm lasted only for a moment. The butler looked very pale and frightened. He came forward anxiously as soon as Stephen appeared.

"I'm very thankful as you've come, sir. I did n't know how to act on my



own responsibility. Master's not at all well."

"Not well? What is the matter?" Stephen said.

"He came in what I might make bold to call very queer, sir, calling out to shut the shutters, to keep the sun out. Now the sun's gone from the library, captain, an hour ago, as you know. John Thomas was clean scared, and came and told me as master was off his head. I says, 'Rubbish!' and I carries him in some of his own particular Cup as he's fond of. He was an awful color, sir,—purple-like, and breathing hard. He told me to shut the shutters and then to send a man on horseback for Mr. Pouncefort. I turned my back for a moment, and there he was, smash down upon the floor."

"A fit! Did you send for the doctor? Have you got the doctor?"

"I did n't lose a moment, captain. I sent off the groom at once. We laid him on the sofa, and Mrs. Simmons is with him. He looks awful bad. That's his breathing, sir, as you can hear."

Stephen steadied himself by a chair. "This is what Robson feared," he said.

"Yes, captain, doctor always said as his was a risky life; and master's feared it, too. Getting in a passion's bad for him, sir, and so is the great heat and being out in the sun. Mrs. Simmons has got ice to his head, and we're doing all we know till the doctor comes. Had master been badly put out, sir, by anything? You will perhaps know?"

Stephen made no reply. He stood and listened to the loud breathing, with which the very house seemed to vibrate. "Did you send for Mr. Pouncefort, as my father directed?"

"We've had no time to think of that. I thought the doctor was the first thing."

"You were right, Larkins; it was better not to worry him, in that state."

"Shall I telegraph now, sir, to Mr. Pouncefort? I thought I'd wait till one of you gentlemen came home."

Stephen again stood silent for a long minute, paying no attention. At length, "I don't think you need trouble yourself further," he said.

XLV.

AFTER THE STORM.

Tumult and trouble seemed to have died out of the house on the hill; the vacant room alone showed a few traces of the passion and conflict that had been there. The screen had been pushed aside, showing the little table and chair behind it, which Lily had used all the time she had been at Mount Travers, in her nervous dread of being seen by any visitors; and Mrs. Travers's chair with its cushions, her footstool, and the pretty stand with all her little requirements, stood astray, as they had been thrust to one side and another, in the sudden commotion which Stephen, before his exit, had flung into the enemy's country. There Elizabeth had knelt, distracted, imploring her aunt not to believe what was nevertheless true; and there the little lady had stood, thrusting them all away, repulsing her footstool, as though that, too, had been an enemy, in the heat of her indignation. The inanimate things showed these traces of human emotion in a way which was curiously telling, with a suggestiveness partly comic, partly pathetic. The footstool had been turned over with the vehemence of the foot which on ordinary occasions rested on it so peacefully. The chair in which Stephen had first seated himself kept its place,—turned with an ingratiating expression towards that of Elizabeth, which had been pushed back a little,—with its chintz cover all dragged out of place by the man's impetuous movements. But all was perfectly silent here, as on other fields of battle; and in a few minutes the butler, coming in with his tea-tray, had it all

put straight again. Nothing could exceed the surprise of that respectable functionary: no bell had been rung, no one had been called to open the door; and yet the gentlemen whom he had admitted had all melted away, leaving no trace, and even the ladies had forgotten that it was time for tea.

Lily Ford came into the room while he was in the act of calling upon some of his subordinates to rearrange this place of conflict. Lily had become Miss Ford, — she was a visitor, and had no dealings, except in that capacity, with the servants; but they all knew who she was, and had a certain reluctance in serving her. It is all very well to talk of rising in the world, and bettering yourself; but to wait upon one of his own class who has succeeded in doing this is more than any free-born servant can be expected to do.

"Will you kindly take up tea to Mrs. Travers's room? She is not coming down," Lily said.

She had been crying; her lips had still a faint quiver in them, and something like the echo of a sob came into her voice as she spoke. Though it had been her mother's delight to think that she was quite a lady, Lily, in fact, had rather the air of a very pretty, very refined lady's-maid. That is not saying much, for it is sometimes difficult enough to tell which is which, especially when the inferior in position is the prettier by nature, as sometimes happens. It is only, perhaps, a certain want of freedom, a greater self-restraint, — such as is not unlikely to add to the air of refinement, — which marks the difference. Lily was very quiet, very reticent and subdued, and those signs of emotion seemed to betray to the man's eyes tokens of "a smash-up." That his two mistresses should have quarreled did not, with his knowledge of them, appear very probable; but that Miss Ford — Miss, indeed! — should have found her level and got the "sack," according to the

phraseology of the servants' hall, was the most natural, not to say pleasing thing in the world.

"Tea for one, miss?" the butler said, with a look that gave meaning to the words.

Lily replied only with a wondering glance, but she said in a low voice, "You may put away the screen, if you please."

It was very evident then to the household, through which the news flashed in a moment, that there was an end of Miss Ford; that she had got the sack, and would trouble them with her obnoxious superiority no more.

What went on, however, in Mrs. Travers's room during the remainder of the afternoon was little like this. There the old lady sat, propped up with more cushions than usual, in a state of tearful dignity and exaltation. She had felt the blow profoundly, — as much as nature would allow her to feel. But there is this advantage in a very small body, possessed by a not very great mind: that its physical capabilities are limited, and that the greatest anguish wears itself out proportionately soon. Mrs. Travers had been deeply wounded; she had been very indignant, very angry, and then had recurred to the first pang, and felt the slight and the cruelty of her husband's injustice to the bottom of her little but affectionate heart. But when she had gone through that round of feeling twice or thrice she was exhausted, and for the time could feel no more. Everything that Elizabeth, in a compunction which was very deep though quite uncalled for, since she had no part in the offense, and in her anxiety to soothe, and in her real gratitude and affection, could do had been lavished upon her aunt; while Lily, all overwhelmed still by the event in which she had taken so great a share, and unable to restrain her sobbing, had lingered round the other sufferer with that fellowship which trouble has with trouble and pain with pain. Mrs. Travers, comforted by every

outward appliance, — by cushions applied skillfully at the very angles of her back which wanted support, and tender bathings of her hot eyes and forehead, and gentle ministrations with a fan, and arrangements of blinds and curtains to temper the light, — sank at last into a condition of not disagreeable weakness, with all the superiority in it of undeserved affliction.

"Yes, I am a little better now. I believe that you mean well, Lizzy. I am sure you would never be unkind to me, my dear. Perhaps, as you say, it was all a muddle, just a muddle at the end. And Edmund Mitford spoke up very fair. Oh, I don't say it's your fault, or his fault. But I should n't wonder if I'd be better with Lily, for a bit; leave me with Lily, for a bit. We've both been badly used; and she's very feeling; and you can't be expected to feel just the same, when it's all to your advantage. Oh, I did n't mean to say anything unkind. Leave me for a bit with Lily, till I come to myself."

This was what she had said, sending Elizabeth away; and then Mrs. Travers lay back in her chair, with that sense of being a martyr which is never without a faint touch of pleasure in it. She had been overwhelmed by sudden trouble, which nobody could say she had deserved; she had deserved nothing but good, and evil was what had come upon her. But now the sensation of quiet after a storm, of rest after suffering, was softly diffused through the atmosphere: the storm had passed over the gentle victim, — that storm which she had done nothing to bring down; her wrongs had subsided into that quiescent condition in which, while ceasing to hurt, they continued to give her a claim upon the respect and sympathy of all near. She said in a half-audible voice, "Let them bring the tea here, Lily;" and after her docile companion had accomplished that commission, she called her close to her chair.

"Sit down by me, my poor dear, and tell me everything," she said.

When Saunders, the butler, brought in the tea (which after all he had not ventured to bring in for only one), it is to be hoped it was a lesson to him to see Miss Ford seated on a stool close to Mrs. Travers's side, while the old lady held her hand, and patted it from time to time, saying, "My poor dear, my poor dear!" Saunders said, in the servants' hall, that they were crying together, and as thick as they could be; and that he shook in his shoes for fear Mrs. Travers should say something about the tea for one; but she might be keeping it up for him, for another time. They stopped talking while he was there, so he could n't tell what the fuss was about; but they were as thick as thick, — that he could swear. He withdrew very quietly, treading as lightly as a man of fourteen stone could do, not to call Miss Ford's attention to him, and never was more thankful than when he found himself safe outside the door.

Mrs. Travers heard all Lily's story, every word, with the keenest interest. To have a romance in real life thus unfolded to her from the heroine's own lips, more exciting than any novel, would have been an enchantment to her at any time; and now afforded such a diversion from her own trouble as nothing else could have supplied, especially as her curiosity had been roused by partial revelations before. She would not miss a detail of the terrible night in the street, nor of how the poor girl felt when she found herself lying on a sofa in the railway waiting-room, with Miss Travers bending over her, and the kind woman who was the attendant there standing by her side with a cup of tea. Miss Travers had been her salvation, Lily said with tears; she had telegraphed at once to the mother, making it all appear quite natural, so that even her own people knew nothing, except that Miss Travers had taken her to town and was

making a companion of her. They were not to say where she was, at first, on account of poor Mr. Roger, for whose sake the Fords had supposed their daughter had run away. All this had seemed most plausible to her father and mother: and thus Lily's terrible adventure had turned out the most fortunate incident in her life. Mrs. Travers asked and was told much more than this, especially about the state of Lily's heart, and how she now believed that she had never loved Stephen at all, but had only been flattered and excited by his attentions; for the sight of him, Lily declared, had not called her heart back to him at all, but made her feel that she wished never to see him again, and that if there was not another man in the world! This she protested with many tears.

"And all the time Lizzy thought it was poor Roger, and begged me to say nothing, for he was dead; and yet could n't quite forgive poor Edmund, thinking he knew; and was angry, something about money that Roger had left, thinking they wanted to make it up to you with money. It has been hard for you, my poor dear," Mrs. Travers said; "but it is a good thing for Lizzy that all this has come out. It shows what a man he is, that in his revenge he should have taken it out on me. Lily, my child, give me a cup of tea. I want it very much, and so must you, my dear; there is nothing that revives one so, when one is exhausted with crying and trouble, and when one's nerves are shattered. Lily, there is one thing this discovery has done,—it has set me quite free. I always thought, whatever happened, I was bound to Lizzy, and to my own house, and all that. But now that I find out I have got no house, and Lizzy will be getting married, how should you like to go away traveling, to Switzerland, and all kinds of beautiful places, Lily Ford?"

"Oh, Mrs. Travers!" cried Lily, drying her eyes.

"You need n't say any more, my dear; it has brought back the light into your face in a moment. We'll go away and travel, you and I. I have thought of it a long time, but I have never said anything about it. In the first place, Lizzy never cared for going abroad; and then, though I'm very fond of Lizzy, she is a kind of tall character, you know, that does not always do to go about with a small body like me. I have always been on the lookout for a nice quiet girl that I could be fond of, that would n't be too serious or distracted, with other things to think of. Lily, since the first day you came here, I have always felt I could get on with you." Mrs. Travers raised herself a little upon her cushions, as she sipped her tea, and a faint animation came into her face. "I never could have done with a companion that had been got by an advertisement, or recommended by a clergyman, or anything of that sort. But getting fond of you before one ever thought of anything of the sort,—it is just a Providence, Lily! And your father and mother,—Lizzy has quite settled about them, so they can have no objections. We'll go abroad, you and I: we'll be quite comfortable, and take Martha, and perhaps a man too, if you think that would be a comfort,—for I have a little money of my own, enough for all we shall want. We'll make no plans, but just go wherever it will be nicest, wherever we like best: we'll be quite free and independent, for we'll be company for each other, which is what I have always wanted. Don't you think it will be very nice, Lily? It's what I've always wanted, but never have seen my way to, till now."

"Oh, Mrs. Travers, it is like a dream; like nothing but a dream!" Lily cried.

And these two innocent creatures dried their tears, and began to talk of traveling-dresses and the most beautiful places they had ever heard or read about. All the world was "abroad," to

them ; it meant everything, from Boulogne to Bombay, the first seeming about as far off as the last ; and in the novelty and delight of this thought, their troubles floated away.

Elizabeth had left her aunt's room with a beating heart. To reckon up all that had passed in this eventful afternoon was impossible : the one thing important was the question whether she should find Edmund waiting for her down-stairs. The current of these hasty events had swept the two together in a way she had never intended, nor thought of. She had put out her hand to him in her first astonishment in the shock of Lily's revelation, and in the force and impetuosity of her feelings had called him by his name. Up to that moment, Elizabeth had sorrowfully believed that it was Roger who was the pitiful hero of Lily's adventure. The girl had not said it, had not, as Miss Travers now perceived, given any indication that it was he ; but Elizabeth had convinced herself of it by reasonings which it is unnecessary to follow, by one piece of circumstantial evidence after another. In all that Roger had done, Edmund had involved himself. In her own hearing, he had spoken of money which Roger had destined for Lily, and which, Elizabeth took it for granted, was given as compensation for the wrong he had intended to do. Her heart had been hot and sore with the secret which nobody knew. She could not bear to stand by and witness the love and the grief and the honor with which Roger's name was surrounded, — Roger, who she believed had stained that name with such schemes and artifices at the very end of his life ! It had been intolerable to her to hear the universal praises that followed him, to feel herself compelled to acquiesce in what was said. She had stood silent, in painful repression, unwilling to consent, still more unwilling to condemn him who had gone before a higher tribunal. She had determined at last, that very day, to tell

Edmund her secret, — that it was she who had recovered Lily and brought her home, and that she knew everything. When the discovery came, and she was made aware that she had been wronging Roger all the time, Elizabeth's generous heart had turned, with a bound of repentance and acknowledgment, to Roger's faithful brother, whom she had been holding at arm's length, knowing well — as how could she help knowing ? — what was on his lips. Her subdued scream of horror and compunction, her call to Edmund to forgive her, her hand put into his, had all been signs which she had no power to restrain. She had done this involuntarily, throwing herself at Edmund's head, as the vulgar say. And afterwards it had all seemed to be taken for granted by him and every one, she could not tell how. He had spoken for her, and she had accepted his guidance with proud humility, standing up by him, putting her hand on his arm. It all appeared to have been settled for them without a word said between them, without anything which usually constitutes such a bond. He had not said that he loved her, nor that he wanted her ; there had been no asking, no consent. If there had been any advance made, it had come from her, with that unconscious cry of "Edmund !" with the giving of her hand. When she left her aunt's room, Elizabeth, for the first time able to think of herself, went down the stairs very slowly, in great agitation, not knowing what she was to find. Would he still be there ? Would he have seized the opportunity to escape from a position which was not, after all, of his seeking ? Or if he remained, would it be with an embarrassed acquiescence in what had happened, which had been none of his doing ? She could not tell. Her heart was beating very fast, though her foot was slow. She was not a humble girl, ready to acknowledge her lord, but a woman full of natural pride and independence, very sensitive,

deeply wondering what on his side the man had thought and now had to say.

She was not left long in doubt. Edmund was waiting in the hall, at the foot of the stairs. The first thought of her alarmed soul was that he was on his way out, that he was about to leave the house; and her heart stopped beating for a moment. But Edmund was not going away; he put out his hands to take hers, drawing one through his arm.

"Come out," he said; "now that you have come, I don't feel that the house can contain me. I have a thousand and a thousand more things to say."

"Oh!" she cried, "what must you think of me? What can I say to you? Everything seems to have been taken out of our hands."

"Think of you? It will take a long time to tell you all that. Say to me? Everything, whatever comes into your mind; for now you are I, and I am you. Come out into the free air; there is too much of me to be contained in any house. Dear Elizabeth, ever dear, there is no ghost to stand between us now?"

"Did you feel it," she said, "that spectre? Oh, how could I ever have entertained such an unworthy thought!"

"I knew it was not Roger," he said. "Some time you shall hear what he said of you and me, that last night. But in the mean time we have everything to say between ourselves and about ourselves. I cannot withhold a word; events seem to have settled it for us. Elizabeth, I am going to begin at the beginning."

They took refuge from the wide landscape in a summer-house which, but that nature had laden it with a wild and tangled growth of honeysuckle and jessamine, would have been an entirely cockney erection, in the taste of the late Mr. Travers, and there reviewed the complete rise and progress of a love which was now by mere force of development clear to both from the begin-

ning, conscious as it had scarcely been, until a recent period, but of this both were now completely unaware. The sunny afternoon sped over them, the shadows lengthened, a cool breeze tempered the heat, blowing straight over the tree-tops from the sea. Everything was sweet to them,—the light and the shadows, the heat and the coolness, the sun and the breeze. The honeysuckle breathed out its sweetness into the air; and so did the birds, singing all manner of love songs and bridal ditties, selecting the best out of their stores, such as they had used on their own account in spring. These two, sitting wrapt in airs of heaven, neither heard the birds nor smelt the flowers; they had all music and fragrance and sweetness in themselves. They were as little concerned in, as little conscious, as little prescient of the scene going on at Melcombe as if they had lived in another world.

Thus the conflict and the misery which for an hour or so had seemed to concentrate in this innocent house, and which had overshadowed it with gloom, and given a tragic color to every ray of light, passed away, being in no manner native to the place. Within doors, the two injured persons who had been the chief sufferers forgot everything, and planned their little consolatory travels with the freshness of delighted children; while here every cloud flitted away from the two most blest, united after long, tantalizing drifts asunder, in the enjoyment of that most perfect hour of human fellowship, the lovers' first mutual understanding. It does not always happen; but here for once life and the hour brought no injustice. The clouds passed away from the innocent household, and did no harm.

The other house on the plain below was not so easily delivered. It was not innocent, but guilty; and on it the clouds descended, full of lightning and thunder and storm.

*M. O. W. Oliphant.
T. B. Aldrich.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

I.

THE fuliginous and anti-picturesque mechanism of the steam-engine has certainly an impressive grandeur of its own, but the progress of electricity and of ballooning permits us to hope that it will prove to be only a transitory invention. This hope seems particularly consoling when we find that we have to enter the Golden Horn through a thick cloud of foul coal-smoke, vomited forth in gigantic spirals from the chimneys of innumerable steamers. It is disappointing to contemplate for the first time the fairy city of Constantine as it were through darkly smoked glasses. Alas! the mysterious and meditative life of the East is no longer refractory to the hasty activity of the West. So-called barbarism is vanishing, and with it are vanishing the splendors of a world which was more concerned with beauty than with convenience. However, by a slight effort of imagination, one can eliminate the smoke, the shrieking steam-whistles, and a few hideous barrack-like buildings dotted here and there on the hills, and then Constantinople appears before us so beautiful and so brilliant that we can hardly believe it to be real. It seems more like a magnificent scene painted by some Titanic artist for a theatre of Babylonian immensity. And this first impression is exact, in a way, for closer acquaintance will show that Constantinople is a city of apparent and ephemeral gorgeousness, which one feels may some day suddenly disappear at the signal of a mighty and unknown scene-shifter.

Before the anchor was cast, the Ceres was surrounded by caïques and small boats of all kinds, and picturesque-looking watermen and hotel touts offered their services in all the languages of the earth; shouting each other down, and be-

wildering the stranger with the babel of their voices. Finally we stopped in mid-stream; with a crash and a whirr the anchor fell, and in a second the deck swarmed with porters, who had scaled the sides of the ship without waiting for the companion ladders to be lowered. Under the guidance of the tout of the Hôtel d'Angleterre I was conducted ashore, and, having an absolute minimum of luggage, I faced the custom-house officers boldly, laid my valise on the muddy pavement, showed them my spotless linen and my inoffensive change of shoes, and assured them that I had no books. The Turkish authorities are peculiarly keen in searching for books, which they generally seize and send to the censorship for examination; and the censor, if he does not confiscate them, tears out or obliterates any remarks they may contain disparaging to Turkey or to Turkish institutions. Even the Divine Comedy is prohibited in the Sultan's dominions, because Dante has spoken in unflattering terms of Mahomet. I may observe, once for all, that the Turks seem to do all in their power to discourage travelers from visiting their country, while Turkish officials of all classes look upon the foreigner as legitimate prey, and upon *bagchich* as a sure source of revenue, which Providence has given them to compensate for the irregularity of the payments of their empty national treasury. Traveling, like life itself, is a perpetual sacrifice; but one soon gets accustomed to its inconveniences and irritating extortions even in Turkey, where they pass all measure. It is useless to grumble. At a French watering-place where I once spent the summer, there was amongst the visitors a portly gentleman, who was always complaining of the accommodation, of the cooking, of the service, of

everything. "From what you say, monsieur," said the head-waiter to him one day, "you must live very comfortably in your own home, and your domestic arrangements must be perfection." "*Mon Dieu!* yes," answered the murmuring guest, unsuspectingly. "Then why do you come to live here?" asked the waiter. Evidently, one does not go traveling over the face of the earth in search of the comforts of home, and therefore I shall beg leave to say no more about the discomforts of Constantinople.

Delivered from the hands of the custom-house officers, I followed my guide through the narrow and tortuous streets of Galata; ascended the heights of Péra by the tunnel railway; demanded hospitality at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, — one of the dearest and most comfortless inns I have yet discovered; and, after a sort of breakfast, I started out to explore the city, taking with me a long-legged and intelligent guide, whose name was Perikles, and whose services were most valuable. The foreigner who speaks neither Greek nor Turkish cannot well dispense with a guide.

Péra is the Frankish quarter of Constantinople, — a long, narrow, irregular street, lined with European shops, and traversed along the upper part by a tramway. Yes, there is a tramway at Constantinople. Alas! there are tramways everywhere, nowadays, even at Bagdad, the capital of the Caliph Abdallah Haroun Alraschid. There are European cafés in the *Grande Rue de Péra*, and Tauchnitz editions in the windows of the bookstores. It is a mongrel, cosmopolitan quarter, comparatively clean, well built, and uninteresting. Let us away, Perikles, and over the water to old Stamboul.

No; not by the tunnel. Enough of steam and progress and Western civilization. On foot we will go; and, first of all, to the *Petit Champ*, to the old Turkish cemetery, part of which has been converted into a public garden. A lit-

tle way up Péra Street, turn to the left, and here we are on the brow of the hill that slopes down from Péra to the Golden Horn, and before us is Stamboul, with its mosques and minarets. At our feet the slope is dotted with sable cypress-trees and marble stakes surmounted by turbans, on which may still be seen traces of color. These stakes, which are tombstones, lean at all angles, — some to the right, some to the left, while others lie flat on the ground, half buried and broken in fragments by their fall. This cemetery has long been abandoned by the Mussulmans, who will not bury their dead in such close vicinity to the *giaoours*; and gradually the living are reconquering the territory, and wooden houses and gardens are springing up on the hillside, and roads traverse the field of the dead; and behold the inevitable tramway clattering along under the shade of the funereal cypress!

Beyond this foreground of cypresses and tombstones, we see the brown roofs and red houses of the quarter of Kassim Pacha; beyond this belt of habitations are the blue waters of the Golden Horn, — that long gulf which stretches from the Bosphorus up to the sweet waters of Europe; while the background of the picture is occupied by the amphitheatre of undulating hills on whose slopes Stamboul is built. Beneath the pure blue sky and in the clear white light of the morning sun, the magnificent line of the horizon extends from the Seven Towers to the heights of Eyoub, varied by the brown domes of the bazaars and baths, the white minarets of the mosques, the arches of the old aqueduct of Valens, the tufts of cypress and plane trees that spring here and there from amidst the rose and blue masses of the roofs, and, at the extremities, by the suburban houses, whose smiling gardens embroider the old ramparts of the *Paleologi*. To the extreme left is the palace of *Seraï-Bournou*, with its white battlemented walls, its trellised kiosks, its shady gar-

dens; the mosque of Sultan Achmet, with its majestic cupola guarded by six snow-white minarets; Saint Sophia resting its dome heavily on its solid props of confused masonry, surmounted by four minarets; the mosque of Bayezid, with its fluttering canopy of pigeons. Then come the Yeni-Djami, the buildings of the war department, and the immense column of the Seraskier tower, from whose summit the watchman scans the combustible city day and night, to signal the smoke of the commencing fires. To the right is the Arabian finesse and elegance of the Suleimanieh, and other minor mosques which rise with lesser splendor towards Balata. And all this panorama is reflected in the silvery mirror of the Golden Horn, and seems to be painted with the colors of a dream,—roseate, opaline, lusted, delicate, and caressing, like the colors of orchids, those dream-flowers. It is true, the marvelous picture requires certain conditions of light and perspective; and we have only to cross the bridge, to climb those tortuous and narrow streets, and to come close to those fragile palaces, in order to convince ourselves that the splendor of Constantinople is as unreal as the splendor of the architectural fictions of the scene-painter. Nevertheless, the fact of our having been admitted to the dusty coulisses does not authorize us to deny the sublimity of the spectacle.

II.

To reach Stamboul, you cross the bridge of boats which stretches over the Golden Horn from Top-hané to the other side. To approach this bridge, you pass through the commercial quarter of Galata, where there are shops that remind one of the shops in the Bowery at New York, a Bourse, and a profusion of money-changers' stalls, where you change your good gold for heavy silver *medijehs* and dirty *paras*, whose

base alloy is stamped with decorative Turkish characters. All over the city the money-changers have their tables, which they set up in doorways and at street-corners, like the Auvergnats, who sell roasted chestnuts, and ensconce their portable ovens under the *portes-cochères* of Paris. The word "table," although consecrated by Scripture, is not quite exact, for these tables are in the shape of glass show-cases, in which are displayed, safe from the grasp of too nimble fingers, the various currencies of the Levant and of all the other countries of the earth, intermingled often with jeweled arms, precious stones, or gold ornaments.

After paying a *para* to one of the toll-keepers who stand at the entrance of the bridge, we found ourselves in a new atmosphere. While passing through the narrow streets of Galata, I had been so deafened and bewildered by the noise and movement that I had gathered nothing but a confused impression of a motley crowd of men and dogs and vehicles, and of a babel of sounds, above which rose the shrill cries of the street venders and the repetition of the warning *guarda*, uttered by the muleteers and drivers. On the bridge,—which is built of roughly hewn beams laid cross-wise, worn by tramping hoofs into cavities and ruts, and always under repair,—pack-horses, mules, asses, carriages, and bullock-carts jolt and rumble along; from time to time the stylish coupé of some pacha or high official dashes past, with the clatter of a discharge of artillery; amidst the vehicles and on the sidewalks, there is a constant going to and fro of representatives of all the nations of the earth, clad in all the costumes of the East and of the West; on each side the bridge are the landing-stages for the local steamers which ply up and down the Golden Horn and along the Bosphorus; darting in and out, under the bridge, are caiques and row-boats; and all around, whichever way we look, are mosques and minarets

and domes, — the panorama of Constantinople, the white fairy seated in calm majesty on her throne of seven hills.

Leaving the bridge, and crossing the market on the quay, radiant with pyramids of watermelons, we arrive at Stamboul: *eis ten polin*, as the Greeks used to say; Istamboul, as the Turkish ear caught the sounds. Now first of all, good Perikles, guide me to the bezestín, to the khans, to the bazaar, so that I may see in what conditions the Sultan of Casgar's purveyor sold his rich stuffs to the favorite Zobeide, in the days of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

"But Haroun Alraschid lived at Bagdad, *kurie*," objects Perikles.

"Bagdad, Damascus, Balsora, the island of the Old Man of the Sea, — the place matters little; all over the East the bezestín is similar. Lead on, Perikles! Are not these men in black, tall fezes Persian merchants? Is not the first bazaar we shall come to the Egyptian bezestín?"

In a few minutes we enter an immense gallery, which at first seems almost dark in comparison with the bright light of the street which we have just left. Is it a gallery or a tunnel? Straight ahead the obscurity grows more opaque, until the eye distinguishes, in the far distance, a luminous patch, the exit at the other end of the gallery. The pavement, laid centuries ago, and sloping gently towards a central gutter, is composed of irregular stones, separated by interstices of varying dimensions; indeed, sometimes the interstices dominate, and the stones have disappeared. Then, on each side are the stalls of the merchants, and the merchandise displayed in heaps or in open sacks, — henné, sandal-wood, cinnamon, ambergris, benzoin, mastic, opium, hachich, sulphur, ginger, antimony, powder of aloes, and mountains of aromatic drugs, which exhale a penetrating exotic odor that seems to stupefy the grave merchants, who sit

dreamy and motionless, awaiting the customer's call.

At the end of this gloomy gallery a lateral alley is devoted to the cotton market, and there the activity appears greater, and operations of weighing and bargaining are going on.

We continue our route through a narrow street, occupied by the copper and tin smiths, who are manufacturing pots and pans with a deafening clatter of hammers; and so we enter the grand bazaar. This name must not mislead the reader. The exterior aspect of the great bezestín has nothing monumental; the brownish-gray blank walls, without windows, are surmounted by flattened domes, and attached to these walls, like lichens and fungi around the trunk of a tree, are innumerable sheds, and stalls, and parasitic structures, occupied by minor industries.

The bazaar covers an immense tract of ground, and forms a sort of subterranean town within a town, having its streets, and squares, and cross-roads, and fountains, its restaurants and bath-houses, surmounted by cupolas, where men and women go at all hours of the day to submit their bodies to the delights of massage and shampooing; the whole composing a labyrinth of sombre galleries, where a stranger can with difficulty find his way, even after many visits. The streets are long, vaulted passages, and the light falls from the roof through windows reserved in the summit of those little cupolas which we saw from the Péra heights, — a soft, vague, and suspicious light, more favorable to the seller than to the buyer. The walls and ceiling of these lofty galleries are white-washed or tinted, and relieved with garish ornaments in blue or red; and on each side are stalls; and behind the stalls are inner shops, where the more precious objects are kept. In this gallery are piles of gaudy Manchester cotton goods and all kinds of mercery; other galleries are devoted to shoeshops; in others are

arms, silks from Broussa, Indian and Persian cashmeres, dolmans stiff with gold embroidery, caftans, gandouras, and other vestments of exquisite colors; in another gallery are the sellers of rose-water, cosmetics, perfumes, chaplets of amber, jade, ivory, and fruit-stones; here are the spinners of gold and silver thread for embroidering slippers, tunics, cushions, and uniforms. Ignoring or disdaining machines, the spinners sit barefooted, and, with the end of the strands attached to their big toe, they twist delicate cords of supple metal, as they smoke interminably cigarettes of perfumed tobacco. Here, in a bare and cold-looking gallery, are the diamond merchants and dealers in precious stones, who hide in their miserable stalls incredible riches, over which they keep watch, like the others, smoking cigarettes or nargilehs. And all day long the bazaar seems to be full of people. The dealers are Turks, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Greeks; the buyers are of equally miscellaneous nationality; and amidst the crowd, rendered so picturesque by the variety and color of the costumes, there circulate itinerant venders of fruit, of water, of bread and cheese, of *kebabs*, and of sweet cakes and bread-rings sprinkled over with crushed almonds. Here and there you come to a little café, where groups of men may be seen sitting cross-legged, and pulling away at hubble-bubbles. There, through an open door, you get a glimpse of the first chamber of a bath-house, where you see men with shaven crowns standing about wrapped in white *peignoirs*, or lounging on divans. Suddenly you hear a horrible sound of monotonous and piercing howling, and a tall figure, clad in rags, is seen towering above the crowd. It is a blind beggar, who, with his palms held open behind his ears, is shrieking at the top of his voice, or, as he would say, singing. During my stay in Constantinople my favorite amusement of an afternoon was to go over to Stamboul, accept the

kind invitation of some merchant to take coffee in his shop, and sit there for an hour, gossiping and watching the movement of the bezestín. Such an invitation may be readily accepted, and you may even inspect a merchant's whole stock without buying anything, and yet he will not grudge you his hospitality and the savory cup of coffee. It is not the splendor of the bazaar that strikes one; indeed, as we have seen, the bazaar is a dirty, ill-lighted, and cheap-looking place. It is not the aspect of multifarious merchandise, — rich stuffs, and all the fabulous luxury of the East, — for, after all, there is little but paltry and current goods in the bazaar nowadays, and our Western dealers, and even such establishments as the Louvre, the Bon Marché, and the other grand bazaars of London and Paris, can boast a finer stock of stuffs, carpets, and Oriental arms than any of the dealers of Constantinople. The routes of commerce have changed, and the traveler who goes to Stamboul thinking to come back laden with treasures is doomed to disappointment. If he does happen to find something exceptional, he will inevitably pay dearer for it than he would pay in other parts of Europe; and that, too, after having had to go through the disagreeable process of bargaining and beating down, which is the beginning and end of Oriental ideas of business. My experience in the bezestín revealed to me the fact that, as a rule, the dealers ask for any object, even for a pair of *babouches*, just five times the price they are willing to accept. Nor did they ask me this price because I was a Frank and a *giaour*, but because such is their habit, whether they are dealing with Franks, or Mussulmans, or Zoroastrians. No; to my mind the interest of the bazaar is in the general aspect. The bazaar forms a sort of neutral ground, where you can observe the Turk, and the Persian, and all the other people who meet there, without their resenting your curiosity; it is a

place where curiosity is legitimate, and where everybody indulges freely in the satisfaction of that sentiment. Above all, the bazaar is an Oriental institution, which has remained unchanged except in the character of the goods sold. It is true, one sees there bales of Manchester cottons, rolls of English cloth, cargoes of Russian hollow-ware; but this fact does not prevent one seeing at every moment details of life and customs which are precisely noted in that inimitable mixture of fancy and realism, the stories of Scheherazade. It is a perpetual charm to the eyes to see this living exhibition of costume; to note here a dervish, there a turbaned Turk who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, there a grave Persian, and there a swarthy eunuch who cannot find diamonds big enough for his vanity. It is amusing, too, to watch the coquettish ladies of the middle classes, who come in groups of two or three, followed by their children and their negroes, the latter carrying big bags, into which their mistresses pass their purchases. For, although Moslem jealousy does not allow women to keep shop, and although in the whole quarter of Stamboul you will not see a single woman of any nationality engaged in commercial occupations, there are no more active buyers and no keener bargainers than the Turkish ladies. Draped in their long *feridjis*, and with their faces and heads enveloped in the white *yachmach*, they spend hours and hours in the bazaars; chattering like magpies, and lavishing torrents of abuse on the "dog of a Christian," on the "son of a father who is roasting in hell," on the *giaour* who dares to look too fixedly into their beautiful flashing eyes. Sometimes, also, but then under the guard of an eunuch, you see in the bazaar women of higher rank, — perfumed flowers of the harem, whose white and delicate visage the sun has never tarnished, but who, like their less favored sisters, seem to dream only of dress and sugar-plums.

I confess that this contempt of the Franks, which the Turks do not disguise, gave me much pleasure. They at least, among all the nations of the earth, have not bowed the knee before the idol of progress. Firm in the faith of their fathers, they calmly ignore Western civilization; and if they do recognize the existence of the Occidental, it is only to despise him, and not to ape him, and thereby lose their own personality, which has been the fate of so many nations who have become the victims of Western propagandism and Western ideas. At Constantinople, or, at least, in Stamboul, you feel that you, a Frank, do not exist in the eyes of the Turk. You may wear the largest check suit that a London tailor can produce, and yet the Turk will pass without deigning even to look at you. At the public fountains he will go through all his religious ablutions in your presence as if you were miles away. He will spread out his carpet, turn his face towards Mecca, and say his prayers while you are looking on; and, so mean are you in his estimation that he ignores you. For this dignity and stability of character I respect the Turk; and I am grateful to him for procuring me a sensation which is not common in foreign travel, in Europe at any rate, — the sensation that I am an intruder, a contemptible dog, a person worthy only to be spat upon and killed. Happily, the diplomatic relations which the Sublime Porte still entertains with the Western world guarantee the material security of the traveler in the Sultan's dominions. But everything in Constantinople tells us that the Turk, although he has now been living in Europe for centuries, is still a nomad in nature and a conqueror by inclination. In Constantinople the Turks camp rather than dwell, and were they to be driven out of the city to-morrow, they would leave behind them no monument of their genius but tottering tombstones and tumble-down wooden houses.

III.

Anything comparable to the paltriness and filth of the streets of Stamboul it would be difficult to find; and yet nothing can be more interesting than a ramble in the maze of narrow alleys which branch out in all directions around the bezestins, and cover the slope, which is crowned by the Seraskier tower, with a close network of humble but busy workshops. In these streets you are always going up-hill or down-hill; the pavement is of indescribable irregularity, and at every few yards' distance it sinks, and in the hole thus formed you find a litter of puppies, on which you must beware of treading unless you wish to provoke the anger of the mother; in the middle of the road, in the gutter, along the narrow curbstone, in the sun, in the shade, everywhere and at every turn, you see scores of yellow, mangy, wounded, and mutilated dogs, — some with three legs, some minus their nose, some with their ears torn into fringe, all scored over with scars, — who go foraging about, or lie in the sun wherever they please, undisturbed by any one. At Constantinople the men get out of the way of the dogs, and not the dogs out of the way of the men. Nay, more: at Péra, and in the lower part of Stamboul, where there is a tramway, I have seen a car stop, and heard the driver use, not the lash, but soft and persuasive words, in order to induce a mangy cur to remove his hind-quarters from the rail across which he lay dozing in the sun. But in the labyrinthine streets on the slope of Stamboul, and, in fact, in most of the streets on that side of the water, carriages, and much more tramcars, are impossible, so narrow and so steep is the roadway; and so, if you cannot walk, you must ride on a horse, while the owner of the horse runs behind. But the observer will prefer to walk, and, with the aid of extra thick boots, you can

brave the pitiless pavement and perambulate with some ease. Then you will find yourself wending your way amidst crowds of men, women, and children, ascending and descending, elbowed by a throng of hawkers bellowing out their wares, and roughly pushed to the wall by the leader of a string of pack-horses, which clatter steadily along, laden with sacks of flour, bundles of firewood, and every imaginable burden. On each side are little cafés, and money-changers, and water-sellers, who attract attention by a hydraulic mechanism which causes a clapper to revolve and clink against a number of glasses placed in a ring around it. At every ten steps you find sellers of grapes, and cakes, and sweets, and restaurants where the savory kebabs — little cubes of mutton interfoliated with bay leaves *à la brochette* — are seen roasting at the open window, on perpendicular spits before a fire of charcoal contained in a narrow, upright iron basket. The Turk, it may be remarked, if not a great eater, is a perpetual eater, and all day long he is nibbling something, if he is not smoking or playing with the chaplet of beads which not only the Turks, but all the Levantine peoples, seem to carry as a plaything and a countenance-giver. As for the shops, in these streets in the vicinity of the bazaars they go by quarters; in one quarter, the narrow streets, picturesquely arranged with trailing vines crossing overhead from side to side, are occupied by butchers' shops; in other streets are cobblers, in others tailors, in others the makers of pipestems of cherry-wood or jessamine, in others the turners of amber, in others the coopers. And all these industries are practiced with biblical simplicity and in the most primitive manner, *coram populo* and *en famille*. You see the father and the son working side by side at the front of the open stall; at the back, in the luminous shadow, are the objects already finished; on the floor, amidst the refuse, a family of

cats is playing; at the door reclines a wolfish-looking street dog; while, as they pass, the neighbors stop to talk, and take their leave with the name of Allah on their lips. In every street the picture is, in general outlines, the same. At Stamboul you feel that you are really in the East, and that all you see is characteristic of the East, and of the East unimproved and unexpurgated, in all its splendor of color, its brilliant sunlight, its primitiveness, its dirt, and its perfidy. My experience showed me that the sooner the visitor has done with the few obligatory sights of Constantinople the better; for the ordinary traveler the beginning and end of Constantinople is the streets, the people, the life, the details of manners, the general aspect, the marvelous panorama of the city seen from afar.

IV.

It is not my intention, in these pages, to write a guide or *vade mecum* for the visitor to Constantinople, or even to relate all that I saw there, but rather to sum up the impressions which I received most strongly, and the impressions which I should seek to renew on the occasion of any future visit. To speak frankly, I found most of the special sights, curiosities, and monuments mentioned in the guide-books of very slight interest. This was, of course, not the case with the mosque of Saint Sophia. I had heard and read so much about this famous monument that even when I had reached the entrance, one morning, I hesitated before going in, and rested at a café under the trees opposite and smoked a nargileh, in order to compose my thoughts and calm my nerves before taking this long-anticipated joy. While sitting at this café, on a low rush-stool, with my cup of coffee on a similar stool, and my nargileh on the floor, I saw a sight which threw some light on the relative cleanliness of the foul streets

of Constantinople, in spite of the absence of scavengers and drains. The café was under a sort of arcade, raised about three feet from the level of the square, and from this shady vantage-point I was watching the movement of the place: the fruiterers plunging their knives into the roseate flesh of water-melons, and offering for sale strange forms of gourds and colocynths; the open-air cafés under the trees, with their picturesque groups of smokers and talkers; the barbers operating in the open air, and thus affording the stranger the only occasion he has of seeing the cranial conformation of the Mussulman; while in front of me stood the white and silent mosque of Saint Sophia, with its dome and its minarets rising heavily from amidst a green girdle of ancient plane-trees and sycamores. My immediate attention had been attracted for the moment by the picturesque figure of a young dervish, wearing a conical cap of gray felt, who stood near the entrance of the mosque and counted his beads with sanctimonious air, when, just in front of the arcade where I was sitting, I heard a thud and a crash of pottery. It was a menial who had deposited a heap of refuse in the gutter. Now, a donkey, with panniers on his back, which happened to be standing hard by, spied this heap, approached and smelt it, and picked out of it some rinds of water-melons and other fragments of green stuff; then came a street dog, who found something to his liking; then followed a cat, who also found something; next a flock of pigeons alighted and devoured the watermelon seeds; and when the pigeons left the heap, there remained nothing but a fragment of broken crockery and a patch of moisture on the ground, which the sun dried up immediately. Thus in less than five minutes the whole heap of refuse, except the fragment of crockery which would become amalgamated with the pavement, disappeared, without the intervention of

brooms, or dust-carts, or any other costly applications of hygienic science.

But it is time to return to Saint Sophia. The exterior of this famous mosque is an absolute deception: the dome seems flat, the minarets have not the elegance of the Persian and Arab minarets, and the mosque itself is so encumbered with parasitical buildings — schools, baths, shops, and storerooms — that one cannot distinguish its real form. The interior, on the contrary, is grand, but grand by reason of its vastness, its proportions, and its form and lines alone, for all the rest is ruin and desecration: the mosaics of the dome have disappeared beneath a coat of whitewash; the mosaics of the lateral arcades exist only in patches; all the ornamentation and all the movable splendor of the church can scarcely be said to exist any longer except in souvenir. Ah! when we appeal to the souvenir of history, and consider the Saint Sophia of the present day from that point of view, there are volumes to be written about it in addition to the volumes which it has already inspired. On the bronze entrance door we can still distinguish the trace of the Greek cross; in the lateral gallery an incised inscription marks the traditional spot where the Empress Theodora sat to worship; at the end of the sanctuary, beneath the whitewash, we can follow vaguely the outline of a colossal figure of divine Wisdom, or rather holy Wisdom, — Agia Sophia, the patron saint of the church; those pillars of gigantic girth and those enormous lustral urns were taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, from the temple of the Sun at Palmyra, and from the ruins of ancient Pergamos. And, as we contemplate these venerable and gigantic relics of the past, memory carries us back to Justinian and his empress, while at the same time an examination of the mosque throws light upon many questions which wanderings in Spain and elsewhere have suggested.

The Slav Oupravda, who took the

name of Justinian, and was sole ruler of the Byzantine Empire for forty years (A. D. 527-565), may have adopted a mistaken general policy, as historians now maintain; but there is one merit which cannot be denied him, — that of having been an active patron of art. Justinian was a great builder, and his chronicler and calumniator, Procopius, has devoted a special treatise to an account of the buildings raised by order of the emperor. Happily, we are not reduced to the text of Procopius alone; many of the monuments of the epoch of Justinian exist still, and amongst these the most celebrated is Saint Sophia, which, both in architecture and in decoration, was the type *par excellence* of Byzantine art, and became in turn a constructive type for Persian and Arab religious architecture. On the other hand, in the history of Christian art there exists no church of greater importance than Saint Sophia. Notre Dame at Paris had rivals even in neighboring provinces; St. Peter's at Rome is wanting in originality, and is Christian in little more than its destination; Saint Sophia, on the contrary, has the double advantage of marking the evolution of a new style, and of attaining at once proportions which have never been exceeded in the East.

From the time of Constantine there had existed on the present site a temple in honor of Agia Sophia, which had been twice burnt down when Justinian resolved to rebuild it in such a manner that it would surpass in splendor all that had been reported about the most celebrated edifices of antiquity, and in particular about the temple of Solomon. The richest materials, gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones, were employed with incredible profusion; enormous sums were spent, and new taxes and arbitrary measures had to be imposed in order to continue the works; furthermore, Justinian wrote to his functionaries and governors to send him materials already

fashioned, and the governors accordingly pillaged the monuments of pagan antiquity. The prætor Constantine sent from Ephesus eight columns of verd-antique; other columns arrived from the Troad, the Cyclades, and Athens; Marcia, a Roman widow, sent eight columns of porphyry taken from the temple of the Sun. This fact explains the great diversity of stone and marble of all colors, which is so remarkable in this wonderful church.

The two chief architects were Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus, who, it will be remarked, both come from those Asiatic provinces where architecture flourished with so much originality in the fourth and fifth centuries, as has been recently shown by the explorations of M. de Vogüé in Syria. M. de Vogüé has found the cupola and spherical vaultings, the dome supported by pendentives, in these Syrian ruins, dating as far back as the third century. But the architects who constructed these monuments seem only to have reproduced forms used centuries before in the antique edifices of Nineveh and Babylon. Recent researches, and above all the very complete studies of M. Marcel Dieulafoy, the excavator of ancient Susa, would seem to show that Byzantine as well as Gothic architecture is to be traced back ultimately to the art of the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians, which was itself influenced by Greek art, as will be eloquently proved when the discoveries made by M. Dieulafoy at Susa shall have been placed under the eyes of the public, in the new gallery now being prepared in the Louvre Museum. Whatever may be the history and origin of the dome supported by pendentives, it is clear that the architects of Saint Sophia sought new inspiration in Asiatic sources, and we are almost justified in regarding them as continuators of forgotten masters who raised millions of bricks in vaults and lofty domes over the heads of Sargon

and Nebuchadnezzar. In future, it will not be permissible to declare broadly that the Arabian, the Persian, and the Moorish styles are derived directly from the Byzantine.

But did not Saint Sophia serve as a type for the Mussulman mosque? Yes, and yet not, perhaps, so absolutely as some have stated, but rather accidentally and by force of curious circumstances. The mosque, as is well known, differs from the pagan temple in certain main points, namely: it has no *cella*, from which a carefully concealed divinity communicated with the worshipers through the intermediary of a priest; nor does it contain any graven images of human form, which might lead into idolatry ignorant persons gifted with a too impressionable imagination. Mahomet intended that the mosque should be a place of meeting accessible unto all, and a house of prayer; for prayer was imposed upon the faithful as the chiefest duty towards God. The first religious edifice of the Arabs — who before Mahomet scarcely knew how to build at all, being by nature nomads and dwellers in tents — was a simple rectangular court surrounded by covered galleries or porticoes, the walls and roofs of which were of wood. In this court was a sanctuary; in the middle of the central nave was the niche, or *mihrab*, in the direction of Mecca, and a *menber*, or pulpit; near the entrance door were high platforms, whence the priests summoned the faithful to prayer five times a day; the lateral hypostyle porticoes were reserved for rest and reflection. In building these primitive mosques, the Arabs, probably at the suggestion of Byzantine architects, utilized the pillars of the pagan temples which they destroyed. The finest specimen we have of this primitive mosque is that of Cordova, a forest or quincunx of 1200 monolithic columns, now reduced to 850, which supported the low roof. These pillars were taken from Roman buildings at Nîmes, Nar-

bonne, and Seville, and from various temples at Carthage and other African towns; so true is it that the Moslem was the thief of antiquity, and that the materials of his edifices were rarely extracted by him from the quarry.

But in this primitive mosque, it will be remarked that the dome does not exist. It is not until the fourteenth century that the dome appears in Mussulman monuments, when Sultan Hassan sends his architects to Mesopotamia, whence they bring back the secret of the cupola, and build the mosque of Hassan at Cairo. Then, in the fifteenth century, Mahomet II. enters Saint Sophia, and is so struck with its splendor that he proclaims that it shall be in future the model of all Moslem temples, although in its grand lines it contains the forms of the cross, — the enemy and rival of the crescent. And so strong has been the influence of this model that on the plans of all the fine mosques of Constantinople and of Cairo the interior pillars describe the branches of the Greek cross. As for the court in front of the mosques, it is simply a reproduction of the atrium of the old basilicas. The ablution fountains and the minarets alone betray the Mussulman sanctuary, and these are in truth very minor accessories. Thus it happens that if the Franks were to drive the Turks out of Constantinople to-morrow, the Christian priests could at once celebrate mass in all the mosques of Stamboul just as correctly and naturally as they could in the church of Saint Sophia, if it were restored to its original destination.

In historical interest the mosque of Saint Sophia is inexhaustible, and you return to it again and again to receive that impression of massive grandeur and imposing majesty which its gigantic pillars and its colossal dome convey. But after all, it is not the ideal mosque of Stamboul. There are three others more perfect exteriorly and interiorly, namely, the Suleimanieh, the mosque of the

Sultan Bayezid, and the mosque of the Sultan Achmet, which has six minarets. The latter is a model of elegance. While the dome of Saint Sophia rests directly on the walls of the building, that of the Sultan Achmet's mosque is raised on a sort of drum, and springs up majestically in the midst of several minor cupolas and of its six slender minarets encircled by balconies whose ornamentation has the fineness and intricacy of jewelers' work. The mosque is preceded by a courtyard, around which are columns, with black and white capitals and bronze base-ments, forming a quadruple cloister or portico. In the middle of the courtyard is a beautiful fountain, rich with arabesques and covered in with a cage of golden trellis work, to preserve the purity of the lustral water. White, silent, and scintillating in the sunlight, the elegant silhouette and graceful proportions of the mosque of Sultan Achmet challenge comparison with the finest monuments of Persian art.

You enter this mosque through a bronze door, having of course previously shod your profane feet with protecting babouches; and then you are free to examine and admire. The first feature that strikes you is four enormous pillars, which might be compared to four fluted towers, and which support the weight of the principal cupola. The capitals of these pillars are carved into the form of a mass of stalactites, a style of ornament which may be observed in many fine Persian monuments; and half-way up they are encircled by a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish characters. The strength and simplicity of these four pillars, which at once explain to the eye the constructive system of the building, give a striking impression of robust majesty and imperishable stability. *Sou-rates*, or verses from the Koran, form bands of running ornament around the great cupola and the minor domes and the cornices. From the roof are suspended, to within eight or ten feet of

the ground, innumerable lustres, composed of glass cups full of tallow, set in a circular iron frame, and decorated with balls of crystal, ostrich eggs, and silk tassels, as in Saint Sophia and all the other mosques. The mihrab, which designates the direction of Mecca, — the niche where rests the sacred book, the Koran, the “noble book taken from a prototype kept in heaven,” — is inlaid with lapis-lazuli, agate, and jasper. Then there is the usual member, surmounted by a conical sound-board; the *mastachés*, or platforms supported by colonettes, where the muezzins and other clergy sit. As in all the mosques, the side aisles are encumbered with trunks and bales of merchandise, deposited by pious Musulmans under divine safeguard; and finally, the floor is covered with fine matting in summer and carpets in winter.

While I was lost in wonderment at the splendor of this mosque, several Moslems came in to pray, with the usual prostrations and beard-stroking and yawning. Two or three women also came to pray, clad in *feridjis* of brilliantly striped silks, — rose and white, azure and white, yellow and red, — and they, too, kneeled on the matting, and bowed and touched the ground with their brows; and their little baby girls, with their fine eyes and white veils wrapped round their heads, stood patient and motionless beside them, not being yet old enough to pray, or perhaps not strong enough on their legs to prostrate themselves without irremediably losing their balance. Some of these little baby girls seemed as beautiful as fresh flowers, and reminded one of the fair dreams of rosy childhood which we find in the pictures of the French painter Diaz. Then, in odd corners of the mosque, were boys learning the Koran under the direction of old turbaned priests, and others learning all alone, squatting cross-legged, with the sacred book open before them on a reading-stand in the shape of an X. These queer little

boys produced the monotonous and melancholy sounds which alone reëchoed in the vast silence of the mosque; and in the immensity of the place, dotted as they were here and there, near the mihrab and the *mastachés*, they looked like big black fungi that had sprung up through the pale straw-colored matting. Huddled up into a sort of sphere with a flat base, these boys, each one acting independently, would rock themselves rapidly backwards and forwards, while they read aloud, in a sharp, nasal voice, a verse from the Koran. Then they would stop, look round, remain silent for a minute or two, and then begin rocking and reading again. Sometimes a single voice would be heard, to which another voice would seem to respond. Another time, two or three voices would be heard together, and the immense vaults would receive and reverberate the sounds, which composed a kind of monotonous and shrill music; for the Koran is full of rhythmic prose, similar to that of which we find specimens in the Pentateuch and the psalms.

In all the mosques the general aspect of things is the same, so that there is no need to describe any of the others. The visitor, however, must not forget to visit the courtyard of the mosque of Sultan Bayezid, and to buy a measure of millet from the old Turk who stands in the cloister, in the midst of a swarm of beggars. Cast the millet on the pavement, and in a second you will see thousands of pigeons descend from the domes, the minarets, the roofs and cornices of the surrounding buildings, and flutter round you with a whirlwind of wings, settle on your shoulder, and feed out of your hand, like the pigeons of Saint Mark's at Venice. At this mosque, which is near the bazaars, the observer will notice many interesting details of life, for the mosque is the centre around which all Moslem life gravitates. Under the arcades of the mosque the homeless sleep, undisturbed by the police, for they are the guests of

Allah ; in the mosque the faithful pray, the women dream, the sick come to be healed ; around the mosque are schools and baths and kitchens where the poor find food, — for in the East real life is never separated from religious life.

V.

The Atmeidan, or Hippodrome, of Constantinople is little more than a bare site, which memory and documents alone can once more cover with its ancient splendor of monuments and artistic treasures. On this vast open space stand almost all the relics of ancient Byzantium that remain above ground, and these relics are three : the obelisk of Theodosius, the serpentine column, and the mural pyramid of Constantine Porphyrogenetes, which was formerly covered with bas-reliefs and ornaments of gilt bronze, and was so magnificent that the historians of the time compared it to that wonder of the ancient world, the Colossus of Rhodes. Now it is simply a shapeless pillar of crumbling stones. The serpentine column, formed of three serpents twisted rope-wise into a spiral shaft, has lost the triple head, on which used to rest, if tradition may be believed, the golden tripod which the grateful Greeks offered to Phœbus Apollo, who had helped them to defeat Xerxes at the battle of Plataea. Although one may have been warned by the narratives of travelers that it is impossible to form an idea of old Constantinople except from the description of mediæval writers, one still feels violent disappointment at finding that the ancient city has so completely disappeared. What ! this deserted waste is all that remains of the Hippodrome which was the centre of the popular life of New Rome ? Was it really on this spot that the greatest events of Byzantine history were enacted ? Was it here, *à propos* of a question of charioteers, that Justinian saw a

tempest rise, which might have overthrown his power and his dynasty, had it not been for the courage of the pantomime whom he had made his empress-wife ? Was it here that Justinian, second of the name, made prisoner by his rebellious subjects, had his nose and ears cut off ? Was it here that the same Justinian, triumphantly returned from exile, donned the purple and walked over the heads of his vanquished foes, while the inconstant mob cried out, "Thou shalt walk on the aspic and on the basilisk" ? And where is the Augustæon celebrated by the mediæval travelers, — that famous Forum surrounded on four sides with porticoes enriched with statues, the spoils of ancient Greece ? Where is the circular Forum of Constantine, peopled with statues of pagan divinities ? Where is the porphyry column on the summit of which Apollo, ravished from his temple in Phrygian Heliopolis, his head crowned with golden rays, consented to be renamed, and to represent the person of the Christian founder of the city ? Where is that imperial palace which was a town of itself, and from whose windows the autocrat could see his fleets sailing forth to the conquest of Italy, Asia, and Africa, and the vessels of his merchants entering the Golden Horn, laden with the rarest riches of distant lands ? Where are those thousands of statues that were brought from the East and from the West, from Athens and from Sicily, from Chaldaea and from Antioch, from Crete and from Rhodes, to augment the splendor of the parade of the Byzantine emperor, who appeared in the eyes of men like a god upon the earth ?

Alas ! the chronicler Villehardouin will answer our questions only too completely. When the Latins arrived before Constantinople, in 1203, he says : "You must know that those who had never seen it looked at Constantinople very much ; for they could not believe that it was possible for so rich a town to exist

in all the world, when they saw those high walls and those rich towers which inclosed it all around, and those rich palaces and those lofty churches of which there were so many that it was incredible, and the length and the breadth of the town, which amongst all other towns was sovereign. And know that there was not a man of them so bold that his flesh did not shudder." But soon the disasters began, and a whole series of fires destroyed a part of the town. "The barons of the army were sad at this, and had great pity to see those fine churches and rich palaces fall and sink into ruins, and those grand commercial streets burn with ardent flames;" and at one time, "there were more houses burnt than there are in the three greatest cities of the kingdom of France."

It was still worse when the Crusaders took possession of the town, pillaged the palaces, sacked the churches, and destroyed this city of cities, this imperial centre of a brilliant civilization. The Crusaders did their work of devastation so completely that, after their melancholy triumph, there was little left for the nomad Turks to destroy. Constantinople was a city of ruins, and now even these ruins have disappeared beneath the dust of ages, and there remains of old Constantinople nothing but an obelisk, a crumbling pillar, a broken column of twisted bronze, and below the surface a dry cistern built by Constantine, where some poor Jews and Armenians live like gnomes or kobolds, spinning silk in the subterranean obscurity of its icy vaults.

VI.

Traveling is truly perpetual sacrifice. One cannot see everything, nor, on the other hand, can one describe everything one sees. The bazaars, the mosques, the Hippodrome, the Seraglio, the Sultan's palaces, the Sweet Waters of Europe and of Asia, and all the other cu-

riosities of modern Constantinople are certainly interesting; but the real interest of them is inferior to the reputed interest, and therefore I return to my primitive and final impression, that the wisest thing for the visitor at Constantinople to do is to content himself with a rapid inspection of the monuments, and to spend most of his time in wandering about the streets, observing men and manners, and returning again and again to the marvelous panorama of the *ensemble* of the city, seen now from the Seraskier tower, now from the Galata tower, now from the heights of Eyoub, and now from Mount Boulghourou, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. This excursion will enable him to visit Scutari and its cemetery, and to hear the howling dervishes officiate. As for the whirling dervishes, who perform at Constantinople, I consider them to be comparatively unattractive; their evolutions remind one of those of the Parisian *frotteurs*, who put brushes on their feet in order to polish the waxed parquet floors. The turning dervishes achieve absolutely the same result, only they work barefooted.

One morning, as I was wending my way to the steamer, I saw at Top-hané a cargo of young Circassian girls landed, under the charge of a dealer in human flesh. These girls were clad in indescribable drapery; they were dirty; they were thin and bony; and they did not seem to possess any elements of beauty. In reply to my inquiries, I was told that these girls would be kept six months or so; washed, combed, anointed, and fattened; and that then they would be ready to enter a pacha's harem. This information was consoling, and in accordance with the biblical account of Esther, and of the preliminary proceedings of Hegai, the king's chamberlain, the keeper of the women of Ahasuerus, who had many maidens gathered in his house, and who was expert in all preparations for beautifying the

flesh. Esther, it will be remembered, was not presented to the king until "after that she had been twelve months, according to the manner of the women, (for so were the days of their purifications accomplished, to wit, six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors, and with other things for the purifying [beautifying] of women)." It was no small satisfaction to me, in this skeptical and progressist nineteenth century, to find that these Circassian young ladies were about to be subjected to processes of beautification which had received the approbation of such a respected authority as Hegai, the king's chamberlain; and accordingly I went on board the Kadi-Keui steamer in a good humor, and with the feeling that the day's sight-seeing had begun auspiciously.

At the village of Kadi-Keui, always with the aid of Perikles, I hired a victoria, drawn by two scraggy ponies, and driven by an eagle-faced ruffian, clad in many-colored rags and wearing a red fez. And so I began to make acquaintance with the roads of Asia Minor, for we were now no longer on the European continent. The streets of Constantinople had hitherto appeared to me to have achieved the *summum* of foot-torturing badness, but they are smoothness itself in comparison with the roads on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, which seem to have been the scene of Titanic battles in the stone age, and still remain strewn with the boulders and pointed blocks which the giants flung at each other. However, the ponies trotted and galloped and walked, and the carriage bounded from boulder to boulder; and we went up and down, between gardens and wooden chalets with closely grated windows, through fertile valleys, across dusty wastes, past silent villages, until at last we reached a mountain top, some seven hundred feet above the point from which we had started.

On the summit of this windy mountain, sitting on low stools, under the wel-

come shade of a gnarled old cypress-tree, we rested and drank some coffee, provided by an enterprising Turk, who keeps a refreshment shed for the accommodation of tourists. Then, having lighted a cigarette, I proceeded to contemplate at my ease the panorama of surpassing magnificence which was spread out before my eyes. To the left, in the valley, the caravan road to Bagdad wound along the solitary, houseless tract like a colossal yellow serpent, losing itself amidst the low hills that rose in tiers, one behind the other, until they vanished from sight in the blue haze of the distant perspective, or dwindled away into the sparkling wavelets of the Sea of Marmora. I could have wished to see a caravan trailing along this famous road: mules laden with *khourdjines* and *mafrechs*. — those carpet sacks in which the Orientals stow their provisions and luggage, — camels bearing bales of precious merchandise, merchants, pilgrims, drivers, and all the diverse elements of the picturesque procession. Unfortunately, it was the season of the summer heat, and not the moment for caravan traveling. There was no help for it, and so, with regret, I turned my eyes from this impressive spectacle of the calm and vast plains of Asia Minor, and admired the smiling landscape of the Bosphorus, with its water-side palaces and hill-climbing villages, zigzagging its way between the mountains towards the Black Sea. Then finally I turned once more, and behold, the sea, and beyond the point of San Stefano, and then Stamboul with its mosques and minarets, and Balata, and Phanar, and Pera, and Galata, — all the seven hills of the city, embroidered with mosques and palaces reflected by the crystal waters of the Golden Horn. And all this marvelous ensemble of Constantinople glistened in the brilliant sunlight, and the waters looked like green and silver glass, and the domes and minarets stood out like brilliant points in this colossal fairy jewel.

Descending from the Boulghourou mountain, we passed through clumps of tumble-down wooden Turkish houses and through clouds of dust, until we entered the Turkish burial-ground at Scutari, an interminable forest of immense cypress-trees and tombstones crowned with fezes and turbans, — a most neglected, lugubrious, and yet not desolate spot; for in the middle of the cemetery is a leper-house, on the borders are dwellings and cafés, and through the centre passes the highroad. On this road we met a whole colony of Roumelians, who were emigrating with all their goods and chattels, and a curious sight it was. Imagine, in the midst of this cemetery, with its endless perspective of tombstones leaning at all angles, and of cypress-trees whose black foliage glistened like jet in the blazing sun, a bend in the road; and as we approached this bend, a tall peasant appeared, stalking barefoot between the heads of a yoke of white oxen harnessed to a low four-wheeled wagon, under whose mouse-gray awning, stretched over low wooden hoops, were huddled, pell-mell, veiled women, babies, calves, crockery, provisions, bird-cages, agricultural implements, carpets, and miscellaneous utensils of all kinds. And this peasant, and this yoke of white oxen, and this primitive wagon and its varied load, was followed by other peasants, other white oxen, and other wagons to the number of one hundred and thirty, gliding in Indian file, slowly and steadily, through the cemetery. These poor emigrants, who were leaving their settlements in order to escape from the persecution of the Bulgarians, looked weary and sad, and as the wagons passed, in the midday heat, not a word, not a sound, rose from any of them. The women sat motionless amidst their children and household goods; the men guided the oxen by gentle touches with a slender wand. It seemed almost like a phantom procession gliding through a sombre corner of dreamland.

When we reached the extremity of the cemetery, we dismissed our ramshackle carriage, and entered the precincts of a café, in front of which was a fountain and a fine trellis-work arbor, grown over with vines and jessamine. Under this trellis, on cushions laid on high benches, we sat, cross-legged, in the centre of an admiring and friendly ring of mangy, leprous, and flea-bitten dogs, on whose coats the vermin visibly abounded. Here we ordered coffee and hubble-bubbles, and rubbed elbows with a lazy, lounging, ragged set of young and old Turks, who were smoking their nargilehs, and, like ourselves, waiting for the howling dervishes to begin their exercises.

The house of these dervishes, a sort of monastery, stands near the café, at the end of the main street of Scutari. It is a wooden house, surrounded by a garden and by the private graveyard of the dervishes. In front is a little courtyard, shaded by trailing vines; with on the right an old well, and beside it a bench, where we rested and waited until the preliminary prayers were over, when the curtain of the entrance door was raised, and we *giaours* were admitted to the sanctuary. This is a large square room, with galleries on three sides, and one of these galleries is fenced in with fine lattice-work, and forms the *seraglio* where the Mohammedan women go to see without being seen. The remaining galleries are open to ordinary spectators. On the ground-floor, beneath the galleries, is a promenade, part of which is reserved for Turks and part for Franks; and this promenade is separated from the rest of the floor by a low balustrade, within which are the dervishes. The floor is smooth and waxed, and on it are strewn sheepskin rugs. At one end, in the direction of Mecca, is a *mihrab*, above and on each side of which are hung on the wall various emblems, inscriptions from the Koran, skewers, chains, spikes, knives, daggers, maces,

prickly chains, and various instruments of torture, with which the dervishes sometimes wound themselves on days of very frantic enthusiasm. Under the balustrade of the galleries are hung large tambourines. The walls are of a warm gray color; the ceiling and all the wood-work are painted a pale æsthetic green, and picked out with threads of *café-au-lait*. Through the open window the sun shines in; you see the vines and fruit-trees waving in the breeze in the garden. The general aspect of the room is gay and charming, and above all it is delightfully soft and delicate in tone.

At the moment when we gîaours were admitted, the chief dervish and fifteen other dervishes were prostrated, with their heads on the ground in the direction of the mihrab, and for nearly half an hour they continued kneeling, praying and bowing, rocking to and fro, and reciting the Koran in a twanging, nasal tone. Their costume was not uniform. The chief, the *iman*, wore an ample black gown and a black turban rolled round a drab fez, while his four acolytes wore turbans and robes of different colors, — carmine, green, puce, yellow; the other dervishes wore a white under-robe, a black caftan, and a black and white cap in the form of a turban. From the point of view of a colorist, the effect of the groups was very pleasing.

After the prayers were finished, one of the acolytes, seated in the middle of the floor, put his right hand to his cheek, as if he were suffering from excruciating toothache, and howled forth a kind of litany, to which the dervishes ranged in line responded in unison, swaying their bodies to and fro more and more violently, and shouting, "Allah-hou! Allah-hou!" The swaying and howling continued thus for half an hour, until all the dervishes were in a violent perspiration. Then there was a pause, and a fat acolyte in a puce robe came and gave each dervish a white cotton skull-cap in

exchange for his turban. Then the man with the toothache began to howl the litany once more, and the dervishes started a series of more violent gymnastic exercises. They stood up in a row, shoulder to shoulder, swayed their bodies towards the ground, then backwards, then to the right hand and then to the left, their heads swinging loosely, their eyes closed for the most part. This exercise in four movements grew more and more rapid as the ecstasy of the dervishes became more complete; the floor shook with the dull thud of their heels, as they executed all together the backward swing; from time to time, one of the spectators, hypnotized by the sound and the rhythmic movement, stepped into the inclosure and joined the ranks, and soon the incessant cry of "Allah-hou!" developed into a furious roar, exactly like the roaring of a caged lion. During a whole hour these dervishes swayed and roared, producing sounds such as no other human lungs could produce, lurching and swinging their bodies in unison, till their thin faces became livid with ecstasy and sweat. The noise was literally terrifying; one expected the whole room to fall in under this horrible clamor, as the walls of Jericho fell at the sound of Israel's trumpets. The faces of the dervishes grew convulsed, epileptic, illuminated with strange smiles. An odor of perspiration, reminding one of the odor of a menagerie, filled the room. And meanwhile the *iman*, with his delicate, ascetic face, remained calm and impassible, his lips moving in silent prayer, his hands encouraging the enthusiasts with pious gestures. At the end of an hour's uninterrupted howling and gymnastics, the excitement of the dervishes was at its height. Every moment you expected to see one fall exhausted. But no; they continued to quicken their movements as their cries became hoarser and more inarticulate. Then children were brought in and laid on the floor, three or four at

a time, side by side, and the iman walked over them. Then grown men threw themselves down on the floor, and the iman walked over them; and they arose and departed joyously, believing that this salutary imposition of feet would cure them of their ills. After that, babes were carried in, and the iman walked over their frail bodies, supported this time by two of his acolytes, in order to render the pressure light. Finally, at a

sign from the iman, the dervishes ceased howling and swaying, and began to wipe their perspiring faces, while a final prayer was recited. Then all walked calmly to their rooms in the monastery, and the ceremony was over. I never saw a spectacle more savage, strange, and exciting, and I never saw faces more calm, dignified, and even majestically beautiful, than the faces of some of these howling dervishes of Scutari.

Theodore Child.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

MANY questions concerning education in our colleges and preparatory schools have been discussed of late years with much learning and ingenuity. The advocates of Greek and the advocates of science have proclaimed and maintained their opposing views. There is a party which would bind down our young people very closely to a prescribed course of study, and a party which would give a boy of eighteen almost complete freedom to choose for himself, and to lay out his plan of education according to his taste and fancy. Meanwhile, some parents, like the author of this article, may be asking themselves, amid the din of battle, What is the object of sending a boy to college at all? Much of the boy's time, much of the father's money, will be needed for an undergraduate course. Professional studies and the beginning of business life will be necessarily postponed. During the years between eighteen and twenty-two, when character and habits are forming, the youth will be working thirty hours a week for forty weeks in the year, instead of working between forty and sixty hours a week, and between forty-five and fifty weeks in the year. Are not the longer hours more profitable to a strong and healthy young man? Is not the delay in enter-

ing the serious work of life a disadvantage? What is the compensation?

It is certain that there is no profession for which a college education is necessary, unless it be the clerical, and for that only in the case of certain religious bodies. At the bar, in medicine, in applied science, in finance, and in trade and manufactures, men who are graduates of no college are working beside the alumni, and often with as much profit to themselves and usefulness to others. Yet I hold, and I think most graduates will hold with me, that a college course is profitable to all young men whose circumstances will allow them to take it without causing their friends to make too great a sacrifice, and who will honestly and wisely exert themselves to profit by the chances which it gives them. The thing which they should gain by the four years spent as undergraduates, and the five or six years of definite preparation for the college course, is what is called a *liberal education*. I think that the expression is often vaguely used. People confuse it in their minds with a certain amount of Latin, or Greek, or mathematics, or chemistry. It may be useful, therefore, to ask ourselves what a liberal education really is, and how our boys are likely to get one. The question

of Greek and the question of electives will present themselves on the way, and will have to be met in their time and place.

A liberal education, such a one as can be completed by the age of twenty-two, should include two things, namely, mental training and positive knowledge. In this, I think, almost all men are agreed; but as to the proportions of the two and as to their compatibility, men's opinions vary widely. Of one thing, however, we may be sure. If either element of education be neglected in the undergraduate course, it is unlikely that the deficiency will ever be made good. The years immediately following graduation are devoted, in the vast majority of instances, to learning a profession or a business; and these interests should be shared with no others except by way of recreation. If, therefore, a young man begins the work of his life while still deficient in mental training, his mind will be trained by that work only in those parts which are actively used in the business or profession which he has taken up. If he begins active life ill provided with positive knowledge of facts, he is likely to learn only those facts which are useful in his branch of active life. In this way he becomes one-sided and narrow-minded; efficient, perhaps, and useful, but not liberally educated, and probably less useful and efficient than if he were so. For it is the province of a liberal education to widen the mind, to make it turn more readily to new subjects of interest, to make it understand the ideas of others. The man who is liberally educated should possess more varied pleasures, a sounder judgment, more sympathy with his fellow-beings, a higher ideal of life and of its duties, than are held by other men. No education which is simply intellectual can give all these, but a proper intellectual education may assist a young man in acquiring them.

I have said that an educated young

man should have acquired a stock of ideas and information, and the power to take in new ideas and further information. He should, moreover, have obtained the tools necessary for adding to his stock and for using it. These tools are the modern languages. There are few studies that can be carried far to-day without at least a limited knowledge of both French and German. There is no pursuit in which an American does not often need to be able to use English easily and well. A tolerable knowledge of the first two languages, and a thorough knowledge of the last should therefore make a part of a liberal education.

"But," say the exclusive partisans of mental training, "you are laying out a larger garden than you can cultivate. How about classics and mathematics, if all this time be given to modern languages?" I think I can show that there is time enough for all these, even with the limited hours of study usual in America. For it is to be noted that the American boy studies but two thirds as many hours in the year as the German boy; and yet the German retains enough vigor of mind and body to lead Europe in many of the pursuits both of peace and of war. I will not, however, undertake the herculean labor of persuading the American youth, or even his fond parent, that he ought to study half as much again. I will take it for granted that he studies, and will study, thirty hours a week for forty weeks in the year, and on that basis I will lay out a course for him,—a course not so very different from that which he now follows, only perhaps a little more systematic. That this course is a perfect one I do not for a moment suppose; if by suggesting it I lead a few parents to take more interest in the subject than at present, and to try to carry out systematic courses of their own, I shall be fully satisfied.

We begin to prepare our boys for college at the age of twelve. At that age

they have already been five or six years at school, and if their teaching has been able and thorough they should be proficient in reading, writing, and spelling, in the four rules of arithmetic, and in geography. There is certainly nothing excessive in this demand. A bright boy, who had been at a good school, might be somewhat more advanced than this. He might add a little elementary history, or a little botany or physics, to the subjects mentioned; or he might be ready for the secondary or preparatory school — the Latin school, to use the old phrase — before he was quite twelve years old.

The time at the Latin school might be employed according to the following schedule. It will be noticed that during the first year the boy is expected to study only twenty-five hours a week, and thirty hours during the other years. Supposing the school to open at nine in the morning and close at two, and allowing half an hour for recess, the little boys in their first year would take home lessons enough to occupy them half an hour on an average, the older boys enough to occupy them an hour and a half. The school year is supposed to consist of forty weeks, a little more than is now usual, but surely not too much.

At twelve years of age, then, the boy is expected to have mastered reading, writing, spelling, four rules of arithmetic, and geography. He will be prepared to continue his studies according to the following schedule: —

FIRST YEAR (25 Hours a Week).

10 hours of	Latin,	400	hours a year.
5 "	Arithmetic,	200	" "
5 "	English,	200	" "
3 "	History,	120	" "
2 "	Science,	80	" "

SECOND AND THIRD YEARS (30 Hours a Week).

10 hours of	Latin,	400	hours a year.
5 "	Mathematics,	200	" "
5 "	English,	200	" "
5 "	French,	200	" "
3 "	History,	120	" "
2 "	Science,	80	" "

FOURTH YEAR (30 Hours a Week).

10 hours of	Latin,	400	hours a year.
5 "	Mathematics,	200	" "
3 "	French,	120	" "
2 "	English,	80	" "
5 "	German,	200	" "
3 "	History,	120	" "
2 "	Science,	80	" "

FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS (30 Hours a Week).

10 hours of	Latin,	400	hours a year.
5 "	Mathematics,	200	" "
3 "	French,	120	" "
10 "	German,	400	" "
2 "	Science,	80	" "

It will be noticed that throughout the course ten hours a week are devoted to Latin, which thus becomes the principal subject of study. This is not on account of the intrinsic value of the Latin language and literature. The language is terse and vigorous, but not very beautiful; the literature is probably one of the poorest of the great European literatures, ranking after German and French, and far behind English and Greek. But there is probably no European language whose study can approach that of Latin as mental training for an American lad. The structure of Latin is so different from that of English, yet so logical, that the boy's mind is unconsciously opened by the efforts necessary to its mastery. He realizes that all men do not think alike, — perhaps the most valuable lesson of education.

The next subject on the list is mathematics, to which are devoted five hours a week throughout the six years. This study is invaluable for the mind, being the great school of deductive reasoning. The utility, also, of the science is too evident to need farther comment.

We now come to the class of mental tools. For the first three years of the course five hours a week are devoted to French. This time, if well employed, will be sufficient to give the pupil a tolerable power of reading the language. For French, although difficult to speak and write correctly, is easy to read. During the last three years of the school course French occupies but three hours

a week, but this will probably be enough to keep the boy up to the point already reached, and to increase his facility.

The German language is begun in the fourth year, and during the fifth and sixth becomes one of the principal studies. German is much harder than French, on which account it should be studied later. The amount of time given will hardly do more than enable the scholar to read fairly easy German with tolerable fluency.

Greek is excluded from the course given above. It is excluded not because it is considered unimportant, but from considerations of utility. In studying the table, I find myself compelled to choose between German and Greek, and I reluctantly take the former. It is true that Greek is the most beautiful language ever spoken in Europe, and it may well be that German is the ugliest. It is true that for purposes of mental training Greek possesses most of the advantages of German, and possesses them in a higher degree. It is true that the Greek imaginative literature is intrinsically far greater than the German. But we are equipping our boys for the work of life, and for that work the German language is the more valuable. The man who cannot read German will find himself continually impeded, if he tries to carry any line of study, except that of the law, beyond very moderate limits. He can hardly become an accomplished Greek scholar without the power of following the researches of German Greek scholars. And against the greater imaginative value of the work of the Greek poets may be set the fact that the German poets speak more closely and personally to men of this generation.

The study of Greek should by no means be abandoned by those who have time for it. There are a certain number of children nowadays to whom the modern languages have been made easy, either by residence abroad, or by the

employment of governesses, or by the care of parents. These children may profitably spend less time than others on the modern languages, and give the hours thus gained to the study of Greek. That language may safely be recommended as an elective to those young men in college who are not afraid of a difficult subject, or who hope to lead a literary as distinguished from a scientific life. The language is so beautiful in itself, the literature is so grand and so charming, that no amount of time spent upon them can be thought to be wasted, if that time be not absolutely required for other pursuits. But as a man who must earn his daily bread is not at liberty to devote much time to cultivating his taste for art, unless, indeed, he can make the art provide the bread, so a boy who has to learn the modern languages can afford to give so few hours to the study of Greek that it is probably not worth his while to undertake it.

The subjects remaining upon the school list are English, history, and science. As to the first, it is needless to speak. Every one must recognize its necessity. History has hitherto been shamefully neglected in our schools. It is, I believe, possible to graduate from Harvard College to-day without knowing whether Charlemagne lived before Napoleon or after him, or whether the Spaniards discovered America or the Americans Spain; at least, I do not make out that the college authorities insist on the knowledge of these things, either in the examination for entrance or in any subsequent one. The course that I propose for schoolboys is very simple. They should take a book of elementary Greek history the first year, Roman the second, English the third, American the fourth. The master should enlarge on the teaching of the elementary book by reading to the boys such extracts from standard authors, such anecdotes and interesting stories, as his judgment may select. The study might

easily be made a favorite one with the boys. For the fifth and sixth years I would kill two birds with one stone by making the scholars take Duruy's History of France in French. The book is interesting, and at the same time it is prepared for a schoolbook. If, on trial, it proved too long for American boys to read in two years, giving one hundred and twenty hours each year, it would probably be possible to reduce the length of the book by judicious omissions. All histories should, of course, be read with maps, and this would prevent the boys forgetting their geography.

To the study of science two hours a week are devoted throughout the course. One of these hours should be given to a lecture, the other to preparation or recitation. I think that the elements of two scientific subjects, say physics and botany, could be taught in this length of time. If the lectures were well given, they would set a certain number of the boys working on their own account; for these subjects are now in the air, and not a few boys will lay down the Arabian Nights to take up the Scientific American. The lectures should be illustrated both by diagrams and by experiments, and the boys should be encouraged to ask questions.

We have now reached the threshold of college life. The ordeal of the examination for admission is before us. Let us see what our boy can be expected to know.

In the first place, he can read accurately and fluently, he can write a legible hand, he can spell English, and, if his parents and teachers have done their duty, he has read a certain amount of good English literature. He has a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, and of the simpler portions of geometry and algebra. He can read reasonable Latin at sight, although some of the difficult authors puzzle him, and he knows the more important parts of the grammar thoroughly, and understands them; but

he has not learned rules by rote, nor a single list of exceptions. He can read German more readily than Latin, and French more readily than either, because it is easier. He knows the outlines of history, so that he is ready to begin the study of that science intelligently, and can fit any epoch of which he may read more or less precisely into its place. He probably knows as many as a dozen dates. He has heard enough about science to whet his curiosity. In addition to all this, we will hope that he has learned to apply his mind, to take up new subjects with confidence, and to pursue old ones with zeal after the gloss is worn off.

What will Harvard College do with the big boy entrusted to her at this stage of his education? Her present plan is to open the whole country of learning before him, and to turn him in to pick his way with a chart, but without a guide. At eighteen his judgment can hardly be very mature, and it is quite possible that he may go astray. If he finds out his error in time, he may change his course. He may find it out too late. He may realize, when the day of graduation comes, or later, that he knows a good deal of Latin, or of Greek, or of chemistry, but that he is not liberally educated. He may find that he cannot use his mind to the best advantage, or that he is ignorant of many things which an educated man is expected to know. He may be puzzled by the most obvious logical fallacy. He may not recognize the difference between a calyx and a stamen.

In saying this, I do not intend to express disapprobation of the elective system. That system has done much for the college, but it may be carried too far. Its most ardent advocates would hardly take it into the primary schools, and accept two cantos of *Marmion*, learned by heart, as a substitute for the multiplication table. In the plan already sketched out, we have employed

the school-time of a young man up to the age of eighteen, or thereabout, to the best of our ability. Let us see what we have been forced to omit hitherto that should by all means be included in a liberal education.

The study of English has been a little relaxed for the last two or three years. We have felt that the boy knew how to read, and that he was a little young to learn to write a good style. That most necessary task must now be taken up. Compositions, themes, forensics, — the name matters nothing, — should be written at short intervals for not less than three years. Probably two hundred and forty hours' exercise can be advantageously given to this.

Our Freshman has acquired a certain knowledge of three languages beside his own. But if he is really to be an educated man, he should carry them farther. It will be best to allow him liberty of choice, but with one literature, at least, he should be well acquainted. Eight hundred hours are not too many to be devoted to this end.

We have given the schoolboy a smattering of elementary science. We should now give him a knowledge of the elements of several sciences, and take him far enough in one, at least, to make him understand the inductive method. The elementary courses may take six hundred and forty hours, the advanced course eight hundred.

There is one more branch of study which may well be considered essential. A limited knowledge of logic and of metaphysics will save the man from many grievous errors and from much unhappiness. They will help him to use the learning he has acquired in other fields, for his own benefit and that of his fellow-men. They will often save

him from being led astray by specious arguments, both in practical affairs and in matters of intimate concern. The man, for instance, who has fully taken in the argument for the non-existence of matter has made a great step toward recognizing the limits of what can and what cannot be proved by argument. To these studies, therefore, a limited time, say 480 hours, should be given.

Summing up the studies required of the undergraduate in this plan, we find that English, elementary science, logic, and metaphysics occupy among them 1360 hours, out of the 4800 of which the college course is composed.¹ We should also require 800 hours of the advanced study of a language, and 800 hours of the advanced study of a branch of natural science. In these two courses, a limited amount of selection would be allowed, the student choosing the language and the science which pleased him best, or which he thought most profitable. Rather less than one half of his time (1840 hours) would thus be left for pure electives. The object of this arrangement is to secure for every student a knowledge of those elementary facts with which every educated man may reasonably be expected to be familiar, and at the same time to give to the young man of scientific tastes a conception of the beauties of literature, and to him of literary proclivities some knowledge of the methods and processes of science. In this way, each might perhaps be cured of that arrogant narrow-mindedness which is the curse of the half educated. That man only has a liberally educated mind who has trained every important part of his mind; and to no smaller result than this should so many years of boyhood and youth be given up.

Edward J. Lowell.

¹ Four years of forty weeks, with thirty hours of study a week. This includes the time

devoted to preparation as well as that spent in lectures and recitations.

THE SECRET.

I HAVE a fancy: how shall I bring it
 Home to all mortals wherever they be?
 Say it or sing it? Shoe it or wing it,
 So it may outrun and outfly ME,
 Merest cocoon-web whence it broke free?

Only one secret can save from disaster,
 Only one magic is that of the Master:
 Set it to music; give it a tune, —
 Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you,
 Tune that the columbines dance to in June!

This is the secret: so simple, you see!
 Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
 Easy as — well, let me ponder — as missing,
 Known, since the world was, by scarce two or three.

James Russell Lowell.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

I.

ON a certain steep and savage slope of the Great Smoky Mountains, the primeval wilderness for many miles is unbroken save by one meagre clearing. The presence of humanity upon the earth is further attested only by an humble log cabin, high on the rugged slant. At night the stars seem hardly more aloof than the valley below. By day the mountains assert their solemn vicinage, an austere company. The clouds that silently commune with the great peaks, the sinister and scathing deeds of the lightnings, the passionate rhetoric of the thunders, the triumphal pageantry of the sunset-tides, and the wistful yearnings of the dawn aspiring to the day, — these might seem the only incidents of this lonely and exalted life. So august is this mountain scheme that it fills all the visible world with its mas-

sive multitudinous presence; still stretching out into the dim blue distances an infinite perspective of peak and range and lateral spur, till one may hardly believe that the fancy does not juggle with the fact.

One day a sound impinged suddenly upon its impressive silence, — faint and far, but even in its echo charged with alien suggestions; not akin to the woods or the waters, to the cry of beast or of bird; subtly at variance with the mountain solitude, imposed upon it, neither of its essence nor its outgrowth. A soul informed the sound, for it was the voice of a man singing aloud in the wilderness, — singing with so ecstatic a fervor, with tones so robust and full, that distant peaks were voiced with fugue-like feignings, rising to sudden outbursts and sinking to silence, as the melody waxed or waned. It swung and swayed in rhythmic cadences across the valley. It might

have seemed a spirit in the air, for with the hymning echoes it was hard to say whence it came. But two mountaineers, standing beside the fence of the little cornfield in the clearing, gazed expectantly up the road, that, precarious and rocky, ran along the verge of the slope. For the song grew louder and more distinct, and presently in its midst was heard the beat of rapid hoofs. A moment more, and the young psalmist came around a curve, galloping recklessly down beneath the fringed boughs of the firs and the pines, still singing aloud; the reins upon his horse's neck, his rifle held across the pommel of the saddle, his broad hat thrust upon the back of his head, his eyes scarcely turning towards the men that stood by the wayside.

He had evidently not intended to stop, but one of them threw up his arm and hailed him.

"Hy're, Teck! hold up!"

The rider drew rein. The rapt expression of his countenance abruptly changed. He fixed imperative, worldly eyes upon the speaker. They were deeply set, of a dark blue color, full of a play of expression, and despite the mundane intimations of the moment they held the only suggestions in his face of a spiritual possibility. He had a heavy lower jaw, stern and insistent. A firm, immobile mouth disclosed strong, even teeth. His nose was slightly aquiline, and he had definitely marked black eyebrows. His short dark beard, worn after the manner common in the region, and the usual brown jeans garb, lent his face no similarity to the faces of the others. There was a strong individuality, magnetism, about him, and before his glance the peremptory spirit of his interlocutor was slightly abated. It was only after he had demanded, "What ye want?" that he was asked in turn, —

"Whar ye been?"

"Been a-huntin'," said Teck Jepson. He laid one hand upon the barrel of his

long gun on the pommel of his saddle, as if to call attention to it.

"Did n't ye git nuthin'?"

"Naw. I tuk ter studyin' 'bout'n the Bible, an' a-singin', an' I warn't a-goin' ter thwart the sperit. I ain't tuk aim this day."

There was so obvious a pride in this statement that it imposed upon the others as a valid source of satisfaction.

They all looked meditatively at the spaces of the sunlit valley for a moment. The shadow of a great wing flickered by. A cow-bell jangled from the slope below.

"Waal, I expec' Ben hyar mought hev his say-so 'bout'n studyin' on the Bible, jes' in the time fur pullin' fodder," suggested Eli Strobe.

He was the constable of the district, a heavy, thick-set fellow, forty years of age, perhaps, and of medium height. He had a large head and a certain lowering side-glance, barely lifting the lids of his slow dark eyes with a sullen, bovine expression. He carried himself in a deliberate, pondering manner, and with bated aggressiveness. He wore his broad black wool hat pulled far over his brow. His boots were drawn to the knee over his blue jeans trousers, and were graced with large spurs. His features were straight and regular, handsome in their way, and his face was characterized by a sort of surly dignity. He stood sturdily in the road, with his hands in his pockets, and looked up with his slow glance from under the brim of his hat at the horseman.

Jepson lifted his head loftily. "I'd ruther be in the wilderness with the sperit than with the gleaners in the richest fields o' the yearth!"

Despite a sanctimonious twang imitated from the circuit rider, his voice in speaking betokened his gift in song. It was rich and low, and as smooth as velvet.

The constable, at a spiritual disadvantage, recanted with acerbity. "I reckon

so! Ennybody else would, too. Ye talk ez ef nobody hed n't no religion but yer-se'f."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Jepson's half-brother, Ben Bowles. "Laws-a-massy! whenst Teck gits ter studyin' 'bout the Bible-folks, I 'd jes' ez lief he 'd wander ez work. He talks ter me till them tales hender me mighty nigh ez much ez him. No fodder sca'cely would hev been pulled hyar ter-day ef he hed stayed."

The mention of his work reminded him of it anew. As he stood in the turn-row, he began to strip from the stalwart stalks of the Indian corn, tasseled far higher than his head, the long blue-green and glossy blades, rustling at a touch and shining in the sun. He was in his shirt-sleeves, a gaunt, shambling fellow, with yellow beard and hair, and long, tobacco-stained teeth; he had a docile, acquiescent face and a temporizing blue eye. Few men could contrive to agree with both Jepson and Strobe, but to Ben Bowles no miracle of trimming was impossible. The corn was fine; the heavy ears, swathed in their crisp husks and crested with sun-embrowned silk, hung far from the stalks, about which trumpet vines twined, the blossoms flaunting scarlet. There even peered out now and then the tender blue eyes of morning-glories, still open, abloom in the dank shadow. The more prosaic growth of pumpkins was about the roots, and sometimes Bowles caught his awkward feet in the vines, and added a stumble to his shamble.

"The sperit hev been with me strong, — mighty strong, ter-day," said Teck Jepson suddenly. "I hev been studyin' on Moses, from the time he lef' the saidges by the ruver bank," he added, bridleing with a sentiment that was strikingly like the pride of earth. Then, as he gazed down at the landscape, his face softened and grew pensive.

The great ranges were slowly empurpled against the pale eastern horizon.

delicately blue, for the sun was in the western skies. How splendidly saffron those vast spaces glowed! What purity and richness of tint! Here and there were pearly wing-like sweeps of an incomparable glisten; and the clouds, ambitious, must needs climb the zenith, with piled and stately mountainous effects, gleaming white, opaque and dazzling. The focal fires of the great orb were unquenched, and still the yellow divergent rays streamed forth; yet in its heart was suggested that vermilion smouldering of the sunset, and the western hills were waiting.

"'T war tur'ble hard on Moses," said Teck Jepson dreamily, "when the Lord shut him out'n Canaan, arter travelin' through the wilderness. Tur'ble, tur'ble hard!"

There was naught in the scene to suggest to a mind familiar with the facts an Oriental landscape, — naught akin to the hills of Judæa. It was essentially of the New World. Its structure was peculiar to the Great Smoky Mountains, and its type could not be found beyond their limits. Yet ignorance has its license. It never occurred to Teck Jepson that his Biblical heroes had lived elsewhere. Their history had to him an intimate personal relation, as of the story of an ancestor in the homestead ways and closely familiar. He brooded upon these narrations, instinct with dramatic movement, enriched with poetic color, and localized in his robust imagination, till he could trace Hagar's wild wanderings in the fastnesses; could show where Jacob slept and piled his altar of stones; could distinguish the bush, of all others on the "bald," that blazed with fire from heaven, when the angel of the Lord stood within it. Somehow, even in their grotesque variation, they lost no dignity in their transmission to the modern conditions of his fancy. Did the facts lack significance because it was along the gullied red clay roads of Piomingo Cove that he saw David, the

smiling stripling, running and holding high in his hand the bit of cloth cut from Saul's garments, while he had slept in a cave at the base of Chillowee Mountain? And how was the splendid miracle of translation discredited because he believed that the chariot of the Lord had rested in scarlet and purple clouds upon the towering summit of Thunderhead, that Elijah, the man who should not taste of death, might thence ascend into heaven?

He mistook the dramatic instinct, that entranced him with these splendid epics, for religion. He sang loud and long in the meetings, with a rich voice and a fervid indorsement of the sentiment of the rude hymns, but he told few experiences; his soul seemed untroubled, unstirred; he neither shouted nor exhorted others, and in the midst of exhortation he often dropped asleep. But if the text were from the Old Testament, rich in narrative, his fine head was alert, his eyes grew eager and intent; he would lean forward, to lose no word, his hand on the back of the bench in front of him, and often his strong hand trembled. He was an earnest advocate of education. "Let the Bible be read!" he would exclaim in a thunderous, coercive voice, strong with the sincerity of his own wish to read. For he was sometimes aware that he carried with him broken impressions of the stories that emblazoned his mind. Then his quick supplementing fancy would unconsciously assert itself anew, the rift would close, and the continuity would stretch forth perfected.

His was the mind receptive, romantic. The endowment to believe the essential verity, undemonstrable though it be, to see that which is not before the material eye, to feel the abstract sentiment, he shared with those for whom tradition has woven its fine, embellished webs, and history has penned its heroic page, and poets have sung and have soared. The gift was in the nature of a sarcasm, bestowed here. He had not even the cradle lore

of other men. Niggard circumstance had environed him with all the limitations of ignorance. In these close bounds, the readings of the circuit rider gave him the only collations of connected fact, the only narrative, the only glimpse of a status of men more amply endowed than those about him; and the dramatic instinct native in his blood vivified the meagre details, caused them to glow before him, and they served for him as the libraries of the world serve for other men.

Encompassed by the democratic sovereignty that hedges about an American voter; knowing no rank, no gradations of caste, other than that of the sheriff, the constable, the justice of the peace — and latterly the high estate of a circuit judge had been brought to his knowledge, — it was curious how he caught from the spirit of the text the sentiment of awe and reverence for the exalted in the earth, prophets and high-priests, kings and great captains. He exulted in the scriptural pageantry. His fancy would marshal again and again the fine show of the serried ranks of opposing armies along the mountain side, when David went out in the valley to fight Goliath. The triumph would hardly have been what it was to him without those multiplied martial spectators, — nor, it is safe to say, to David either.

"Yes, sir," he reiterated. "'T war tur'ble hard on Moses. I jes' know how he felt. Thar ain't nuthin' in this worl' so tormentin' ter the sperit ez ter be in a place ye *de-spise*, an' hanker an' hone ter git ter another. Whenst I war a witness in the court agin Jake Baintree ez killed Sam'l Keale, I fairly pined so fur the mountings my chist felt tight, like I could n't breathe, an' my eyeballs plumb started out'n my head. An' when they 'lowed thar'd hev ter be a new trial, an' I'd hev ter kem back las' March agin, I war so outdone an' aggravated by the foolin' 'round o' them lawyers, ez tuk an' spilt the case they hed been at

sech trouble ter fix *jes' so*, that I *jes'* up-ed an' 'lowed afore the jedge ez I hoped I'd be dead afore that time."

"The folks laffed at ye, too," said the constable.

"Let 'em laff, — laffin' 's cheap," retorted Jepson. He was one of those happily constituted mortals who respect their own mental attitude far more than its effect on others.

"Waal, they 'low ez Baintree air a-lay-in' fur ye 'bout'n that thar testimony ye gin agin him," observed Strobe.

Jepson received this suggestion in the silence of contempt.

"I never looked ter see Baintree let off from that court," said Bowles.

"Yes," assented Jepson cheerfully. "The law 'peared ter hev a weak streak in it somehow, an' the lawyers said they could n't prove it on him. An' I 'lowed ter the State's lawyer ez they hed better prove it then with a sentence from Jedge Lynch."

The constable, mindful of his position as an officer of the law, cast a sudden glance upon him of threatening surprise.

"What did the 'torney ginerall say ter that?" he demanded pertinently.

"He say ef he hed sech a tongue ez mine he'd tie it ter his palate, ter keep it still," responded Jepson easily. "But I told him thar warn't no danger, fur ef ennybody fell out with the sayin's o' my tongue, the doin's o' my fist war mighty apt ter make 'em fall in agin. Yes, sir," he proceeded after a pause, "I appealed ter Jedge Lynch." His form of expression was reminiscent of his recent experiences in the courts. "I never got nothin' by it, though. Folks is gittin' so white-livered they be afeard o' thar shadders."

"Waal, now," spoke up the constable, moving back a pace, and feeling at a disadvantage in being constrained to look upward at the horseman. "When the courts — two o' em — hev let a man go, an' can't prove nuthin' on him, I say

't won't do fur folks ter set out an' meb-be hang a man by mistake."

"*Whar's Sam'l Keale?*" Jepson asked the question, and then looked casually across the road and the stream at the great vermilion sun going down behind the long summit line, far, far away, of Walden's Ridge, — how finely outlined, how delicate in hue, against the flushed horizon. The mountains close around loomed sombre, purple, silent, and mysterious, sharers in none of these ethereal graces of color. On the rocky banks of the stream, here and there, felled trees were lying; one protruded far into the water, and was green with moss and dank with ooze. It stirred suddenly, for some water animal had sprung upon it, then splashed again into the current, as Bowles's old dog rushed out of the cornfield with a shrill, sharp bark of discovery. His master's eyes followed him absently, while with a quivering tail and alert ears he patrolled the banks hither and thither, now and again uttering his sharp cry, varied with wheezes of disappointment.

"*Whar's — Sam'l — Keale?*" Jepson demanded again, significantly, and once more waited for an answer. Neither of the other men spoke. The wind stirred; an acorn dropped with a sharp thud from a chestnut oak; a locust was shrilling from a pawpaw tree. "Ef ye'll tell me ennywhar Sam'l Keale *kin* be, I'll gin it up. Now *jes'* look-a-hyar," he argued. "Them two fellers — nobody knowed then what they war arter, but it kem out on the trial — got it inter thar heads ez thar war some silver mines in the mountings. An' they sets out ter find one." His lip curled. "So day arter day they leaves thar ploughs in the furrow, an' goes a-sarchin' fur the silver mine. An' one day nare one o' 'em kems back. A plumb week goes by. An' then hyar kems Baintree nigh starved with a-wanderin' in the woods, an' with a big tale bout Sam'l hevin' fell down a hole ez 'peared ter be the mouth o' a cave,

an' he could n't hear nuthin' from him, though Baintree hollered an' hollered. An' he war afeared the law 'd take arter him, kase they war a-scutflin' whenst Sam'l slipped an' fell. Waal, the folks tuk arter him fur not hevin' kem straight ter tell, — lef' the critter thar in the cave ter starve or drown. None o' that fooled me!"

He broke off abruptly.

Ben Bowles pulled his hay-colored beard with meditative fingers. "Ye b'lieve Sam'l war dead fust, an' then war flung down inter the cave."

Jepson knit his brows fiercely. "Precisely."

"Ye 'low, ef he warn't, Baintree would hev been powerful quick ter skeet out'n them woods an' git somebody ter help him git Sam'l out, 'thout waitin' a week!"

"Jes' so!"

The constable put in suddenly; his loyalty to the law was enlisted, and he felt it his bounden duty to support its decisions, with the weight of his personal opinion.

"Baintree 'lowed Sam war dead, or hed sunk spang through the yearth, kase he would n't answer. The boy war 'feared' ter tell. He would n't even tell a-fust ez they war a-scutflin' an' a-playin'. An' ez the jury 'lowed he warn't guilty, I feel ez ef he ought ter be let ter go."

"Whar's — Sam'l — Keale?" demanded Jepson once more.

Neither answered. The shrilling of the cicada persisted sharply. Only the rim of the sun showed above the distant blue mountain; the soft suffusions of light upon the great valley were reddening, and a sense of impending shadows, not yet falling, was upon the air. Night was pluming her wings, to spread them erelong. A point of light suddenly scintillated in the dark flow of the mountain stream, for the poetic evening star — how serene! — was in the sky. What sense of melancholy had pierced the group of pines hard by? Their fringes

were astir against the sky, and a monody, all tenderly subdued and subtly mournful, was on the air.

"He kem over yander ter the blacksmith shop las' Wednesday," Jepson resumed abruptly. "I war thar ter hev this hyar horse-critter's nigh fore-foot shod;" he leaned over, glancing down at it, then came suddenly to the perpendicular. "He kem thar ez ef he expected folks ter 'bide by the verdic' an' be sated. He kem in the door an' walked roun', an' then he sot down in the winder. An' then I jes' riz up. I said ter him, I said aloud, 'Cain, I see Abel with ye. I view him thar. Ye need n't wing away. He hev kem ter abide alongside o' ye forever. Ye kin hide him in no caves. Ye kin kiver him in no secrets. He air yer portion. He air yer share forever!' An' then I turned back ter the anvil, whar Pete Blenkins war a-forgin' of the horse-shoe. An' time he hed bent the bar I looked over my lef' shoulder, an' the winder war empty."

A long pause ensued. "Waal, sir," Strobe presently remarked, "folks 'low he hev got religion now, an' air goin' ter be baptized."

Teck turned a face of amazed anger upon him.

"He sha'n't!" he cried, as arrogantly as if he guarded the gates of heaven. "He shell not save his soul! He shell not reach the golden shore, whilst the man he buried in the depths o' the yearth, 'thout nare minit's grace ter think on salvation, air a-welterin' in brinstun, an' a-burnin' in hell. He shell not save his soul!"

His breath was short, his cheek flushed, his eye intent and fiery. All at once his whole aspect changed.

"Hy're, A'minty!" he cried out, his flexible voice rising to a cheery key. "I see ye; no use a-hidin'. Supper ready?"

For there, sidling along among the weeds in the fence corners, was a small

girl, much distraught by the presence of a stranger, and holding her head so bent down that little could be seen of her face for the curling tangled red hair that fell over it. She wore a blue checked homespun frock, and she carried in her arms, feet upward, a large, ungainly yellow cat, with unattractive green eyes, which rolled about while her head hung down.

"They blows the horn at the house fur we-uns," Jepson continued, "but A'minty keeps one eye on the pot, an' kems arter me jes' a leetle aforehand every day. She knows I be afeard ter go ter the house by myself. Suthin' mought ketch me on the road, — varmint, or dogs, or sech."

He winked jovially to the other two men, but A'minty stood unsmiling by the fence.

Suddenly the resonance of a horn was on the air, with a trailing refrain of echoes. So far they rang, so faint, so fine, they hardly seemed akin to the homely blast wound close at hand. The moon, rising now, — a lucent yellow sphere in the pink haze of the skies, far above the purple earth, — might naturalize such sounds. Thus rings the horn of Diana, perhaps, amidst the lunar mountains. And when the vibrations died away the ear strained to hear them again; so elfin was the final tone that the succeeding interval was less like silence than a sound which the sense was not fine enough to discern.

"Wanter ride, A'minty?" Teck demanded of his small niece.

Her shyness vanished instantly. She showed a rounded freckled face and shining eyes, and an assemblage of jagged gleeful teeth, as she ran, with the deft noiselessness of the barefooted gentry, almost under his horse's heels and caught the stirrup. He reached down gravely for the cat, holding it by the middle, with its four stiff paws outstretched, and A'minty clutched his great spurred boot, and climbed up his long

leg like a squirrel. He rode off, the rifle stayed upon the pommel of the saddle by the hand that held too the reins, while the little girl, nestling in his arms, looked back at the two men by the side of the fence, and the cat, which she clasped, turned its supple neck and gazed back, too, from her perch above the horseman's shoulder.

The two men followed them with a languid gaze for a moment; then Strobe was moved to seat himself slowly and circumspectly on a boulder near the roadside. As he leaned his shoulder against the pawpaw tree close by, the locust shrilling high up among its branches suddenly ceased its iteration.

"Teck air too durned smart," he said, his own individuality reasserting itself since freed from the dominant presence of the other, — "too durned smart. Set an' talk afore a off'cer o' the law 'bout lynchin' a man, an' gin his opinion agin a jury's verdie' an' a jedge's say-so. He hev got the big-head powerful bad. Axin', 'Whar's Sam'l Keale?' Whar's — Sam'l — Keale?' ez ef enny cit'zen hev got enny right ter know or say, when the law's done its sheer."

"I reckon Jake Baintree mus' be in nercert," observed Jepson's brother, with the mild eye and voice of the temporizer. "Them folks hev been powerful tried. He war twenty when it happened, an' he be twenty-five now — a year older 'n Teck. It tuk all that time ter jail an' try him."

"Waal, the law is slow, — the law is slow." The important constable deported himself with a sort of clumsy pride in the lingering exploits of the law.

"Yes, sir; 'minds me of a slow mule-race all the time, the law does," said Bowles.

Strobe looked at him, surlily suspicious of a satiric intent, but the mild Bowles had evidently spoken in all good faith.

"I reckon his folks hev been powerful put ter it ter live along all this time," continued Bowles.

"I know they never planted none the fust year," rejoined Strobe.

"Waal, at fust they 'lowed it would be soon over, an' they jes' stirred thar stumps ter do everything fur the trial, an' they thunk o' nuthin' else. Then nex' year they hed ter pay suthin' ter them lawyers, whether they sp'ilt thar case or no."

"Jake war a-tellin' me the tother day," said the constable; "he war sayin' how thankful he war ter some o' thar neighbors, ez hed holped 'em along in thar troubles. Ye know he air so meek-spoken, an' perlite, an' sech now; an' he jes' makes hisse'f ez small ez he sets by the fire, an' he grins afore ye kin speak ter him, an' — I dunno." He relinquished suddenly the descriptive effort. "An' I jes' spoke up, an' I say, 'I'd be obleeged ter ye, Jake, now that the law hev let ye off, ef ye would n't *look* so durned guilty.'"

"What 'd he say?" demanded Bowles.

"Waal, the critter changed suddint. An' he say, 'I know folks 'low I be guilty, an' it makes me look guilty till I plumb *feel* guilty.'"

The constable's portly form had a burly shadow behind it, as he rose from his seat on the rock, for the moon was well up now, glistening through the needles of the pines, and casting a broad refulgent sheen upon the empty road; the blades of Indian corn gleamed, as they stirred in the breeze. Bowles had unbooked his arms from the fence rail, and the two men took their way together to the little cabin in the notch. The conformation of the great slopes above them showed a neighboring peak standing definite and dark against the evening sky. Adown the wooded steeps the shadows gloomed. The ground fell away from the door in an abrupt descent, and through the uninclosed passage between the two rooms, which constituted the house, could be seen a far-reaching defile of crags and sombre pur-

ple ranges in the elusive blue distances. The little cabin, its ridge-pole in a slant against the sky, with its forlorn shanty of a barn, its few bee-gums awry along the rickety rail fence, its scanty scaffolds of tobacco and drying fruit, seemed all the more meagre for the splendid affluence of the scene spread out before it on every side. "I kin see fifty mile an' funder in three States," Bowles, its owner, sometimes boasted.

"I 'd ruther see fewer bushes an' mo' cornfield," his wife as often retorted.

It was with none of the complacency of ownership that she received her share in his possessions. She often satirically commented upon them, with a singular absence of any sense of responsibility for them. Although she maintained absolute sway in the household, she deported herself like an alien. The interior was alight with a dull red glow, for the cooking of supper was in progress; and while she waited for the baking of the johnny-cake, she sat upon the step of the rickety little porch and looked about her with an idle, casual glance, devoid of any consanguinity with the objects upon which it rested. She was some twenty years of age, perhaps. She had a clear olive complexion, and dark brown hair smoothly drawn away from a broad low forehead. Her eyes were small, dark and bead-like, and held a laughing twinkle in them. She had a blunt nose, and flexible lips that showed two rows of teeth, large, strong, and white. She was accounted good-looking, and had the neat and orderly appearance common to people of that repute. Her compact and well-rounded figure was tidily bestowed in a blue and white checked cotton dress, and from the "tuckin'-comb" at the back of her head no loose ends of hair escaped. Her husband had esteemed himself singularly fortunate to win such a prize, handicapped as he was in the matrimonial race. He felt himself elderly at thirty-five; he was a widower, poorer than his

fellows, and burdened with three children. It was rumored in the Cove that she had married Benjamin Bowles to spite another lover, with whom she had quarreled. It is to be hoped that this unique revenge smote with due force its intended victim, but Mrs. Bowles had times of great depression of spirit, and it may be feared that her chosen retribution had given her a backhanded blow in its recoil.

It was with much urbanity that she received the constable, who was her cousin, and who had chanced to be called up into the mountain on official business, and had stopped to spend the night at his relative's house. She evidently entertained some anxiety that a flattering report of the match she had made, and her content therewith, should go down to the Cove, and for this she exerted her tact. She was smiling and brisk as she served the supper, which was savory enough, for she was a good housewife, bland and kind to the children, decorous and deferential to her new husband; but her manner to his brother was singularly null, which indication Eli Strobe did not fail to notice. Already there was antagonism here, and each was strong in a way. "Fight dog, fight bar," said Eli Strobe, chuckling to himself.

It titillated his sense of humor to remember how anxious she had been that Jepson should join his cattle and sheep and household gear to her husband's stock, when his mother had died, and his home in the valley was thus broken up. It had been a provident and profitable arrangement on her part.

"Ef she jes' could hev got the vally o' the stock 'thout the bother an' contrariness o' hevin' Teck in the house, would n't she hev been happy!" Strobe silently jeered.

They sat around the open door, after the meal was concluded. The high air was chill; the influence of the stern wilds, with the lonely moon upon them,

with the silent mists vagrant in the valleys, was vaguely drear, but the red flare of the smouldering fire within was genial to see, and harmonized with the sense of home. A'minty sat upon the doorstep, with the yellow cat in her arms; it was wakeful, eying the moonlight, and now and then the flickering gossamer wing of a cicada's short flight in a few hop-vines at one side of the porch. The old dog lay at length and drowsed; but a puppy found an absorbing interest in a toad hopping along the road, and now sat and gazed at him with knitted brows and an intent attitude, and now smote him with a festive paw and treated him to a high callow yap. How the leaves of the chestnut oak accorded with the moonlight; how they lent their glossy surface to the sheen! The shadows flecked the road with dusky intervals and interfulgent glitter, and the great crag that jutted out a little way down the slope was half in the gloom and half in the light. Mrs. Bowles's needles clicked, as she knitted, and gleamed in the red glow of the fire.

"Miss me enny in the Cove, cousin Eli?" she demanded, flashing her bead-like eyes upon him.

Strobe thrust his hands deep in his pockets, swayed himself far back in his chair, and surveyed her with a sort of burly jocosity.

"Waal, I ain't missed ye none," he averred. He looked steadily at her, as if to watch the effect of this statement, and she, apprehending a jest, returned his gaze expectantly. "I 'lowed ez Peter Bryce war competent ter miss ye about all the missin' ez ye war entitled ter. Ho! ho! I reckon he 'lows ez Bowles air ez lucky ez a wish-bone."

And Benjamin Bowles, limply ineffective, and feeling somehow thrust out of the conversation at his own fireside, so that he could think of nothing to say, made haste to glibly laugh too, to show his triumph in his prize; for Peter Bryce was the rejected suitor.

Mrs. Bowles looked quickly at her husband, as if to supervise the due exhibition of gratulation; then laughed coquettishly, with a great show of teeth. "Oh, nobody expect's *ye* ter take ter jokin'! Ye air so sober-sided, cousin Eli."

She dropped a stitch, and bent forward to catch the light of the flames upon it. She drew back with a sharp cry.

"Who put that thar stick o' ellum wood on the fire ter burn? Who's burnin' ellum?" she exclaimed, pointing at it.

"T ain't ellum, air it?" Her husband bent over in quick anxiety to see.

"Ellum!" said cousin Eli laconically. "I seen it ez soon ez I kem in."

"It air a sign o' bad luck!" she protested, at once flustered and angry.

"Ellum," said cousin Eli Strobe ruminatively. He leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, and gazed into the fire with his heavy-lidded eyes. "Ellum," he repeated, his pipe between his set teeth. "They makes coffins out'n ellum, an' that's why they 'low it air a sign o' death."

She looked at her husband for a moment, aghast.

"Sim mus' hev put it on," said Bowles, weakly seeking to shield himself.

Sim was a small carrot-headed boy, whose sullen, watchful eyes and manner, at once cowed and resentful, intimated some harsh dealings of Fate.

"T warn't Sim," said Teck Jepson, palpably lying. "I put it on myself."

He had not been near the fire since he had rattled his gun into its place in the rack of deer-horns above the chimney. She looked at him angrily, apprehending the falsehood, but silently; he returned the gaze with steadfast intentness, and she flung petulantly away.

"Sim air a bad aig," she remarked. "I dunno what ailed that 'oman" — thus she always referred to her predecessor — "ter raise her chil'n ter be so mean an' spiteful. She war a fool, sure!"

"Waal, waal," said the husband and father uneasily, "I reckon she done the bes' she could."

It was all he dared say in defense of the dead, but urgent conscience constrained this. He often thought of her, — far more often, doubtless, than if his second marriage had been a smoother fate, — and of the terrible winter that she died, when the mountain was sheathed in ice and impassable; no man could come up or go down, and he was isolated in his sorrow. A ghastly gray day it was when he hollowed out with his own hands a shallow grave in the frozen ground, and laid her in it, with only the three babbling children to stand by. It was in some sort as an offering to her memory that he occasionally admitted to himself that his second marriage was a mistake. Sometimes he tried to look upon it as a sacrifice: the children would have frozen stiff, would have starved, would have run wild, with no woman to look after them, he said to himself. And in this half-hearted matrimonial bargain there was an offset for Mrs. Bowles's spited lover.

The influence of the burning elm was very perceptible in Mrs. Bowles's manner after that; for a time she was silent and preoccupied, and roused herself only to rebuke the children, unmindful of the story that would go down to the Cove. Sim and A'minty were quick to note the change of mood, and deported themselves with a dodging expectation; but the fat Bob, a boy of four, sat before the fire, now broadly smiling, and now nodding and dozing in his chair. He was dark and ruddy, his big eyes were hazel and bright, and his hair, cropped in a unique manner by perverse shears, heightened the grotesque callowness of his aspect. The dogs walked casually over him; the cats climbed upon him, and made him convenient to reach the bowl of milk on the table; the chickens did not scruple to perch upon the arms of his chair, or even on his knee, or his hand,

or his head. The world was not easy to small Bob Bowles, but his was the temperament to make it easier. A good-tempered, docile creature he was, for he had no sensitive sentiments to assuage when the smart to his flesh had ceased.

The talk fell among the men, and presently Teck was recounting his garbled version of the preaching he had heard at the camp-meeting in the Cove. The speed that Jehu made, as he so gallantly drove into Jezreel, had impressed him deeply. "I wisht I knowed edzacly how fas' he traveled, an' sech time ez he made," he said wistfully. "Pa'son never read that."

The seeming barbarity of the old chronicles, the poetic justice meted out with so unfaltering a hand, had no pulsing and morbid effect upon his sensibilities. It was but the fit rounding of the heroic tale. The ghastly details, however, were an aggravation to Mrs. Bowles's darkened mood. "Air *that* in the Bible?" she would cry in dismay. "Waal, sir! I'm glad them folks air gone! I'll be bound they made a heap o' trouble. They hed ter bar up the door, in them days, *I know*. Wuss 'n the boys in the Cove."

She tried to change the theme. She rallied her amiability. She flashed her bead-like eyes at cousin Eli with her old-time coquetry, and her desire that only triumphant accounts might go down to the Cove was manifest in her eager anxiety to put the small household belongings before him in their best light. She seemed nearer akin to her household effects as she sought to gloss over any imperfection. Her recognition of their deficiencies had hitherto been couched in the form of sneers, to acquaint her husband with the damage "that 'oman" had done to them.

"I dunno what ails that cheer ez ye air settin' in ter creak so, cousin Eli," she observed. "It's plumb strong. 'T ain't goin' ter let ye down." Her reassuring smile showed her strong white

teeth. Its suavity was gone before its distention relaxed, as she turned suddenly to her husband. "Did ennybody ever put one e-end o' a coffin inter it?" she asked breathlessly.

Bowles started, with a wild glance about the room, as if to identify the chair that had borne so ghastly a burden. "Laws-a-massy, naw, M'ria! *That* cheer air in the roof-room. What ails ye ter ax sech?"

"Waal," she said hastily, in much perturbation, "the old folks 'low ez sech a cheer will groan an' creak ever arter."

"'T ain't disturbin' me noways, cousin M'ria," said cousin Eli. "I'll die when my time comes." He seemed to make an admission in saying this in a deep bass voice.

"I dunno what ailed me ter take up sech a notion," she observed, with a forced laugh, as she resumed her knitting. After this she succeeded in so steering the conversation as to exclude Jepson and further reminiscences of Jezreel; and she was not sorry when, after sitting for a time in brooding silence, he rose, put his pipe into his pocket, and strolled out upon the porch, then down the path in the light of the midsummer moon.

Somehow it seemed to share the lush splendors of the August, the climax of ripening growths, of fair fruitions, of rank and riotous blossoming. Never before, he thought, had it worn so rich and radiant a guise as it hung above the purple mountains; a gilded bloom rested upon its disk; this fine and delicate efflorescence softened yet did not dim its lustre. Far, far, he followed it amidst the great trees, draped from their stupendous heights to the ground with the luxuriant cables of the grapevines, the fragrance of the fruit perfuming the air. The laurel was done with blooming, but the dew lurked in its bosky tangles, and sent out a scintillating glimmer. How few the stars were! — few and faint, for the night was the moon's. He paused

in a rocky rift in a great gorge, that he might look up to see one afar off, with a dim glitter; and the tracings of a coil that he knew, but not as Scorpio; and in a gap in a Carolina Mountain a planet that was rising. How long ago they were kindled, — these stars! How many eyes had turned to them! The prophets saw them. And as he tended sheep and lay on the hillsides with his flocks, David himself had known these lucent splendors. And Moses, familiar of the high mountains, in whose fastnesses he spoke with the Lord as man with man, — they surely shone upon that hidden place where the great law-giver lay.

"A powerful strange buryin'," he meditated, "the Lord himself chief mourner."

He paused, pondering with a sort of solemn pride that poor humanity should ever have been thus cherished.

The thought of death in the gaunt gorge, with the looming cliffs on either side and many a black rift below; with only the starveling shrubs to grow, and the moon to light the stark spaces as of a desert world; with the white mists to hide the familiar valley, and a dark mountain to gloom afar, while the lonely sky bent above, induced a strangely isolated feeling, and the recollection of a certain forlorn fate came ghastly and drear into his mind. It was a long time ago, he said to himself, and men die daily; why should he think, with a numb chill upon him, of Samuel Keale? He glanced upward among the black shadows, geometric with the varying angles of the jagged rock, and sharply outlined in the moon's light upon the gray sandstone. Suddenly a moving shadow was among them: a wolf, black and grisly, with a lowered tail and a keen muzzle, stood upon the summit, and looked curiously, with doubtful glittering eyes and a quivering snuffing nostril, at the motionless figure below. The cowardly animal sprang back affrighted, as

Jepson moved. He had drawn a broad-bladed knife, and passed his hand quickly along its keen edge. But until his stentorian halloo roused the sleeping echoes with a thousand weird shouts, the animal showed no sign of flight. It crouched like a frightened dog; then turned, and ran cowering and silent along the summit, pausing only once to cast a swift glance backward, and so out of sight.

"Ef ye hed been hongry, Mister Wolf, ye 'd hev kem down hyar ter see what I be made out'n. Too many good sheep an' yearlin' cattle pastured round them thar mountings fur ye ter git fightin' hongry till winter-time."

He put up his knife, but his mind was tenacious of its impressions. The wolf had added another grim idea to death alone among the mountains, in the depths of the unexplored, inaccessible cave.

"T ain't fur from hyarabouts," he said. Then he took himself to task. "I hev got ter quit this hyar way o' lopin' in the woods like I war bereft. I 'll git teched in the head, ef I don't mind. Folks air beginnin' ter laff at me, ennyhows, 'bout talkin' so much 'bout them in the Bible. Las' time I war at the Settlement, them boys thar at the store axed me, 'How's Solomon, an' Mrs. Solomon?' Durn 'em! I 'd hate, though, fur Moses an' David an' them ter kem back, ef they could, an' find me so beset an' tuk up 'bout them an' thar doin's. I 'll be bound they would n't take ez much notice o' me."

As he sought to assume his place on this basis of mutual indifference, he noted a rock lying before a niche in the cliffs. It had been cleft by the freeze; the fragment had fallen down the chasm at some distance, and he could dimly see the black interior of the fissure. Once again, the idea of death recurred to his persistent mind. This was like the burial caves of the Bible, with a stone rolled to the door of the crypt. He sat down near at hand; he was

trembling with the intensity of his interest. He gazed at the place with an excited fascination. He wondered if any one could have been buried here. But no, — he would have heard of it. Besides, he was surprised now that he could have thought it, — the place was too contracted; a full-grown man could not have been entombed in this niche.

His interest flagged upon the prosaic summons of fact. He rose to turn homeward. In shifting his position, he stopped suddenly and looked back. The moon was full on the place now, on the broken stone that had been rolled to the niche; shining through the rift, blanching the sandstone, and showing distinctly, too, some dark object within.

He did not understand his motive afterward. He fell upon the stone in a sudden fury; it yielded to his strength, and rolled crashing down the gorge, rousing a wild clamor in the silent mountains. He did not hear. He did not heed.

The niche was smaller even than he had thought. There were no ghastly relics, no bones, no hair; only a man's hat and coat, quite fresh and well preserved, — the usual jeans coat, the white wool hat common in the mountains; but as he unrolled them, there was some vague air about them that was familiar, and he knew them for the missing man's. When were they hidden here? His quick imagination could answer, could paint the scene in every minute detail. He saw the skulking, guilty creature coming down the gorge laden with these garments, warm then from the form chilling fast, perhaps, in some icy subterranean current. The niche was a ready hiding-place, the great rock close at hand. And here they had lain concealed till the essential moment when the freeze cleft the rock and rendered up the evidence, — the new evidence, so long buried where the criminal had hidden it. And as Jepson held the garments aloft a recollection of his experience in the courts came to him. "A

man shall not be placed twice in jeopardy of his life for the same offense," said the lawyer.

II.

The undying grandeur of the mountains, their solemn fixity, the mystery that hangs about them, and their sombre silences impose upon the mind a sense of immutability, and in their midst human life seems a wavering, fluctuating, trivial thing, and men come and go with the transitory ineffectiveness of a shifting vapor.

Something of this was in Teek Jepson's thoughts, as he stood on the river bank at the baptizing in the Cove, and looked about him at the close-circling purple heights. He remembered many who had known them, and whom they would know no more; and he fancied that others — half fact, half figment of his ignorant imagination — had made their homes here, who had never trod these rugged ways. And he took note, too, of the vanishing presence of the Indian and those dim traditional pygmy dwellers in Tennessee, far back in the fabulous perspectives of time, still vaguely known in rural regions as the "little people."

A dusky bloom was upon the vast slopes, for a black cloud overspread their summits and portended rain. All the landscape was in the sullen shadow, and wore this dull purple, or a deep, indefinite gray and brown, save that upon one of the minor ridges about the base of the Great Smoky the rays fell diverging from a rift in the clouds, — a yellow fibrous slant on the illuminated emerald tint of the foliage below, indescribably brilliant in the sudden contrast. The stream, closely begirt on one side by frowning crags, and lower rock-bound banks on the other, was black and swift and sinister, with here and there a flash of foam. It might have suggested Styx rather than Jordan, but for the congre-

gation, standing on a pebbly beach where the county road came down in a cleft in the rocks to a doubtful ford, — the landing being effected on the opposite side, so far up stream that it was barely visible, — and but for the weird baptismal hymns and the echoing psalmody of the heathen rocks.

The assemblage had a melancholy guise: the elder men grizzled and grim, and the women with pallid, ascetic faces, barely glimpsed under their long tunnel-like sunbonnets, and wearing straight-skirted homespun dresses. Only in the rear of the assemblage some of the languid young mountaineers showed signs of latent but fitful levity. There were always voices enough to carry on the sonorous hymn, though under its cover remarks in an undertone were often exchanged. Above on the slope were hitched the ox-wagons and saddle-horses that had conveyed the company hither, but in the defile between the crags were two horsemen, still mounted, gravely watching the rite administered.

It was an impressive moment when the old preacher, his white hair and his lined face ghastly in the unnatural light of the day, forged out into the current, leading a young girl by the hand, and crying out in the silence, — for the song had ceased, — “This is the river o’ death! Come down, my sister, and be buried with Christ in baptism.”

A flickering glow of lightning, broad and faint, ran over the clouds, and illumined her pale face and her coils of fair hair, as she was slowly laid backward into the depths of the black water. The next moment she rose, dimly described in the dun light of the gray day, exclaiming that she had risen from the dead, and crying, “Glory! Glory!” in an ecstatic frenzy, as she struggled, with dripping hair and garments, to the shore.

All the rocks echoed the shrill, rapturous cry, and “Glory! Glory!” sounded far and faint up and down the river.

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand!” The chorus was renewed, its wistful, subdued spirit contrasting with the joyful exclamation, “Glory!” that still pierced its tumult.

Suddenly a sturdy, stout young man, with short cropped black hair, a bullet head, and an intent manner, and clad in copper-colored jeans, plunged into the cold water and waded out alone, not waiting to be met by the parson; for when the old man turned about, the candidate was standing in the middle of the river.

“Ye notice how turrible brash Josiah Preen be, — can’t wait fur pa’son ter summons him,” one of the horsemen in the gorge observed to the other, “but needs ter dash out in the river that-a-way, ez ef thar warn’t water enough ter go ’roun’, an’ he’d miss his chance o’ gittin’ glory.”

“He be goin’ ter save his soul hisself; he ain’t goin’ ter wait on the slow arm o’ the Lord,” commented the other.

“He’s ez awk’ard ez a peeg caught in a gate,” returned his companion. “I ain’t s’prised none ef he gits frustrated, an’ drowns in that shallow water.”

And indeed there was a vigorous scuffle, as the candidate misunderstood the direction and manner in which the stalwart old clergyman proposed to lower his robust bulk. He was under water longer than the usual interval. It splashed and surged above him, and finally he came up, seemingly in an athletic struggle with the parson, choking and sputtering and meekly submitting to be led to the bank, shuffling and hindered by his heavy water-logged garments.

The congregation solemnly resumed their chanting, as if the rite had been administered in its most decorous method; but its mishaps occasioned great though suppressed joy to the young sinners in the rear and to the two men on horseback in the defile.

Most of the candidates were young people, some mere children, for the

elders had got their religion long years ago. The excitements of religious opportunities are a choice epoch in these dull lives, and are eagerly embraced and made personal; "perfessin' members" looked on at the ceremony with retrospective eyes, wise in experience.

"Ye 'low ye air comin' up inter a new land!" cried out one of the brethren suddenly, expressing, perhaps, the thought of many of the congregation. The exhorting voice had a strange staccato effect in the midst of the chanting, which diminished gradually and quavered into silence, — "inter a new lan', whar godliness finds a smooth path an' needs no staff fur its steppin' out strong, an' the way is plain, an' the end in view! Oh, my frien's, it's the same old bank of the Scolycuttu River. This ain't Canaan, an' nuthin' like it; jes' old Kildeer County, whar the devil loves ter ramp an' rage. An' now 's yer chance ter show yer heart air changed! Ye 'll find yer besettin' sins like tares in the groun', an' Satan a-waitin' in the briers ter tempt yer steps. The day is dark, an' the way — ah! — is long — ah! — an' no man kin see whar it leads — ah! Oh, be not a castaway!" His voice rose into song and the docile chorus followed:

"Oh, be not a castaway,
Ye whom Jesus loves."

A heavily built man of forty was one of the exceptions to the prevalent youthfulness of the candidates. He went down in a hesitant and circumspect manner, and he entered the cold water so slowly as to suggest reluctance.

"He ain't used ter that thar kind o' liquor," one of the unregenerate horsemen declared. He had crossed his right leg over on the pommel of his saddle, and he leaned his elbow on his knee, and rested his chin in his hand as he talked, looking between his horse's intent ears. "An' he ain't got no real interus' in the lan' a-flowin' with milk an' honey. He 'd git mighty happy now, though, ef somebody ez knowed could

make him b'lieve they hed a quiet leetle still hid up in one e-end o' Canaan."

"What ailed him ter git religion, ennyhow?" demanded the other, whose horse was restive, bowing down his head and tossing his mane, and from time to time lifting his fore-foot and pawing impatiently.

"His wife died, an' that reminded him he war mortal hisse'f. His religion 'll las' him jes' 'bout ez long ez he 'members his wife."

"An' that 'll be till he kin git him another one — ez ain't dead," rejoined his co-cynic.

The candidate assumed a port of religious joy, as he rose with a commotion of the water that reached in concentric circles from bank to bank. A yellow flicker glanced along the dark ripples, for the sharp blades of the lightnings cleft the clouds. The wooded slopes, the crags, the level reaches of the Cove, were lifted, with all their tints distinct in this unnatural, dream-like light for a moment, then sank into the dull purple monotony of the overhanging cloud. His bearded face and wild eyes were illumined for the instant, as he came struggling to the shore, hoarsely shouting that he had viewed heaven and was risen from the dead, while the faint, sullen thunder muttered among the mountain-tops.

The next moment a thrill ran through the assemblage other than the fervors of religion, or the natural curiosity elicited by the developments hitherto. A man, for whom the pastor was waiting in the stream, was coming with a peculiarly light, elastic tread down the bank, — a man with that singular pallor acquired by years of indoor life, and known as "jail bleach;" a tall, thin, supple figure, clad in brown jeans that hung loosely upon him. He had bright, quick brown eyes, black hair that lay straight and close about a narrow, thin head, and clear-cut, regular features; the profile showed with onyx-like distinctness against

the clouds and the dark river, in the lurid light of the day. It was Jake Baintree, the man who had last seen the missing mountaineer, and who had been tried for his murder and acquitted.

The congregation had forgotten to sing. It was in dead silence that he went down to the typical flood to wash his sins away.

Hoof-beats smote suddenly the tense and stormy stillness. The horsemen were riding down the rocky defile to hear what might be said, reining in at the rear of the crowd; one standing erect in his stirrups, to look over their shoulders and down into the dark current, the other kneeling on his saddle.

It was not the parson who met Jake Baintree. A figure like Saul's, taller by a head than all his fellows, with a long loping step, an imperative erectness, and a manner that would not be denied, interposed on the bank of the river, laid a hand on the candidate's breast, and held him back.

"Wait, Jacob Baintree!" exclaimed Teck Jepson. "Wait till ye hear how the rocks hev cried out agin ye. They would not hold thar peace, though the jedge an' the juries let thar hands fall, an' justice dwindled away. An' what did the rocks say?"

He stood with dilated eyes, alert, tingling in every fibre, his hand still on the man's breast, who had put up both his own to pull it down. But there they still rested upon it, as if palsied, while he fixed his startled, fascinated gaze upon the fiery eyes of the other.

"The rocks say, 'Sam'l Keale's coat!'" Jepson held up a dark garment, shaking it in the air. A tremor ran through the crowd; a low, inarticulate exclamation burst from it. The candidate's hands fell from the arm he had sought to clutch. He winced perceptibly, and Teck Jepson's grasp closed on his collar. He should hear; they all should heed. "An' then the rocks say, 'Sam'l Keale's hat!'" He held it

aloft. "I fund 'em in a hollow, ahint a rock, folks, — a rock ez would n't hide 'em, fur the freeze split it, an' revealed the gyarments ter my eye. Now," — he flung the man from him, — "go ter yer baptism in brimstun' an' wrath, whar the worm dieth not, an' the fire is not squenched!"

He turned, and was lost in the crowd, many shrinking away in horror from the garments he held in either hand, and from his furious port and manner. For there was some sympathy for the man whom he left trembling on the bank, and attentive ears and minds, open to conviction, were lent to Baintree's words as he exclaimed, —

"I can't help it, brethren. I dunno what Sam'l done with his old clothes, nor why he hid 'em in a rock. I dunno ef they air Sam'l's, an' Teck Jepson don't nuther. But" — he subtly felt the strength of his argument — "*he* sha'n't hender me! The devil sha'n't hender me! 'I hev got my religion. Oh, grace is mine! I hev got my sheer!'" he sung tremulously.

Somehow the thunderstruck people did not join, and he went down into the black water to the music of his own quavering voice.

The parson stood as if petrified in the midst of the stream. The lightning illumined his white hair, and the thunder rolled once more. The clouds were in motion; there was a dank smell of foliage in the air; rain had begun to fall somewhere in the mountains, — a matter ordinarily of interest to an unhoused crowd so far from any shelter or habitation. But they all remained motionless, watching the young man as he waded out to meet the venerable pastor.

Suddenly the parson's figure stirred. He lifted his arms; he was sternly waving the candidate away. "Until ye confess, — until ye confess!" he cried, striding toward the bank, lifting his voice into song, mechanically joining the rejected aspirant's refrain, "Oh, grace is

mine! I hev got *my* sheer!" unconscious of any satiric meaning the words conveyed.

The crowd took up the chant fragmentarily, amidst the pealing of the thunder and the sharp dartings of the lightning; it was broken, too, by their

movement, for as they sang they were turning toward their wagons and horses. The first heavy drops of rain were falling as Jacob Baintree reached the rocky bank, scrambling up its rugged slopes into the very drear scenes of this world as he knew it.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

ON WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WHAT word from sunset borders can I send
As offering to the feast
Of the dear Poet, in whose praises blend
All voices, west and east?

Here, by the ministry of sun and shower,
The year is young once more:
Colors of matchless bloom the hillsides dower,
Larks from the lowlands soar;

The flowers that hid themselves from summer's heat
Return in radiant throngs;
With violets the garden beds are sweet,
The grateful trees with songs.

Thus in the singer's own celestial clime,
The summer of the heart,
Calm in the promised "light at evening time,"
Our Poet dwells apart.

His high, serene repose no frosts can blight,
Spring airs around him flow;
To his ripe age has come no wintry night,
But a rich afterglow.

With reverent eyes his tranquil steps we trace,
As vesper shades increase;
The brightness of two worlds upon his face,
Evening and morning peace.

Frances L. Mace.

THE HISTORY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

It is hard to imagine a world without books for children. There have been children's stories and folk-tales ever since man first learned to speak. "Many of them," in Thackeray's words, "have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to little copper-colored Sanscrit children.

. . . The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings, as they lay on their shields on deck ; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars in the Syrian plains, when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketed by the tents." Children's books, however, are a late growth of literature. Miss Yonge says, "Up to the Georgian era there were no books at all for children or the poor, excepting the class-books containing old ballads, such as Chevy Chase, . . . and short tales, such as *The King and the Cobbler*, *Whittington and his Cat*." We shall nevertheless see that there were English books for children (and it is with no others that we have to deal) long before this time.

Puer ad Mensam is ascribed to John Lydgate, about 1430, and is in the Lambeth Manuscripts. The *Babees Book*, in the Harleian Manuscripts, was written about 1475, for children of royal or noble blood then serving as pages in palace or castle. The English version is translated from the original Latin, but both author and translator are unknown.

"O Babees yonge," the writer says, "My Book only is made for youre lernynge." The "*Babees*" are exhorted to salute their lord ; to hold up their heads and kneel on one knee ; to look straight at whoever speaks to them ; to answer sensibly, shortly, and easily ; to stand till told to sit ; to keep head, hands, and feet quiet ; not to scratch themselves, lean against posts, etc. They are told to turn their backs on no one, to be silent

while their lord drinks, and, when allowed to sit down, to tell no low stories or scorn any one, but to be meek and cheerful, and thankful for praise. They are warned not to interfere in affairs of the household, to be ready for service, and, the author adds, —

"Gif ye shoulde at God ask yow a bone,
Als to the worlde better in noo degre
Mihte ye desire thanne nurtred (well-bred)
for to be."

They must wait on their lord at table, and give him water to wash his hands ; cut, not break, their own bread ; eat soup with a spoon, but not leave the spoon in the dish, or lean on the table, hang over the dish, or fill the mouth too full, or pick teeth or nails. They are to wipe their mouths, and keep their cups clean for others to drink from ; never eat with their knives, or cut meat hastily and as a farm-laborer would mangle it. They are to use a clean plate and knife for cheese, and wash knife and hands at the end of the meal.

A Lesson of Wyshedome exhorts a child

"Clem thou not ouer hows ne walle
For no frute, bryddes, ne balle ;
And, chylde, cast no stonys ouer men hows,
Ne cast no stonys at no glas wyndowys ;
Ne make no crying, yapis, ne playes,
In holy chyreche on holy dayes."

The child is told to get home by daylight ; keep clear of fire and water ; take care of book, cap, and gloves, under penalty of whipping ; make no faces behind backs ; rise early, go to school and learn fast, if he wishes to become a bishop.

The *Young Children's Book*, from the Ashmolean Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, says, —

"Aryse betyme oute of thi bedde,
And blysse thi brest & thi forhede,
Than wasche thi howdes & thi face,
Keme thi hede, & Aske god grace
The to helpe in All thi werkes."

The hints on table manners are much the same as in the *Babees Book*, but the *Children's Book* has additions on the conduct of life : —

"Vse no suerynge nother lyenge,
Yn thi sellenge & thi byenge.

Gete thi gowd with troweth & wyne,
And kepe the out of dette and synne."

After dinner, says The *Lytylle Childrenes Tytil Boke*, in the *Harleian collection*,

"Aryse up soft & stytle,
And iangylle neither with Jak ne Lylle,
But take thi leve of the hede lowly,
And thank hym with thyne hert hyghly,

Than men wylle say thereafter
That a gentylleman was heere."

A very rare book, which Dibdin bought for thirty pounds for Earl Spencer, at the Roxburghe sale, is *Dives Pragmaticus*, "A booke in English metre, of the great marchaunt man called Dives Pragmaticus, very preaty for children to rede; whereby they may the better, and more readyer, rede and wryte wares and Implementes, in this world contayned. . . . When thou sellest aught unto thy neighbour, or byest anything of him, deceave not, nor oppresse him, etc. Imprinted at London in Aldersgate strete, by Alexander Lacy, dwellyng beside the Wall. The xx.v of Aprell, 1563."

There is a preface to "all occupations now under the sunne : " —

"Al Brewers, Bakers, Butchers and Cookes,
Al Printers, Stacioners and sellers of bookes,
Al Poulters, and Pedders, that ryde day and nyght,
Al Farmours, and Owners, that in Money de-lyght, . . .
Al Collier makers, Ropers, and Turners of dyshes,
Al makers of Nets, and catchers of Fyshes."

At the end of this preface is, "And thus endeth the declaration of the great Marchaunt of the world, called Dives Pragmaticus. Here foloweth the book, and his calyng of people to sale of his

marchaundayse; with a rehearsall of part of his wares by name." He says, —

"I have inke, paper, and pennes to lode with a barge,
Primers and abces, and bookes of small charge,
What lack you, scollers? come hether to me.
I have fine gownes, clokes, iackets and coates,
Fyne iurkins, dublets, and hosen without motes;
Fyne daggers, and knyves, and purses for grotes,
What lacke you, my friend? Come hether to me."

The verses end with a moral : —

"Honest myrth in measure, is a pleasaunt thyng,
To wryte and to rede well, be gyftes of learnyng;
Remember this well, all you that be young,
Exercise vertue, and rule well your tounge."

At almost the same time was published "A New Enterlude for Chyldren to playe, named Jacke Jugeler, both wytte, and very playsent. Newly Imprinted, 1562-3." The players are

Mayster Boungrace, a galant,
Dame Coye, a gentelwoman,
Jacke Jugler, the vyce,
Jenkin Careaway, a lackey,
Ales Trype and go, a mayd.

It is founded on the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, the source of a part of the *Comedy of Errors*; and the Vice, as Richard Grant White says, "wore generally, if not always, the costume of the domestic fool or jester of the period, which is now worn by the clown of the circus," performing "the mingled functions of scamp, braggart, and practical joker." In this children's play, the lackey is sent on an errand, but loiters by the way, and Jacke Jugler, dressing himself like him, plays the part of his double.

Books of good manners still held their place. In 1560, Thomas Paynall translated from the French, and published with a catechism for children two or three years old to learn, "The Civillitie

of Childhode, with the discipline and institution of Children ;" and a dozen years later came a curious little book, from the same tongue, by a very young translator. It is "Youth's Behaviour, or, Decency in Conversation amongst Men, composed in French by Grave Persons, for the use and benefit of their Youth, now newly turned into English, by Francis Hawkins, nephew to Sir Thomas Hawkins. The tenth impression. London, 1672." The translation was first made in 1643, when Master Francis Hawkins, whose portrait is the frontispiece, was eight years old. The child was not distinguished in after-life ; indeed, he is known only as the author of a discourse, with a report of the confession of one Fitz-Harris, in 1681. The translation was probably made as an exercise in rendering French into English, and no doubt was revised by an older friend. However, some of the maxims are as useful in the nineteenth century as they were in the seventeenth. "It is ill-beseeming to put one in mind of any unclean or ill-favoured thing." "Rub not thy teeth nor crash them, nor make anything crack in such manner that thou disquiet anybody. In yawning, howl not." "Hearing thy Master, or likewise the Preacher, wriggle not thyself, as seeming unable to contain thyself within thy skin." "If any one had begun to rehearse a History, say not *I know it well* ; and if he relate it not right and fully, shake not thine head, twinkle not thine eyes, and snigger not thereat ; much less maist thou say, 'It is not so ; you deceive yourself.'"

The following is a little doubtful in meaning ; and suggests mediæval rather than modern manners : "If there be any meat on the fire, thou oughtest not to set thy feet thereon, to heat it."

The second part of *Youth's Behaviour* is added "by the same hand that translated the last volume of Caussin's *Holy Court*," probably an uncle of Francis Hawkins. It is a manual of behav-

ior for girls, in which the books recommended for their reading are thus summed up : "To entertain young Gentlemen in their hours of Recreation, we shall further commend unto them, Gods Revenge against Murther ; and, the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney ; *Artemidorus* his Interpretation of Dreams. And for the business of their Devotion, there is an excellent book entitled *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying* ; *The Duty of Man*, in which the Duty to God and man are both comprehended." (There may be much worse reading nowadays for a young girl than the *Arcadia* and the *Holy Living and Dying*.)

Children had all this time been learning their letters, not exactly from books, but from "hornbooks" and "battle-dores," the invention of some thrifty and saving person in the days when books were dear. A hornbook of 1570, and another on whose back is a portrait of Charles I. in armor, have only a single leaf, with the alphabet, large and small, the Lord's prayer, and monosyllables. At the top of the older one is a large cross, — the "Christ-cross," from which the alphabet is often called the *criss-cross* row, — and below are the Roman numerals. There is a piece of transparent horn in front, to keep the paper from wet fingers, and the whole is set in a wooden frame with a handle. This handle has sometimes a hole for a string, to sling the book to the scholar's girdle. It is thought that leaden plates were sometimes used for the same purpose, as moulds for them still exist. The battle-dore, or first book for children, a later substitute for the hornbook, was printed on a card, and contained the alphabet and simple combinations of letters.

John Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education* (1691), suggests that when a child begins to read, some easy, pleasant book, like *Æsop's Fables* or *Reynard the Fox*, with pictures if possible, should be put into his hands. He adds, "What other books there are in English of the

kind above-mentioned, fit to engage the liking of children, and tempt them to read, I do not know, but am apt to think, that children, being generally delivered over to the method of schools, where the fear of the rod is to inforce, and not any pleasure of the employment to invite them to learn, this sort of useful books, amongst the number of silly ones that are of all sorts, yet have had the fate to be neglected; and nothing that I know has been considered of this kind out of the ordinary road of the hornbook, primer, Psalter, Testament, and Bible."

They were for a long time the only school reading-books used in New England as in Old England; and it has been said that the reason why so few old Bibles remain in this country is that they were thumbed, torn, and at last destroyed as school-books. Another theory, however, is that they cost so much that the early settlers could not afford to buy them. The subject of the New England primer has been ably treated by Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, who says that in 1691 Benjamin Harris, printer and bookseller in Boston, advertised, "A second Impression of the New England Primer, enlarged, to which is added more Directions for Spelling; The Prayer of King Edward the 6th and Verses made by Mr. Rogers the Martyr, left as a Legacy to his Children." No copy is known to be extant. The verses made by Mr. John Rogers had been printed in Boston, in 1685, by Samuel Green, in a primer called *The Protestant Teacher for Children*, of which there is a mutilated copy in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts. This primer was printed both in Boston and Philadelphia before 1688. Benjamin Eliot, Boston, 1708, advertised "*The First Book for Children*; or, *The Compleat School-Mistress*, etc." In 1715, Timothy Green had "*lately published at New London A Primer for the Colony of Connecticut*;

or, an introduction to the true Reading of English. To which is added, *Milk for Babes*" (Rev. John Cotton's *Catechism for Children*). The oldest complete New England primer in existence was printed in Boston, in 1737, by Thomas Fleet, the son-in-law of the Mrs. Goose whom common report calls the singer of the nursery songs collected and published by him under her name. The evidence in favor of her and of the French *Mère l'Oie*, a survival of Bertha Broadfoot, may be easily found and weighed; students of New England antiquities being in favor of one side, those of folk-lore of the other. Isaac Watts, in 1720, in the ninth year of his famous visit to Sir Thomas Abney, which was to be for a week, and lasted thirty-six years, published the *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*, which he had written for the daughters of his friend. He wrote, too, an *Art of Reading and Writing English*, and published in 1726 "*The Knowledge of the Heavens and Earth made easy*; or, the first principles of Geography and Astronomy Explained." His *Catechisms for Children and Youth*, and *Short View of the Whole Scripture History in Questions and Answers*, appeared in 1730. He said, "I well know that some of my friends imagine my time is employed in too mean a service while I write for babes; but I content myself with this thought, that nothing is too mean for a servant of Christ to engage in if he can thereby most effectually promote the kingdom of his blessed Maker. . . . It is not for me to say how many hours and days and weeks have been spent in revising and examining every word and expression, that, if possible, nothing might be inserted which might give just occasion of offence to pious persons and families; that nothing might be left out which was necessary for children to know in that tender age; and that no word, phrase, or sentiment, if possible, might be admitted which could not be brought in

some measure within the reach of a child's understanding."

Dr. Watts composed for copy-books moral rhymes beginning with every letter of the alphabet, and verses enumerating the signs of the Zodiac and the order of the planets. One of the latter placed the earth in the centre of the solar system, according to the vulgar belief of the time, and another agreed with more modern ideas. Sombre as is the theology of half the hymns, the others and the moral songs are so sweet and lovely in spirit that they are as good for the children of to-day as they were for the little girls at Theobalds.

Bishop Ken's hymns, even earlier than Watts's, should be held in grateful remembrance. In the later editions of his "Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College" are the hymns for morning, evening, and midnight, two of which, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," are still loved by children.

The fairy-tales and wonder-stories sold in England by chapmen, and now treasured in libraries, were, many of them, of French origin, either from the old metrical romances, or tales collected by Perrault and the Comtesse d'Aulnoy. *Cinderella*, *Valentine and Orson*, *The White Cat*, *The Yellow Dwarf*, *Beauty and the Beast*, are all of direct French descent, and were once as dear to story-lovers of all ages as they have always been to children. Some of the chap-books are distinctively English, as, for example, *The History of Thomas Hickathrift*, in whose adventures Thackeray thought that he could discover the robust style of Henry Fielding. This story is less known than many of the other old tales, and is worth recounting. There is a Norfolk legend of a giant called *Hickafrie*, from whom Thomas's adventures are probably derived. He lived in the reign of William the Conqueror, had more strength than six

horses or twenty men, became a brewer's servant, fought with and killed a giant, taking possession of his cave and riches, and living happy ever after, with an occasional fight to keep his spirits up. It is in the description of the battle with the giant that Thackeray finds traces of the hand which wrote of the immortal contest between *Molly Seagrim* and *Goody Brown*, and the previous Homeric village battle.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, one Ralph Newberie, whose name is still seen in black-letter copies of Hakluyt, Holinshead, and Stow, was a London publisher. More than a hundred years later, a boy named John Newbery, claiming descent from him, was growing up on a farm in the little village of Waltham St. Lawrence, Berkshire. Like many another country boy, he preferred town life to the farm, and, being fond of books, went into the office of a printer in Reading. The printer died within ten years, and Newbery, who was one of his executors, married his widow, and continued the business; printing a newspaper, compounding and selling medicines, and keeping something like one of our "country stores." In 1744, he had become successful enough to open two shops in London, one near Temple Bar, the other at the Royal Exchange. The next year, he gave up both, and established himself in St. Paul's Churchyard, combining the sale of patent medicines with that of books. Both branches of business prospered, and Newbery began to try his hand at a third,—the writing and publication of little books for children. Of three hundred books, published by him and his successors between 1744 and 1802, of which copies or advertisements are still in existence, nearly two hundred are for children. The first of these, issued before the removal to St. Paul's Churchyard, is "*A Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Little Master Tommy and Pretty Miss Polly,

with an agreeable letter to read from Jack the Giant Killer, as also a Ball and Pincushion, the use of which will infallibly make Tommy a Good Boy, and Polly a Good Girl. . . . Price of the Book alone, 6d., with a Ball or Pincushion, 8d." A Circle of the Sciences followed, in ten small volumes, beginning with *The Royal Battledore*, a folded stiff sheet, with letters, pictures, and

"He that ne'er learns his A B C,
For ever will a blockhead be;
But he that learns these letters fair,
Shall have a Coach to take the Air."

After this the young learner was allured into the study of spelling, grammar, arithmetic, rhetoric, poetry, logic, and geography, with chronology, which was all that history meant to children of the eighteenth century. The series was so popular that it was published in part in various corrected and revised editions up to 1793. The little books, less than four inches by three in size, were dedicated to children of the royal family, or noble personages, and no doubt were as useful in their day as Mangnall's Questions were later. They were even called snuff-box or waistcoat-pocket volumes, to be kept for ready reference in the large pockets of the time, that students might extract a date, or disputants clinch an argument at need.

In 1751, the first number of "*The Liliputian Magazine*, or, *The Young Gentleman and Lady's Golden Library*," appeared. It was probably issued monthly, at threepence, had copperplate cuts, and aimed "to amend the World, to render the Society of Man more amiable, and to re-establish the Simplicity, Virtue and Wisdom of the Golden Age." The history of George II.'s time, it may be noticed, shows no marked effect produced by this work.

The list of Newbery's books has none for children, save for school use, published during the next ten years. Nevertheless, he was all the time writing and printing little volumes, all trace of

which has perished. Before 1760, Oliver Goldsmith and the brothers Griffith and Giles Jones were in his employ as writers and compilers, and it is to them that many of the children's books are due. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says, "There are probably scores of his [Goldsmith's] contributions to this branch of literature which will never be traced, — like the ballads we are told he used to scribble off at a crown apiece, wandering about the streets to hear them sung, and listen to the remarks and criticisms of the casual audience." From 1760 to 1767, John Newbery and his family lived in Canonbury House, Islington, a building dating from the fourteenth century, where poets and statesmen have lodged. Newbery's son Francis says that Goldsmith was at one time a dweller in the upper story, and often read to him passages from his poems, such as the *Traveller* and the ballad from the Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith's money affairs were always hopelessly entangled with his publisher's, and the scene where "the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard," with his red pimpled face, lends a few guineas to Dr. Primrose, ill and penniless at a little alehouse many miles from home, is no doubt not far from the truth. .

In 1765, the following advertisement appeared: "Mr. Newbery intends to publish the following important volumes, bound and gilt, and hereby invites all his little friends who are good to call for them at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard; but those who are naughty to have none. 1. *The Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread*; a little boy who lived upon learning. 2. *The Easter Gift*; or the way to be good; a book much wanted. 3. *The Whitsuntide Gift*; or the way to be happy; a book very necessary for all families. 4. *The Valentine Gift*; or how to behave with honour, integrity, and humanity; very useful with a Trad-

ing Nation. We are also desired to give notice that there is in the Press, and speedily will be published either by subscription or otherwise, as the Public shall please to determine, The History of Little Goody Two Shoes, otherwise called Margery Two Shoes." It is doubtful whether Newbery, Griffith Jones, or Goldsmith wrote Goody Two Shoes; but it is hard to read Mr. Welsh's preface to the fac-simile edition of 1882 and believe that the kindly humor of the tale, the characters, so different in their individuality from the wooden little men and women of many of Newbery's books, the raven, little dog Jumper, and the ghost in the church did not spring from the same source as Moses and the Flam-boroughs.

John Newbery died in 1767, leaving his medicine business to his son Francis, and directing him to carry on the sale and publication of books with his step-brother, Thomas Carnan, and his namesake cousin, Francis Newbery. The three were not on good terms, and the latter Francis opened a shop by himself, while the others remained at the old stand. The new shop was managed by the nephew until his death in 1780, and then by his widow, who, when she retired, gave up the business to John Harris, but drew a yearly income from it until her death in 1821. Carnan and Newbery published books under their firm name until 1782, and Carnan alone until 1788.

Francis Newbery, the son, married in 1770 Mary Raikes, of Gloucester, sister of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools; and Robert Southey, born four years later, speaks of her as the friend of his aunt, with whom he lived. Mary Raikes married, he says, "Francis Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, son of that Francis [*sic*] Newberry who published Goody Two Shoes, Giles Gingerbread, and other such delectable histories in sixpenny books for children, splendidly bound in the flowered and gilt

Dutch paper of former days. As soon as I could read, which was very early, Mr. Newberry presented me with a whole set of these books, more than twenty in number. I dare say they were in Miss Tyler's possession at her death, and in perfect preservation, for she taught me (and I thank her for it) never to spoil or injure anything. This was a rich present, and may have been more instrumental than I am aware of in giving me that love of books, and that decided determination to literature, as the one thing desirable, which manifested itself from my childhood, and which no circumstances in after life ever slackened or abated."

One cannot fancy Johnson, whose style matched his person, writing for children, or enjoying Newbery's books. Indeed, Mrs. Piozzi says of him that he "first learned to read of his mother and her old maid, Catherine, in whose lap he well remembered sitting, while she explained to him the story of St. George and the Dragon. The recollection of such reading as had delighted him in his infancy made him always persist in fancying that it was the only reading which could please an infant, and he used to condemn me for putting Newbery's books into their hands, as too trifling to engage their attention. 'Babies do not want,' said he, 'to hear about babies; they like to be told of giants and castles, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds.' When, in answer, I would urge the numerous editions and quick sale of Tommy Prudent or Goody Two Shoes, 'Remember always,' said he, 'that the parents *buy* the books, and that the children never read them.' Mrs. Barbauld, however, had his best praise, and deserved it." Tommy Careless, Tommy Lovebook, Tommy Playlove, and Tommy Titmouse appear in Welsh's catalogue of Newbery's books, but Tommy Prudent, whose name is no doubt an index to his nature, has either

vanished forever off the scene, or is a creation of Mrs. Piozzi's own brain.

Children in the colonies had, up to about this time, no books but such as Franklin speaks of in his Autobiography, — chap-books, Robinson Crusoe, and a few stray importations from England; but after the Revolution there was, in New England at least, no lack of small, cheap reprints for them. Isaiah Thomas, a self-made man of the best type, printer's apprentice at seven, before he could read, afterwards successful bookseller, publisher, and author, noted for fine presence and courtly manners, and founder of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, was publishing, just a hundred years ago, school-books and story-books for children. He had at one time sixteen presses, seven of them in Worcester; five bookstores in Massachusetts, one in Concord, New Hampshire, one in Baltimore, and one in Albany. His little books are hard to find now, but once in a while one, in its original gilt or flowered binding, strays into the hands of a collector, and is worth, literally, almost its weight in gold. At the end of several of these little books is a catalogue of "Books for the Instruction and Amusement of Children, which will make them safe and happy, printed and sold by I. Thomas, in Worcester, Massachusetts, near the Court-House." A comparison with Newbery's catalogue shows that nearly every one of these books was reprinted from his publications, with, in some cases, changes of words or phrases to suit republican taste, as in "Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift; or the Book of Books for Children. Adorned with Cuts; and designed for a Present to every little Boy who would become a great Man, and ride upon a fine Horse; and to every little Girl, who would become a great Woman, and ride in a Governour's gilt Coach." In Newbery's editions of the same book, the "gilt Coach" is the Lord Mayor's.

One of the most amusing of the little books is "The Juvenile Biographer, containing the lives of little Masters and Misses; including a variety of good and bad Characters. By a little Biographer. The first Worcester edition. Worcester (Massachusetts). Printed by Isaiah Thomas, and sold at his Book Store. Sold also by E. Battelle, Boston, 1787." The frontispiece is a bust of the supposed author, a child evidently in the last stages of hydrocephalus. The first biography, of Miss Betsey Allgood, states that "this pretty little Miss, though now but in the seventh year of her age, has more Thought and Prudence than many at seventeen. She works at her Needle to admiration, reads like a little Queen, and writes a very pretty hand." Of Master Billy Bad-enough it is told that "at the age of nine years he could read, write, and cast accounts with any one, had made some progress in Latin and French, and understood some little matters in Geography. He was very good-natured, and readily parted with any Thing to his Playfellows." But the biographer goes on to say that with these virtues and accomplishments he had grave faults, for he robbed orchards, went bird's-nesting and killed the little birds, kicked up his companions' heels on the ice, and fought with other boys, until his father was obliged to send him to sea.

Miss Nancy Careful lost both father and mother in her seventh year, and spent much time in watering their tomb with her tears. A woodcut shows her engaged in this pious, even if useless act. Master Tommy Careful, her brother, heroically kept back his tears when with his sister, but used often to steal away and have a good cry by himself. At fourteen, he went to learn business in Boston, and was so apt a pupil that at last he became heir to the merchant in whose counting-house he had been placed. Finally, the biographer says, he "was chosen at the late general Election, Rep-

representative in the General Court, for one of the first Towns in New England, without the least Expence to himself." From which a modern reader may infer one of two things: either that bribery and corruption were not unknown to the voters of the early days of this republic, or that Thomas reprinted the book (named in Newbery's list of the next year but one), changing "Member of Parliament" and other terms unknown to Yankee children into words with which they were familiar.

Miss Amelia Lovebook, a model child of eight, and the subject of one of the biographies, writes to a friend, "Dear Miss, I received your kind Invitation since I have been in Town, to what you are pleased to call a *Game of Romps*. I do not presume to take upon me to say, in what Manner little Misses should spend their Time; but you must pardon me if I say, that I think Time, which is so valuable, may be spent in a much better manner than *Romping*. If you invited me to drink a serious cup of Tea with you, I should most certainly have accepted the kind offer, which might have, perhaps, produced a Conversation to the Advantage of us both." Did the writer really mean to hold up as an ideal child a little wizened, affected miss, drinking tea, which then, as now, was — or should have been — forbidden to well-brought-up children? Is Miss Amelia the parent of the sickly school of childish biography that flourished thirty or forty years later?

Another book, not in Welsh's catalogue of Newbery's publications, unless as Mr. Telltruth's *Natural History of Four-Footed Beasts*, is "The Natural History of Beasts, which are to be met within the Four Quarters of the Globe. By Charley Columbus. Embellished with Pictures. The First Worcester Edition. Printed at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, 1794." It is dedicated to "All Good Little Masters and Misses in the United States of America," and

begins with the "rhinoceros, sometimes called the unicorn, from his having one horn only, growing out of his nose, or snout." The beast's body takes up so much room in the woodcut that only a very small piece of his horn is shown. When the rhinoceros has killed a man, the book says, "he comes and licks him, and his tongue is so rough and hard, that it brings off the flesh from the bones." The woodcuts are very droll. The "tyger" is in a rampant attitude; the cat and guinea-pig, from lack of objects with which to compare them, look larger than the bear and hyena; the "barbyroussa's" likeness is evidently evolved from the inner consciousness of the artist, for it has three or four tusks on each side of its head, and a tail like a true-lover's-knot. Then the camelo pardalis is spoken of as a very uncommon animal, and a fabulous Chinese beast, the *scutiro* or *scutairo*, not to be found in later works on natural history, is depicted and described.

"Jacky Dandy's Delight; or the History of Birds and Beasts," in the first Worcester edition of 1788, includes also Androcles and the Lion, The Death and Burial of Cock Robin, and a Visit at Homely-Hall, where the good old custom of eating pudding before meat was observed; for, as the author says, "Master Prudence having said grace, we all fell to, with a design to destroy a fine plumb-pudding that was placed at the bottom of the table."

The Father's Gift has lessons in spelling, preceded by this moral song: —

"Let me not join with those in Play,
Who Fibs and Stories tell,
I with my Book will spend the Day,
And not with such Boys dwell.
For one rude Boy will spoil a Score,
As I have oft been told;
And one bad Sheep, in Time, is sure
To injure all the Fold."

"Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle, in two parts. Part I. The most celebrated songs and lullabies

of the old British nurses calculated to amuse the children and excite them to sleep. Part II. Those of that sweet Songster and Nurse of Art and Humours, Master William Shakespeare," first printed by Carnan, Newbery's stepson, in 1780, includes in the first part the history of Johnny and Betty Winckle, the love-tale of the little man and the little maid, with burlesque aphorisms from Coke upon Littleton and other learned authors, and the Maggoty Pye which shocked Peter Parley.

In "The Brother's Gift," Miss Kitty Bland, who has been spoiled at a boarding-school, is reformed by her brother, who, as a reward for her excellent needlework, makes her a present of a fine new pair of stays, a picture of which takes up nearly a whole page of the story.

"Vice in its proper Shape, or, the wonderful and melancholy Transformation of several Naughty Masters and Misses into those contemptible Animals which they most resemble in disposition" is a warning to bad children. In the History of Tommy Careless, which still exists in Newbery's edition among a number of Thomas's reprints, the hero in one week falls out of a window into the water, loses both his kite and its string, falls out of an apple-tree, burns his forefinger while melting lead, kills his bird by forgetting to turn its water-dish towards the cage, and pulls hairs out of Dobbin's tail till the horse kicks him and kills his father's favorite pointer. The book leaves the unhappy boy caught by one finger in a mouse-trap.

The tales and verses, although always advertised to be of highly moral tone, are often free in speech to a degree that entirely unfits them for children's reading nowadays. The copies that remain are either in the original Dutch paper, in rainbow colors, blue, green, red, and yellow, with small gilt figures, all in the space of less than four inches by three, or bound together, half a dozen in one

fat volume. These were the little books which every country schoolmistress felt obliged to give "to all her pupils on the closing day of her school. Otherwise she would be thought stingy, and half the good she had done during the summer would be canceled by the omission of the expected donations. If she had the least generosity, or hoped to be remembered with any respect and affection, she must devote a week's wages, and perhaps more, to the purchase of these little toy-books."

Thomas was as ingenious as Newbery in advertising one book by means of another. Master Friendly, in *The Father's Gift*, "got all the little books by rote that are sold by Thomas, Son & Thomas in Worcester, when he was but a very little boy," and in *Nurse Truelove's Christmas Gift* there is a like mention of them. The same cuts were used by Thomas, and presumably by Newbery, to illustrate the most diverse scenes, and stand for persons of the most different character, from a praiseworthy spirit of economy not yet extinct in publishers of children's literature.

There were other publishers and sellers of children's books in this country besides Thomas, in the last years of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth. The second Connecticut edition of *The Child's Instructor*, by a Teacher of Little Children in Philadelphia, was printed by Lazarus Beach in Newfield (Middletown?), in 1799. It has Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns in Prose and extracts from *Little Charles*; also a long story about an infant prodigy named Billy, who at five years of age was always good and obedient, and said, "If you would be wise you must always attend to your vowels and consonants." When General Washington came to town, Billy's mamma asked him to say a speech for the ladies, and he began: "'Americans! place constantly before your eyes, the deplorable scenes of your servitude, and the enchanting picture

of your deliverance. Begin with the infant in his cradle; let the first word he lisps be *Washington*.' The ladies were all delighted to hear Billy speak so well. One said he should be a parson, another said he should be a lawyer, and another said he should be President of the United States. But Billy said he could not be either, unless his mamma gave him leave."

A little later book, "The Juvenile Miscellany, including some Natural History for the use of children," published by Jacob Johnson, of Philadelphia, in 1808, has copperplates, of some spirit and much carefulness of execution, representing birds and animals.

Dobson, a Philadelphia publisher, had issued a copy of *Evenings at Home*, two years after the last volume was published in England. It was nearly thirty years since Mrs. Barbauld had written *Early Lessons*, for the use of her nephew and adopted son, Charles Rochemont Aikin. She and her husband had a school at this time, and she took pains to make her pupils familiar with Shakespeare by teaching them to act parts of the plays. She writes once to her brother, "Did I tell you the boys are going to act the First Part of Henry IV., and I am busy making paper vandykes, and trimming up their hats with feathers?" And again, "We are wondrous busy in preparing our play, *The Tempest*, and four or five of our little ones are to come in as fairies; and I am piecing scraps from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, etc., to make a little scene instead of the mask of Ceres and Juno." Her *Hymns in Prose*, published in 1777, were written for her youngest pupils, one of whom was afterwards Lord Denman, Chief Justice of England, and another Sir William Gell, famous for his illustrated work on Pompeii. "Lord Denman," says his biographer, "always attributed to the judicious care of his first instructress much of the retentiveness of his memory, of his fondness for literature,

and of the clearness and force of his elocution."

It was in 1796 that Maria Edgeworth published the first volume of the *Parents' Assistant*. She had before this translated some of *Madame de Genlis' stories*, but a translation by another hand prevented her from publishing them. From this time until 1830, she was constantly engaged in writing, and her books for children are no small part of her work. She lived in a house full of children, wrote her shorter tales on a slate, and if her little brothers and sisters liked them, printed them. In 1798, she and her father issued *Practical Education*, the first part of which he had written with the second of his four wives, the Honora Sneyd who was betrothed to Major André. It was printed, but not published, and after more than twenty years Richard Lovell Edgeworth gave it to his daughter to finish. He believed that children's stories should be the history of real life, not of improbabilities, and that they should even contain no poetical allusions. His daughter, who understood children better than he, and had lived all her life among them, "not only," as her latest biographer says, "wrote in the language of children, but, what is even rarer, from the child's point of view."

Berquin's *Ami des Enfants* and the stories of *Madame de Genlis* had a certain influence over English books for children. Rousseau's theories, too, were expounded in Thomas Day's *Sandford and Merton* and *Little Jack*. As Horace Scudder says, "There seems something half grotesque in speaking of children and the French Revolution in one breath, but I think that the incongruity is only superficial. . . . The perception that the child had divine relationships was one form of the new consciousness of the worth and dignity of man." Whatever writers of to-day may say of the utilitarian tendencies of the Edgeworth system, it is certain that the little

people of the books are well bred, reasonable, and early taught patience, self-control, and the necessity of bearing the consequences of their own follies and mistakes, — three lessons not useless in after-life. They are real children, too, as one sees by comparing them, not with Little Lord Fauntleroy, or Little Women, or any other favorites of to-day, but with the little Noah's Ark figures, named to represent their characters, in Newbery's books or Thomas's reprints.

In 1791, Johnson, the London bookseller, employed William Blake to design and engrave six plates to a series of tales for children, in the then prevailing Berquin school, by Johnson's favorite and *protégée*, Mary Wollstonecraft; tales new and in demand in the autumn of that year, now unknown to the bookstalls. They are called "Original stories from real life, with conversations calculated to regulate the affections and form the mind to truth and goodness." The book never went to a second edition. Blake had already written, designed, printed, and engraved his Songs of Innocence, and was to publish before many years his Songs of Experience, both of which contain some of the loveliest child poems in the language.

Mary Wollstonecraft's stories attack cruelty to animals, peevishness, lying, greediness, indolence, procrastination, and other faults of children. Every chapter has an illustrative story. Crazy Robin, which Mrs. Pennell quotes in her life of Mary Wollstonecraft, is powerfully conceived and told. At about this time, while Mary was doing literary hack-work for Johnson, she translated, and Blake illustrated, Salzmann's Elements of Morality, which went through several editions, and was republished in Baltimore in 1811. Miss Yonge has revived it in her Storehouse of Stories for the present generation.

Mary Wollstonecraft died in 1797, not long after her marriage to William Godwin. He married again within a

few years, and his wife, a woman with a fondness for business, but without much experience in managing a publishing-house, formed the plan of opening what he calls "a magazine of books for the use and amusement of children." He wrote in 1802, "I think Mrs. Barbauld's little books, four in number, admirably adapted, upon the whole, to the capacity and amusement of young children. . . . As far as Mrs. Barbauld's books I have no difficulty. But here my judgment and the ruling passion of my contemporaries divide. They aim at cultivating one faculty; I should aim at cultivating another. . . . Without imagination, there can be no genuine ardor in any pursuit or for any acquisition, and without imagination there can be no genuine morality, no profound feeling of other men's sorrow, no ardent and persevering anxiety for their interests. This is the faculty which makes the man, and not the miserable minuteness of detail about which the present age is so uneasy." Godwin's own ideas on all subjects were so revolutionary that he knew children's books written under his own name would never sell, and he issued a series of little volumes purporting to be by one Baldwin, printed for Thomas Hodgkins at the Juvenile Library. Baldwin's Fables Ancient and Modern, The Pantheon, or Ancient History of the Gods of Greece and Rome, and Histories of England, Greece, and Rome, are still interesting, though useless from a modern historical standpoint. After a while Mrs. Godwin managed the business (which went on for twenty years, but was a series of failures), under the name of M. J. Godwin & Co., translating and publishing several books from the French.

The children of to-day owe Godwin a debt of gratitude for suggesting, and the firm for publishing, Charles and Mary Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare and Adventures of Ulysses. The authors also wrote, in 1809, Mrs. Leicester's School,

"for M. J. Godwin at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street." Its popularity encouraged the brother and sister to compose two very small volumes of poetry for children. Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge in the same year, "Our little poems are but humble; but they have no name. You must read them, remembering they were task-work; and perhaps you will admire the number of subjects, all of children, picked out by an old bachelor and an old maid. Many parents would not have found so many." The whole edition was soon sold out and out of print. About one third of the poems were printed during the next year in two books of selections. In 1812, all the poems but three were reprinted in Boston. The existence of the reprint was, however, unknown in England, until in 1877 a paper was published describing a copy of the original two volumes which had been bought by a South Australian gentleman at a sale in Plymouth, England, eleven years before. This paper, quoted in United States newspapers, brought to light two copies of the Boston edition.

Jane Taylor's first appearance in print was in the *Minor's Pocket-Book*, in 1804, and in the next few years she and her sister Ann published *Original Poems for Infant Minds* and *Hymns for Infant Minds*, familiar to children nowadays through Kate Greenaway's illustrations.

The *Butterfly's Ball*, a poem by William Roscoe, author of the *Lives of Lorenzo de Medici* and *Leo X.*, appeared in 1807, as the first of a series known as *Harris's Cabinet*, but reprinted from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It has always been a favorite poem in collections and school reading-books, and is not yet forgotten. It was followed by imitations: among them, Mrs. Dorset's *Peacock at Home* and *Lion's Masquerade*, with Mulready's illustrations. One, at least, of these books has been reprinted in fac-simile by Mr. Welsh, within a few years.

In 1799, "J. Walker, E. Newbery, and all other Booksellers and Stationers in Great Britain, Ireland, and America" had for sale "The Young Gentleman's and Lady's Magazine, or Universal Repository of Knowledge, Instruction, and Amusement. Intended to open the tender Mind to an acquaintance with Life, Morals and Science, and the Works of Nature and Art; and to serve as a useful auxiliary to Public and Private Tuition. Edited by Dr. Mavor, Vol. I." It is a small duodecimo. The prospectus on the fly-leaf informs the public that instruction, not amusement, is the object of the magazine. Several persons who have been teachers, the preface explains in Johnsonian English, "observed that the young of both sexes had no appropriate periodical publication, which might serve as an incentive to study, as an auxiliary to oral instruction, or as a companion of the vacant hour." Dr. Mavor had been for many years a tutor and compiler of schoolbooks. He had also edited and rewritten the collection of voyages and travels that bears his name, and has no doubt excited the first longings for sea-life in many a future officer of the royal navy. He was therefore found to be a suitable person to edit the magazine, and it started off with an emblematic frontispiece, representing "Apollo and Minerva conducting youth of both sexes to the Temple." The first number had also "a beautifully coloured Plate from Nature of the Moss Rose, with a plain Duplicate, intended as an Exercise for the juvenile Pencil." The magazine begins with a prologue in verse, followed by arithmetical recreations, a lecture on botany, two fables in verse, an article on the political situation in Egypt, the beginning of a catechism of health, a description of the hydrostatical lamp, some maxims and precepts of ancient philosophers, a few anecdotes of Mahometan justice, a letter on the union of male and female studies, a game of twenty questions, an

Oriental tale, a review of school and juvenile books, a dialogue, a hymn by Dr. Blacklock, an Ode to Childhood, Memoirs of Dick the little Poney and another story, an extract from a book of travels in China, and one or two charades. The first number has eighty-four pages, and several of the articles are continued. From the character of the magazine, it could hardly have been long-lived. It is a far cry through this, and the Young Misses' Magazine that existed for a few years in Brooklyn, early in the century, to the really excellent ones for growing-up boys and girls of to-day. There is hardly a subject which any reader of intelligence cannot find treated in these periodicals in a way that tells him clearly, precisely, and attractively, something of which he is ignorant. Popular science, manufactures, descriptions of strange countries and animals, suggestions for home and school life, thrilling stories from history, — what more can a child want, with two or three good, sometimes very good, stories in each number?

The tendency in the United States had been all this time, as we have seen, to reprint English books, either exactly, or with very slight modifications to suit republican taste. From Franklin's little volumes of Bunyan, which he sold to buy some small chapmen's books, a historical collection, his Plutarch, Defoe, and Spectator, there was little change to the end of the century, when Buckingham, the Boston printer, had, besides the last-mentioned work, Robinson Crusoe, Goody Two Shoes, Tom Thumb, Michael Wigglesworth's Day of Doom, a file of almanacs, Gulliver's Travels, The History of the Pirates, The Vicar of Wakefield, Tristram Shandy, Tom Jones, and Junius. But school-books were scarce and dear during the Revolution, and Noah Webster, foreseeing that works like Dilworth's New Guide to the English Tongue, probably intended for charity schools, would not long be useful

in a new country, published his Grammatical Institute, containing a little general information for country boys and girls who had few books, and later his typical New England spelling-book.

Dr. Holmes tells how much more New England boys and girls used to hear, in books, of English birds, and flowers, and games, and social customs, than of their own, and how he used to find himself in a strange world, "where James was called Jem, not *Jim*, as we heard it; . . . where naughty school-boys got through a gap in the hedge, to steal Farmer Giles's red-streaks, instead of shinning over the fence to hook old Daddy Jones's Baldwins; where Hodge used to go to the alehouse for his mug of beer, while we used to see old Joe steering for the grocery to get his glass of rum; . . . where there were larks and nightingales instead of yellow-birds and bobolinks; where the robin was a little domestic bird that fed at table, instead of a great fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush." The time was now coming when as distinctively American characteristics would be found in stories and books of amusement as in Webster's school-books. We owe the change to one man, Samuel Griswold Goodrich, born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1793. His father was a clergyman, who had, for the time, a large collection of theological books, but few others. The son says, "When I was about ten years old, my father brought me from Hartford Gaffer Ginger, Goody Two Shoes, and some of the rhymes and jingles now collected under the name of Mother Goose, with perhaps a few other toy books of that day. These were a revelation. Of course I read them, but, I must add, with no real relish." A little later, one of the boy's companions lent him a book with some of the popular fairy and giant tales, which inspired him with such horror that his mother was obliged to tell him that they were not true, but invented to amuse children. With fine scorn

and the true matter-of-fact Parley spirit, the child replied, "Well, they don't amuse me." He grew up with the belief that the children's books of the day were full of nothing but lies and horrors, exciting those who read them to crime and bloodshed. At twelve, however, he was delighted with Robinson Crusoe, and a translation of one of Madame de Genlis's tales, explaining certain marvels by simple physical causes. He read, too, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, and twenty years later, while telling Hannah More how he had enjoyed it, formed the idea of the Parley Tales. In 1827, he published the first of them, — *Tales of Peter Parley about America*. In the next thirty years he wrote or edited more than a hundred volumes, most of them for children or schools, told in a pleasant and familiar style. A middle-aged reader can hardly see his little *History of the United States*, with chapters on Central and South America, without recognizing as the source of many ideas useful in later life the hideous little woodcuts of the Pilgrims landing in a snowstorm, the Dustin family attacked by the Indians, the burning of Schenectady, or Captain Watterton on the cayman's back. It is just possible that true tales of Indian barbarities may impress a sensitive child with as great a sense of horror as legends of giants, but Peter Parley seems never to have thought so. In his mind, if a thing was true, it was right; if false, it was wrong. He speaks with scorn, in his autobiography, of attempts to revive the old fairy-tales, and treats Halliwell's edition of the nursery rhymes of England as if it were beneath notice. His mind was essentially prosaic, but he did a great work in simplifying history, geography, and books of travel for children.

Jacob Abbott published his *Young Christian* in 1832, and from that time until his death, in 1879, was constantly

writing for young people. Who is not grateful, notwithstanding late irreverent burlesques, for the simple pictures of happy child-life in the Rollo, Luey, Jonas, and Franconia books? Old-fashioned as they seem now, they are so full of common sense, and have so clear an idea of children's relations to each other and their elders, that some of them should be on every child's bookshelves. The young people of fourteen or fifteen, like Beechnut and Mary Bell, who act as guides and teachers to children a few years younger, are remarkably mature, and have a wonderful development of reason, judgment, and knowledge of child-nature; but their advice is always good, and worthy of remembrance. Then, too, these are distinctively New England story-books. The children go sleighing and coasting, walk on snowshoes, pop corn, roast apples, and do a thousand things such as country boys and girls delight in. They learn, too, to use their eyes in traveling, and many a grown-up man or woman of to-day, who cannot tell why London or Paris looks so familiar, is indebted to Rollo in Europe for knowledge absorbed so long ago that its source has been forgotten.

Between 1840 and 1850, a German influence was felt in children's books. Grimm's tales had been translated before, but Gammer Grethel and little stories of real life came on the scene. Illustrations and type began to be better. Soon after 1850, really beautiful colored pictures were to be seen in books for children, published on both sides of the Atlantic. Hans Andersen was by this time well known to English-reading children. The reign of fairy-tales had begun again with the study of folk-lore.

With fairy-tales and hero-legends rewritten and simplified for children, with history told in story-form, there is only one danger, — that young readers will be satisfied with abridgments, and know nothing in later years of great originals.

C. M. Hewins.

MONADNOCK IN AUTUMN.

UPROSE Monadnock in the northern blue,
 A glorious temple builded to the Lord!
 The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
 On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley sward,
 Blending their myriad hues in rich accord,
 Till like the wall of heaven it towered to view.
 Along its slope, where russet ferns were strewn
 And purple heaths, the scarlet maples flamed,
 And reddening oaks and golden birches shone,
 Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed, —
 The pines that climb to woo the winds alone,
 And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
 Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
 Till the great minster thrilled to harmonies,
 Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
 And with the wind was heard the voice of streams, —
 Ceaseless their Aves and Te Deums be, —
 Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
 And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
 Through groves and meadows, broadening to the sea.
 Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
 Above the dome the stars hung faint and fair,
 And the vast temple hushed its shrines in prayer;
 While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
 About Monadnock, builded to the Lord!

Edna Dean Proctor

AFTER "OUR HUNDRED DAYS."

AFTER the "Hundred Days," the story of which has been published in this magazine during the past year, the natural sequel would seem to be — Waterloo. I thought I had experienced that catastrophe when my attention was called to an anachronism of unusual dimensions, in one of the early numbers. It is made all right in the more recent copies of the collected papers, but stands uncorrected in many of those first printed. No critic, so far as I know, has impaled it and its author in the public prints. I suppose critics are not always in the

habit of reading the books they receive, and are therefore liable to overlook their defects, except such as may catch their eye in the intervals of the uncut pages.

How was it possible for a writer with some half dozen academic gowns on his back, a member of the Historical Society and contributor to its annals, to have spoken of the companion of Wolfe in his victory at Quebec, in 1759, as having been commemorated in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, which was published in 1667, nearly a century earlier? It could hardly be ignorance, — the *pons asino*—

rum is not long enough to stretch over such an interval. It was in reality a survival of an early accidental impression, dating from the days of half-taught boyhood, the origin of which I could easily explain, if it were worth while. It is enough to mention the strange blunder, and to have had it corrected.

But in these days, when the study of mental action in all its usual and exceptional aspects is attracting very wide attention, one is tempted to try to account for all his mental vagaries. How is it possible that two facts so widely separated should cohere, as if they properly belonged together?

The analogy between the organ of vision and that of thought is so obvious and familiar that it does not require illustration. Now, just at the entrance of the optic nerve is a small circular area, known as the *blind spot*. Certain essential anatomical elements are wanting in this little space; and though the visual image is painted on it, the picture is a blank to the perception. Is there not a blind spot in the organ of intellect as well as in that of vision, — an *idiotic area*, where ideas are represented, but not transmitted to the intelligent centre? "Think a moment!" we say to a friend who is entertaining some (to us) self-evident absurdity. Paraphrased, this would be, You have got a bit of nonsense on your mental blind spot, your idiotic area. Shift it, if you can, into a place where the mental elements are not deficient, as in that empty region.

I must appeal to the experience of others, if they are not conscious of such a blind spot in their intelligence. If they recognize it as a fact that they have such a spot, they can account for many absurdities and contradictions in their own field of thought and that of others. For this idiotic area is the vacant lot where inconsistent, incoherent, unrelated ideas come together and disport themselves, or lie loose, scattered over it. Many simple puzzles and idle fancies

find their way there, and claim a right of domicile, until awakened reflection drives them away. Let me give an instance or two. "Excuse me," said the barber to the lantern-jawed man, "if I put my finger in your mouth to press your cheek out." "No, no," said the man he was shaving. "I am afraid you'll bite me." Dean Swift mentions in one of his letters to Stella an odd whim of his own: "I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, 'How could I write when my mouth was full?'" In the persons we call "absent-minded," the idiotic area extends over a wider space than it covers in most individuals.

This theory — for I dare not announce it as a positive discovery — is a very convenient application to cover one's own mental slips, and to account for those of one's neighbor. No person of good temper and philosophic habit of mind could take offence at the question, politely asked, "Does not that view or that argument come from your idiotic area?" When John Stuart Mill suggested the possibility of a universe where two and two would make five, I should have wished to hint in a modest and civil way that this supposition had the idiotic area as its natural habitat.

I said that no critic had, to my knowledge, exposed my blunder in print. But a kind correspondent, whose title was not his chief claim to my attention, wrote to me as follows: —

"Has any candid friend called your attention to a chronological slip in your preface? You refer to Admiral Sir Charles Holmes, the companion of Wolfe, as being sung by Dryden as 'the Achates of the General's fight,' in momentary oblivion of the fact that a whole century separated the comrades of Albemarle and Wolfe. 'Achates' name, too, was Robert. He warred much against the Dutch in Africa and America, and among his feats the fol-

lowing will specially interest his namesake, perhaps his descendant: 'He also took from the Dutch a colony in North America, called Nova Belgia, and bestowed on it the name of New York.'"

I have to correct another error, into which I was led by some misinformed fellow-visitor at York. A gentleman, writing from England, tells me that the slab bearing the one word *Miserrimus* is not at York, but in the cloisters of Worcester.

"If you do not happen to know it already, you will be interested to hear that it marks the grave of Rev. Thomas Maurice, M. A., a curate and a minor canon of Worcester, a non-juror, who died, aged eighty-eight, in 1748, 'sorrowing to the last for the fallen dynasty.' The knowledge of this, I am afraid, rather takes away from the romance of Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet; but even had it not been so, to many people his interpretation of the word *miserrimus* seems open to question."

It is hardly worth while to correct one's lesser errors, which not one reader in a score would notice if the writer did not call attention to them. An author's mistakes are stains in his remembrance; they are spots which easily wash off in his reader's. But as I have begun a brief list of errata, I may as well add one or two more. I insisted on interpreting the last word in the line —

"And every shepherd tells his tale,"

as meaning his love-tale, but I did not wish to be taken too seriously. There is no doubt, I think, that Warton is right in saying that it means numbering his sheep. But many a love-tale has been told under the hawthorn blossoms, and I kept the old interpretation by poetic rather than critical license.

Let me insert here an explanation, which relates to a single word in a poem of mine recently published. I spoke of "Blandusia's" fountain instead of Bandusia.

Bandusia, and was corrected by two correspondents: one a true scholar, who made his correction in very lively and pleasant verse, as a private communication. The other, probably more recently from his text-books, treated the error more seriously. The fact is just this: In verifying the quotation, a precaution one ought always to take, and too often neglects, I took the nearest one of the four editions of Horace standing on my shelves, and followed that without questioning its authority. It was a lovely little Elzevir of 1628, which Daniel Heinsius *ex emendatissimis editionibus expressit, et representavit*. This edition has Blandusia, as has also the Delphine edition. The two others have the more correct spelling, Bandusia. I will not say *malo errare cum Heinsio*, — I had rather be wrong with Heinsius than right with the last schoolboy manual; but if one does make a mistake, one likes to have it a scholarly one. I remember a story which my father, a more accurate writer than his son ever was, told me of one of his boyish experiences, which, after slumbering in my recollection for the greater part of a century, turns up at last to help me out in my apology. He must needs take down a sickle, which the reaper had left hanging on the bough of an old apple-tree, and try his skill at reaping. The consequence was a grand cut near one of his knuckles, of which he used to show me the scar. But he was always pleased to add that the reapers looked at his cut with strong commendation, and assured him that the place and form of the wound showed that he had held his sickle excellently well, and that there was no doubt that by practice he might become a very good reaper. The scar of my classical error shows, at any rate, that I was handling an approved classical implement in the legitimate method.

One misapprehension has been a source of pain to me, — I hope to no one

else; for I can hardly believe a gossiping story which reached our newspapers from England. I was so much delighted with several of the elderly ladies I met in London society that I paid what was meant as the warmest of tributes to the agreeable qualities of the old Londoness of the higher social grades. Thinking of the great strength and endurance required to last the time of two or three generations in the strain of London social life, I could not help remembering the longevity of that pleasant bird which keeps its conversational powers and its comely aspect for an almost indefinite series of years. But the idea that I would make a personal comparison between any individual lady and any bird, except possibly a bird of Paradise, or a nightingale, or one as lovely in look or voice, is a great wrong to my sense of propriety. It had never occurred to me for one instant that the personal application spoken of in the gossiping story could have been made by any one. The published paragraph was the first thing which suggested it to me, and I looked upon it as a foolish story, which could hardly have any real foundation in fact. At any rate, it was utterly devoid of truth; the expression used to illustrate the tenacity of life which belongs to a certain class of ladies whom I found it so pleasant to meet and converse with is not elegant, it may be, but it belongs to generic, and not to individual, description.

I mention these small matters, about most of which nobody cares except myself, and I not very much, because it gives me the opportunity of saying something I have wished to say. As for answering criticisms, it is commonly unnecessary and unwise. I have had every reason to be pleased with the reception of my little book, "*Our Hundred Days*." It was very generally accepted just as I could have wished it to be, — as a sort of autobiographical record of a few exceptional months of my life. It served one purpose, at least, namely, that of keeping up my relations with the readers of *The Atlantic*, and after them with a still larger public. By means of these papers, very much such as I should have written home in private letters, I have held my patient public by the button, as it were, hoping that I should have something more to tell them after they had recovered from any fatigue the reading of my record might have cost them.

It does not become me to look to the future too confidently, but I hope in the course of the coming year to meet my old readers, and perhaps some more youthful ones, as an acquaintance who is at home in these pages, and does not like to leave them entirely so long as he has any good reason to believe that he is not an unwelcome visitant among the crowd of younger writers who are pressing forward to fill them.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOWELLS'S MODERN ITALIAN POETS.

MR. HOWELLS practices the profession of the critic somewhat half-heartedly, with little seeming care whether he is original, convincing, or even thorough. Does he suspect that his own critical work is as unprofitable as that of others? In his preface he prospectively

"applauds the discernment" of the well-furnished scholar who may observe that this volume¹ "does not fully represent the Italian poetry of the period which

¹ *Modern Italian Poets*. Essays and Versions. By W. D. HOWELLS. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1887.

it covers chronologically," namely, the hundred years ending with 1870; and in the text he finds occasions to confess his lack of acquaintance with considerable portions of the works of the poets under review. He is sure, however, that no name of importance nor any work of real distinction has been left out of the survey. With this the reader readily agrees. The last century in Italy has not been so fruitful of poetical genius that there need be any fear lest even a cursory account of it should be seriously defective. A more noticeable point is the great indebtedness of Mr. Howells to the Italian critics. He is full of praise for them, and he translates and condenses from their pages with almost a compiler's hand. These essays, consequently, exhibit an Italianated view. The natural error for a critic who neglects the drearier work of the poets of whom he treats is to overestimate their performance; and if he leans overmuch on the national and largely contemporary criticism of them by their countrymen, he may anticipate falling into still greater exaggeration. Mr. Howells's studies sometimes suffer from these causes, with others. Men of thorough poetic culture will be slow to ascribe such importance to the Italian patriotic school as is here allowed them. But to lend something to his subject is the privilege of an entertaining writer, and this book, besides being the only account of the matter in English, contains the impressions of a twenty years' rambling acquaintance with nineteenth-century Italian poems; moreover, Mr. Howells is a true lover of modern Italy.

Mr. Howells is so much more the novelist than the critic, his interest in manners so exceeds his interest in sentiment, passion, and the attractiveness of ideal things, that he succeeds best when he permits the novelist in him to displace the critic, and frankly paints the follies instead of judging the verses of the time. Much the most captivating of

the essays, the one in which the author himself seems to be most enlivened with his tale, is the little sketch of the Arcadians of elegant society, who piped and sang at the levees of the people of good taste in the last century. There is no poet of the patriotic school, with which it is the purpose of this volume to deal, who lives before our eyes with half the vivacity and individuality of poor Frugoni, at the Casa Landi at Parma, in this introductory study of the conditions prevailing in Italy just before the modern poets began their career. It is the old trick of impaling the butterfly, but it is very happily done. In the body of the essays, too, Mr. Howells succeeds best with the satirical poets. The subject lends itself more naturally to his instinctive handling. Parini, for example, is not put to any critical account of himself, but the world he lived in, the trivial fop he put to shame, and in doing so shamed the whole state of things in the Italian degradation, and in fact the entire social furniture, all the theatrical belongings, of his principal poem, are very sharply rendered, in the satirical way, by the faculty Mr. Howells possesses of seeing and reproducing the minor morals of society. In the same way, in his translations he labors with most ease, and is at his best in his readings from Giuseppe Giusti, whose genius was strongly intellectual and dashed with wit. The feeling of the extracts which are here given is expressed in the English version with more completeness, with less sense of loss in the transition from the Italian, than is the case with the examples from the dramatic or sentimental poets. One reason is because the Beppo-like movement of the poems of Giusti accords with the novelist's temperament better than any other; and as with Parini and Frugoni, Mr. Howells penetrates the subject, and appropriates it more readily and completely.

When one comes to the leading names upon the roll, Alfieri, Manzoni, Leo-

pardi, he feels that Mr. Howells moves with considerable doubt and hesitation : he shows none of that conscious mastery of the subject which gives *verve* and flow to his sketches of Italian society ; and even in his remarks upon the situation and characters of the dramas, his experience in dealing with similar matters in the novel does not help him so much as would be expected. In the biographical narrative, which makes a part of each essay, he exhibits his character-drawing ; but the scale is too small, and the personal interest is too much blended with other matters. It is scarcely too limited a phrase to employ, to describe the critical substance of these essays, if we say they are nothing more than impressions : the author himself does not make any higher claim for them, and has apparently no intention of really drawing critical portraits of these men, of the kind in which one must be exacting. He has written down the thoughts of an interested reader on the literature with which he has been entertained, but without attempting that grasp, close comprehension, precision, unity, or that sleepless regard for relative values in literature which should characterize an adequate critical survey. He notes a few traits of the historical development, — the French classicism of structure in Alfieri, the romantic revival in Manzoni, the skeptical reaction in Leopardi ; he finds in the poets, from Alfieri down to the last Sicilian songwriter of Palermo, the single trait, fairly to be called common were it not for Monti, of passionate devotion to the cause of Italy, and he calls them the heirs of the old Florentine anti-papal tradition. This characterizes them as men rather than as poets ; in insisting on it so emphatically, Mr. Howells leaves the reader in danger of losing sight of other aspects of their poetry ; in fact he uses this patriotic quality in their verse, apparently, to relieve himself of the onus of criticism from the æsthetic side.

His essay on Leopardi, in particular, is narrow ; he tells his life and translates some of his verses, but he does not render the man with any completeness or lifelikeness ; nor does he appreciate the reach and meaning of his genius, apart from his personality. On the other hand, where the patriotism of the poet is all there is to him, this point of view greatly helps his fame, and in the larger number of the poets dealt with this happy result is observable. The absorption of the reader's attention in the patriotic quality of the work under discussion gives a vital interest to what would otherwise be dry ; and occasionally he is roused to a higher pitch of feeling by what is in itself fervid. The *stornelli* of Francesco Dall'Ongaro are often battle-cries, and they are rendered by Mr. Howells with great force, and even pathos. One of them may serve as an example of the mood of the times ; its subject is from the Milanese massacre of 1848, and is called the Lombard Woman : —

"Here, take these gaudy robes and put them by ;

I will go dress me black as widowhood ;
I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry
Of him that struck and him that vainly
sued.

Henceforth no other ornament will I

But on my breast a ribbon red as blood.

"And when they ask what dyed the silk so red,

I'll say, The life-blood of my brothers dead.
And when they ask how it may cleansed be,
I'll say, Oh, not in river nor in sea ;
Dishonor passes not in wave nor flood ;
My ribbon ye must wash in German blood."

When poetry is so close to life as this, it is always stirring, and it will be a long time before the heat of these nineteenth-century revolutions passes away. In the land that produced them, this literary record of the conflict, in such verses as these we have quoted, and in others that do not so instantly wake sympathy, must have a special value from the appeal they make to the new

national feeling; their writers were the heroes of the fight, oftentimes, in person; and so, as a chapter of patriotic service done by literature for Italy, the work of these poets is spirited reading. To us the minor poets have frequently been most touching. In dealing with them, Mr. Howells forgets a good many things that a critic does well to forget: he forgets to be an advocate, and recollects his proselytizing vocation only when treating some more important matter, as, for example, in his attempted tolerance of Manzoni as a romanticist, because it was impossible at that

time to be anything else; but this does not secure for him a catholic view of that distinguished writer, an understanding of his temperament and position; he translates the Ode to Napoleon, but he tells us little else about the man. Altogether, it must be acknowledged that the volume has drawbacks, of which one, let us say parenthetically, is the extraordinarily poor portraits; it is uneven in its interest and limited in the aspects it presents; yet it is an addition to the popular knowledge of a foreign and little known literature, and to the body of our translated poetry.

SCUDDER'S MEN AND LETTERS.

IN the papers which Mr. Scudder has gathered in this modest volume,¹ many of our readers will recognize an old hand. He has prefixed to it a letter of dedication to an editorial friend, in which he pleasantly recalls their youth, — Bohemian days of "two young poets, who walked Broadway and haunted little back rooms in Fourth Avenue and Eleventh Street; who had theories about Homer, and discussed them in Harlem; who spent money before it was earned, and proposed the prudent course of retiring altogether upon an unexpected windfall of a hundred dollars, using the leisure thus happily secured for executing the epical work which required a continuity of time not easily had under customary conditions." In the humbler walk of criticism which it has been his fortune to follow, far from Harlem, he has remained anonymous, as a thorough contemporary critic must. The advantages of having a dozen Richmonds in the field for the literary usurper to run foul

of are a personal convenience not lightly to be dispensed with by the one who is most concerned, and it is by no means undesirable that the disinterested reader should be left in an equanimity which closer acquaintance with the voice in the critical domino might disturb. Anonymity has its value, as is everywhere recognized; but the writer tires of it, as Mr. Scudder confesses, on coming out of what he designates as his solitary cell; and it becomes tedious to the reader also, certainly if he be discriminating, and, by the help of certain controlling thoughts and recurring mannerisms, the tricks and gait of style, detects the figure of a man, though, like the character of the ghost-stories he continually keeps his face turned away. To such a one there will be a pleasure in the discovery of this anonym's identity, for the strong personal note in the little preface we have mentioned is easily distinguishable in the essays that follow, and converts them from an oracular voice into the talk of an individual.

This new companionship is felt most agreeably in the two or three sketches of

¹ *Men and Letters. Essays in Characterization and Criticism.* By HORACE E. SCUDDER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

personal friends which the volume contains. The subjects of these memorials were not greatly distinguished; to some, perhaps, their human interest will be more engaging because of this obscurity, or rather privacy, of life. One, the paper upon Elisha Mulford, has the charm of intimacy. It is one of those best of tributes to the dead which do not praise, but are content only to remember. Mr. Scudder found the man more than his works. Of Mulford's gravely reasoned books, of his theory of the organization and meaning of man's progress in history, he has little, indeed, to say; but he presents his traits, and this theologian from the Pennsylvania farmlands, in some ways reminding us of the self-assured, dominating, and laborious divines of the elder time, really lives in these few pages of almost affectionate reminiscence more humanly than in his own ponderous sentences, though perhaps less completely. The nuggets of character to be found in this paper, in the way of sayings and anecdotes, are of the sort that always seem new-found; but it was too recently before our readers to allow us the pleasure of extracting them. From Dr. Muhlenberg's life, also, Mr. Scudder gives us some beautiful scenes; and in the notice of Anne Gilchrist, in whom certainly the womanly element was of infinitely more consequence than the literary, the fact of personal acquaintance has helped the critic. It is hard to realize from her few essays and letters the vitality of her nature; but she is not the first of whom strangers have been willing to judge by the words of familiar friends, and have felt the ground firmer under them than if the opinion had been based on their own impression of her literary remains.

But a critic of the literature that springs up by the wayside cannot often have the happiness to write of his respected friends. This volume discloses, by the comparatively scanty number of its papers, the dependence of criticism

on its subject-matter; the transient nature of the mass of it, which perishes with the market for the works it deals with; and the parasitic life which is all that most of the remainder enjoys. Here the topics are Landor and Shakespeare, Emerson and Longfellow. It is always interesting—at least among those benighted ones who still live somewhat in the past of the republic of letters it is interesting—to learn what a man of intelligence in our own time thinks of the classics of our tongue. It is true that Mr. Scudder does not attempt criticism in the grand manner; he looks rather for neglected veins in the well-worked mines; but he comes upon novel points of view, curious suggestions, observations that arrest and entertain. In the case of Shakespeare, of whom he forecasts the future, he takes rather a wide range, as no doubt one must; he seems to discern a time when the world will have moved so far from the Elizabethans, the democrat have left the aristocrat so completely out of sight, that Shakespeare cannot then be popular. But surely, in view of this dismal and remote prognostication, we can exclaim, with no touch of cynical carelessness for our fellow-beings (such a generation are scarcely to be spoken of as brother-men), *D'après nous* the glacial age! In Emerson and Longfellow Mr. Scudder had fresher material. This examination of the latter's artistic qualities is almost the beginning of useful criticism upon his works; and as to Emerson, it is treasure-trove to find a paper which contentedly leaves him to continue a transcendental mystery to the illuminated and a puzzle to admirers of Montaigne, while it attempts to show only how simple and natural a thing he was to himself.

Too close attention, however, should not be directed to the titular subjects with which Mr. Scudder heads his pages. He is a discursive writer, and often leaves his author to follow his own reflections.

Here, too, his personality counts. His thought is sometimes so entirely self-rooted that the word "critic" seems a misnomer, when applied to him; when the topic is impersonal, he philosophizes, and when he has an author whom he likes he is more concerned to exhibit the characteristics of the man than to weigh his books. At least, it is so in this volume. One notices, too, the strong humanitarian feeling that pervades portions of his work, and in other parts the settled belief in the reality and preëminence of those qualities in writing which make a book to be literature, and not a mere publication of knowledge or opinion; and throughout one observes how lively his own interest continues, even in the minor phases of his subject. In his inquiry as to the dramatic capabilities of American history as stuff for the American playwright, of which he takes a favorable view, he shows practical courage in leaving the safe ground of generalities, and plumply stating that John Brown's career affords the situations,

characters, and national interest which, in combination, would build a good patriotic play. Elsewhere he has seasonable remarks upon the limitations inherent in the plan of writing history by coöperation, and the ineradicable distinction between such works and those which are the creation of a great and unifying mind; and in the course of this essay he makes the acute remark that the European discovery that the histories of the people and of the government are not the same does not apply to our annals, and is a misleading principle for our historians, since the institutions here are truly modes of popular expression. So the volume goes on, with here a characterization of some noticeable man, here a critique, here a minor essay, — a varied, ranging, conversational book; and in gathering the scattered papers under his name, Mr. Scudder has given them just that principle of unity which makes them individual, and so at once more attractive and more telling.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Bread-and-Butter Moments of the Mind.

It is astonishing how insensible we sometimes are to the most beautiful or sublime spectacles. Noble scenes, which at another time would inspire the imagination and thrill the heart with a tumult of emotions, now unfold their glory before our unmoved eyes, and the humdrum thoughts plod along their accustomed way. Travelers know this phenomenon very well. Ely cathedral lives in my memory as a delicious vision of solemn loveliness; but when my friends praise York minster, I hardly recall that I was ever there. This indifference is to be ascribed to the fact that in York my brain happened to be dough or putty,

for the time being, and in no respect on the architecture of the minster. I remember that George Sand had this experience in her voyage to Italy. In the *Histoire de ma Vie*, she says: —

"Je poursuivis mon voyage quand même, ne souffrant pas, mais peu à peu *si abrut* par les frissons, les défaillances et la somnolence, que je vis Pise et le Campo Santo *avec une grande apathie*. Il me devint même indifférent de suivre une direction ou une autre; Rome et Venise furent jouées à pile ou face. *Venise face* retomba dix fois sur le plancher. J'y voulus voir une destinée, et je partis pour Venise par Florence. . . . Je vis toutes les belles choses qu'il fallait

voir, . . . mais j'étais glacée, et, en regardant le Persée de Cellini et la Chapelle carrée de Michel Ange, il me semblait, par moments, que j'étais statue moi-même. La nuit, je rêvais que je devenais mosaïque et je comptais attentivement mes petits carrés de lapis et de jaspe."

But the same phlegmatic seizure often occurs to us at home and in familiar surroundings. Three nights ago, standing at my window, I saw the full moon rise superbly through a low horizon drapery of shadowed cloud-folds; and I said to myself, Let us go walk in the garden, and drink in the splendor of this celestial spectacle. So I sought my favorite pacing-ground, a wide path from the round rose-bed to the elm-tree, running between lines of stately cannas. There had been purifying rain, and the sky was deepened to its most lustrous dark; the soft billow-edges of the few fleeces, swimming over across the big moon, caught, turn by turn, a faint tinge of halo colors. The moon was dazzling. Who can believe that mere sunshine, falling on mere rock and sand, will reflect such a white-cold intensity of light? I gazed intently on the blinding shield, as if to compel it to seem to me what it really is, — the big globe, rolling there, dizzily unsupported, in empty space. I said, "That distance across the bulging disk is about that which the Pacific railroad traverses across our continent. Let me try to imagine the little train, full of earth inhabitants, creeping in a curve around yonder point of shadow, and across the bridgeless nose of the man in the moon." For an instant the conception of the globular form and the enormous bulk, swinging on its rounds, almost touched on the confines of my expectant imagination; then fled away, unseizable, and left but the silvery spot, stuck there inadequately against the blue ceiling, so ridiculously near that even the lighter clouds pass behind, instead of before it, and a venturesome balloon

might be capable of bumping it at any rash discharge of ballast.

Then I took up my pacing back and forth. The broad silvered leaves of the cannas seemed to float motionless in the great flood of light, and beneath each hung its motionless black shade. Every shadow of every delicate bough and twig of the beech and the elm was lace; and bough and twig themselves, less distinct and more ethereal than their shadows, were only the mentally conceived patterns, or Platonic Ideas, of the lace, hovering above it in the air. What a mysterious and glorious night, and what subtlest and most celestial dreams should throng the brain at such an hour! Back and forth, to and fro, I paced; and what, think you, were the sublime ideas I found in my brain, as I suddenly became aware of myself, after some minutes of floating in that sea of twice-distilled and space-traversing radiance? I was listening with lively displeasure to the squeaking of my own new shoes. I was thinking, "How can this intolerable thing be cured?" I was picturing in my imagination the sedulous shoemaker, anxiously handling the superinteguments, and discussing with me the possible ways and means of silencing this music of abandoned soles. I remembered that some one had once recommended a hypodermic injection of pumice-stone. As I turned from the shadow back into the full flood of radiance, I found myself wondering whether the leathern layers would have to be unstitched, or whether anything could be done with a gimlet.

I saw that the whole magnificent spectacle of the night was being wasted on such an insect as I, and that the most suitable scheme was to go ingloriously to bed.

— Plaintively inquires Sir Thomas Browne, in a passage almost too threadbare for quotation, "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not

A Word For
Silent Partners.

more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?" Now, inclining to adopt the theory that "history is but a fable agreed upon," I do not so much grieve for the neglected great of far antiquity as for the worthies of our current life, on whose virtues — to quote Sir Thomas again — "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." I have long wished that some one would speak a glowing word in praise of silent partners; not that these are in need of verbal panegyric (for their reward is from within), but that we are all made better by generously acknowledging what has been done for us by those whose service otherwise remains unrecognized by the world. An imperial writer was not above this act of gracious justice, as they know who are familiar with that noblest piece of self-communing, *The Thoughts of Antoninus*, where are mentioned by name not less than sixteen persons, whom the writer gratefully remembers either for direct counsel or for the potential example afforded in their conduct. Would it not be of lively interest if all authors thus set forth their obligations in a poem of thanks?

Sentimental statisticians are fond of telling us that the great man was great because of remarkable qualities derived from his mother, or because of her influence exerted over his tender years. Such arguers are not to be quarreled with, for they have truth on their side; but they might as well go further, and assert that all good men, illustrious or obscure, owe to their mothers the same insolvable debt. Here we find the first and faithfulest of all silent partners.

If the precious thing we call genius, and are prone to regard as we would the "sole Arabian bird," — as unrelated and unsupported, — would only come forward and frankly testify of the upholding hands, the opulent hearts, the shrewd contriving brains, that have contributed to staying, cheering, and shielding its

existence, what valuable revelations would in this way be obtained! Who helps our eloquent divine up-stairs to write his sermon, by adroitly detaining below the unwelcome visitor? Who covers our poet's footprints up Parnassus with a Mercury-like ingenuity, so that Black Care shall not overtake the sublime traveler? Silent partners. Sometimes, in this quiescent business, it is a whole family that have invested time and toil (and how much of love!) to offset the intellectual fund brought by some one of its members, — the partner that eventually carries off for himself, or for herself, all golden opinions. I wish it were possible to endow these silent partners with a modicum of self-glorification, even so much as that they should commit to heart *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. But no; the nature of the silent partner is incurably self-suppressing and unexacting!

Were a personal confession required of me, I should own that, beside a certain number of silent partners who are so (Heaven knows why!) for pure love, I have others who are completely indifferent to me, who indeed do not know me at all; others still, it may be, who are not indifferent, but averse or even hostile. Of the second class, whose cheerfulness in adversity is a factor working to my spiritual advantage, is the blind man, who daily goes about the village streets alone, and who in my hearing once dropped words like these: "Ah yes, we all of us live on hope," — spoken with a slight uplift of the sightless eyes. Of the same class is the rosy-cheeked German washerwoman, who brings her laundered linen a long distance in the freezing weather, and, receiving her money, hurries back light-hearted to her brood of broad-faced children. Nor should I forget to mention another, — the whistling lame boy, whose delicious mimicry of "wood-notes wild," discoursing brown thrush, whippoorwill, and oriole makes me quite forget that

he is a child of misfortune. Speaking of the third class of silent partners brings me back to the pensive author of *New Burial*, who mournfully observes that "Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon." Now, it strikes me that Thersites must have been useful in the Greek camp as a censor of conduct. If it were otherwise, it was not his fault. His scurrilous expertness in taking off idiosyncrasies of character and behavior ought to have afforded the honey-tongued Nestor a timely hint as to the latter's garrulity and long-windedness; Ulysses should have grown out of conceit with his own disposition towards *finesse*; while Achilles should have learned to modify his violent temper, through having the mirror so frequently and unsparingly held up to nature. Our opposers, inasmuch as they treat our faults with no loving tenderness, but help us to see them in their unattractive reality, should be counted among the forwarders of our life's scheme.

Idle or busy, I not infrequently look up at my bookshelves, and bless my silent partners there; and I do not forget how a fugitive verse, learned in childhood, may ring a watchword far down the years. Other unassuming, voiceless helpers outside our human fraternity are not to be ignored. How many a soul Nature's so-called soulless creatures in the out-door world have strengthened by their unconscious arguments for industry, courage, freedom, good hope! If a favorite story of our youth be no fable, it was a persistent little spider, succeeding in bridging a gap at the tenth effort, that by force of her example helped a despondent hero to knit together the rent web of his fortunes. In one of his genial essays, John Burroughs speaks of a rabbit that had her domicile under the floor of his rustic study. Her soft footfalls, heard at all times of the day, he fancied expressed good-will and amity toward himself. I would like to pay a tribute of thanks to my chief silent part-

ner in Nature's domain; but his utter self-reliance and his tranquil indifference to admiration frustrate the intention of encomium. I would thus address

MY SILENT PARTNER.

Now, would that I might speak by breezy leaves,
Or thou couldst words from human lips divine!

For if I knew thy speech, or thou knew mine,
I'd tell thee, guardian of my roof and eaves,
What influence from thee my life receives,
When wave in green those sinewy arms of thine,

When stripped thou standest at the Shearer's sign,

Or when the stealthy night-frost's chisel cleaves.

Thy wordless counsel makes me glad and strong:

Thou showest, howe'er wild the winters be,
That they can do a rooted power no wrong;
And thou in summer's pleassance teachest me
To make my heart the covert for a throng
Of singing-birds, — as thou dost, joyous Tree!

Vicissitudes — Evidence of what may be
of Verse. called the intellectual depravity

of human nature is found in the tendency to follow errors of citation, even from well-known authors.

Some one happens to blunder into a misquotation, and the incorrect version is sure, in a little while, to drive out the correct one from the minds of many persons who ought to know better. A few instances of misquotation occur to me, which I have myself noted, and the list might no doubt be easily lengthened. The first that comes to mind is Milton's line at the conclusion of the *Lycidas*, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new," where *fields* is commonly substituted for *woods*.

So slight a change as that of a preposition puts a somewhat different meaning into Ben Jonson's memorial verse, "He was not of an age, but for all time." Here *for* is often made to replace *of*, in the first clause.

We are all supposed to know our Shakespeare, but in fact a good many persons' knowledge is of the second-hand sort that does not enable them to detect

a misquotation. When Mr. Booth or Mr. Irving delivers the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy, some who hear him speak of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" may be surprised into fancying that the actor is making a slip, the substitution of *ills* for shocks being so common that the right word sounds strangely. In speech and writing how often mention is made of the "bourn" whence no traveler returns. Shakespeare wrote of the "undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns." These misquotations are from one of the best known plays, oftenest acted on the modern stage, and from the most hackneyed lines in it. Again, people cite from *The Merchant of Venice* "The man that hath no music in his *soul*," where the text has "in *himself*."

It is curious to note that certain verses, very familiar to us in their present shape, are plagiarisms — or allowable borrowings, if you please — from older authors. The modification of the original has sometimes been an improvement, sometimes not, but in either case the newer form has supplanted the old. The modern author gets that possession of the poetical property which is nine points of the law, as Campbell has done with the well-known line, "Like angels' visits, few and far between." This is tautological, for if the visits are far between, it is needless to say they are few. John Norris, who in the latter half of the seventeenth century compared the "joys most exquisite and strong," which soonest take their flight, to "angels' visits, short and bright," may never have written anything else worth the stealing, so it seems rather cruel that he should lose the credit of his happiest thought. Later Robert Blair helped himself to Norris's verse, altering "bright" into "far between." It is probable, therefore, that Campbell "conveyed" from Blair rather than from the original writer. In like manner, Pope made himself free with Dryden's verse, "From grave to light,

from pleasant to severe," changing *light* into *gay*, and *pleasant* into *lively*; and with Prior's "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," in this instance altering the sense as well as the words. But "fine by defect and delicately weak" is an unmistakable imitation of Prior. No doubt the same thought may occur to more than one man, and since human experience repeats itself, reflections on life are likely to resemble each other. Gray wrote, "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise." Prior, before him, made the proposition a universal one when he asserted that "from ignorance our comfort flows, the only wretched are the wise;" and centuries before Prior, a nameless Jew had set it down in his book that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

If a writer can add something to another's thought, or greatly better its expression, he need not fear to take the liberty, and borrowing of this sort does not appear to have lain on the conscience of authors at any age of the world. It was easier for the ancient classic writers to be original than for us nowadays. Many of the sayings of famous Greeks and Romans, which, sound trite in our ears, were striking novelties of thought to their contemporaries. Of course many old-time proverbial expressions have been a common stock, whence any writer might draw at will without being called up for petty larceny. A score of lines might be cited from as many different writers as variations of the same line. "But me no buts" is Fielding's version, and the best known of all. Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher have the same phrase in other words, and which was the first to find or invent it we cannot tell.

When, however, a writer appropriates and reproduces in slightly altered shape the thought of some comparatively little-known author, it is more than likely that he is simply stealing another man's thunder. There is something amusing in

Macaulay's frank audacity in borrowing the rhetorical sentence about the traveler from New Zealand sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, from the broken arch of London Bridge. He was so pleased with it as to employ it three times, in his reviews of Ranke's History of the Popes, Mitford's Greece, and Mill's Essay on Government. It is not possible that a man of such omnivorous reading and phenomenal power of memory was unaware that a similar phrase had been

made use of by four preceding writers. Volney's paragraph upon the traveler who sits solitary amid silent ruins, to weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name, is to my mind the finest. Horace Walpole's traveler was to come from Lima; H. K. White's was simply "a savage;" and Shelley leaves the traveler out altogether, and the shadows on the Thames are cast by the "broken arches" of Waterloo, not London Bridge.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry. A Branch of May, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Cushings & Bailey), is a brief collection of verse, containing two or three lyrics of more than ordinary merit. Anne would be quite perfect of its kind were it not for the feeble "I ween," in the concluding stanza. — Underwoods, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner's Sons), is a volume of pleasant poetry. A stronger word than pleasant would overpraise the verse; a milder word would fail to do it justice. There is always a fine quality in Mr. Stevenson's work; but we like him best in prose. — Mr. Gilder's poems (Century Co.) come to us in three exquisite little volumes, with limp covers stamped in gold. This new issue, which includes a number of later lyrics, will give fresh readers a chance to make the acquaintance of a charming poet, and old readers the pleasure of re-reading him. Books of verse that contain such honest poems as The Building of the Chimney and the lines to Robert Browning are not too common. — Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary (Houghton) is the title of a volume which precedes and follows in its contents the volume which has long done service as the poetical works of the sisters. Theirs was one of the infrequent cases in this country where verse was not only the staple of reputation, but the main resource of livelihood. Possibly for this reason, along with the facility of verse-making which constant occupation induced, the number of poems which have become fixed in the minds of people is not large. The somewhat tearful strain in which Alice Cary wrote was not an affectation, but was so large an element in her poetical make-up that the reader makes large allowance when he comes

upon her pathetic ballads. — Letters from Colorado, by H. L. Wason. (Cupples & Hurd.) To turn the incidents of a Western trip into verse, one must see them poetically. Unfortunately, Mr. Wason was not thoroughly equipped for his journey. He left his ear behind, for one thing, and if he packed up his imagination he forgot to take it out. — Sketches in Song, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnam's.) If by the title Mr. Raymond means to intimate that his verses are preparation for poems, we might agree with him. They all have intentions, they suggest a thoughtful interest in art, but they lack the spontaneity, the lyrical freedom, the unconscious grace, which we ask in poetry of a similar cast. — After Paradise, or Legends of Exile, with other Poems, by Robert, Earl of Lytton. (Estes & Lauriat.) Whatever else may be said of Owen Meredith's poems, they are interesting, they have a charming air of worldliness, and they are neat. — Songs of the Mexican Seas, by Joaquin Miller. (Roberts.) The very audacity of this poet's imagination sometimes enables him to throw out lines of singular beauty, and if one does not object to a good deal of red, and scarlet, and magenta, and solferino, and other bright colors, genuine and bastard, he will find much in the tropical fervor of Miller to please him. — Garden Secrets, by Philip Bourke Marston, with biographical sketch by Louise Chandler Moulton. (Roberts.) It is impossible to read this little book without tenderness, so completely does the spirit of the bereft author pervade it; but it is not necessary to know the circumstances of his life to feel the winning beauty of the fancies which play about the lily, the rose, the grass, and the wind. It

is interesting and pathetically suggestive to see how little part the sight plays in these poems, and how much the poet relies on touch, scent, and hearing. — *Dialect Ballads*, by Charles Follen Adams. (Harpers.) Mr. Adams has made many friends by his *Leedle Yawcob Strauss*, and he will keep them by the poems in a similar vein in this volume. It is Hans Breitmann in a broader style, without Mr. Leland's scholarship, to be sure, and with an excess of mild punning. — *Under Pine and Palm*, by Frances L. Mace. (Ticknor.) Dignity, sweetness, and a generous temper characterize these poems. Not so much in single lines or phrases as in the free conception of her themes, this writer indicates her poetic sense. — *The Sentence*, a drama, by Augusta Webster. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) Mrs. Webster's admirable work in translation from the Greek drama prepares one for receiving with interest this masculine play, in which *Caligula* is a chief character. The treatment is not archeological, but romantic, while based upon history. — *Lyrics and Sonnets*, by Edith M. Thomas. (Houghton.) Again Miss Thomas comes, in her half-bridal array of binding, with poems which will be read most eagerly by those who have previously read her *A New Year's Masque*. She has begun to make an audience of her own, and this book will strengthen her hold upon it. The volume has the same marks of grace, poetic insight, and a half-statuesque interpretation of nature, which characterized her former book. — *The New Purgatory*, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) The somewhat strained expression of a woman who has, through intellectual labor, brought herself into a state of protest against prevalent forms of belief. There is an earnestness about the work which forbids the notion that she is a mere *dilettante* free-thinker.

Holiday Books. The *Vision of Sir Launfal*, by James Russell Lowell (Houghton), has been made the occasion for illustration and that decorative art which is making the externals of our books in proper keeping with the houses which entertain them, and the dress of the girls who handle them. Whatever has gone to the mechanical make-up of this book is certainly to be praised. The binding, the type, the paper, and the engraver's skill all show careful workmanship and forethought. Nor are the designs, when they intend simple effects, unpleasing. The sense of disappointment comes to one when looking for the highest ends, for portraiture, for idealization, — in fine, for the highest poetic expression. The artists, for the most part, seem to have been more bent on illustrating certain forms of technique than on divining the scenes presented, and reproducing

them in sympathy with the poem. Mr. Juen-gling, by his marvelous fidelity of engraving, has done what they have not done. An exception should be made in the case of the two contrasting scenes by Bruce Crane and R. S. Gifford. — *Geraldine*, a *Souvenir of the St. Lawrence*. (Ticknor.) This rhymed story, which has somehow caught the ear of a good many readers, is now made to appeal to the eye by means of a number of matter-of-fact pictures which are happily married to the text. — *An Unknown Country*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, illustrated by Frederick Noel Paton. (Harpers.) A *souvenir of travel in the north of Ireland*, which has a significance as the latest work of its kindly author, who throws her interest and sympathy into her studies of Irish character. The drawings are bold and, on the whole, effectively engraved. — *Old Homestead Poems*, by Wallace Bruce. (Harpers.) A volume of good-natured verse, with many illustrations, which generally accord with the verse, and one or two of more notable power, as Abbey's "I have sailed over many a sea." — *Harbingers of Spring*, edited by Susan Barstow Skelding, illustrated by Fidelity Bridges. (Frederick A. Stokes.) Four or five delicately tinted bird pictures, with well-selected verses, the whole looking, in its fanciful binding, like a spring bonnet. — *Faust, the Legend and the Poem*, by William S. Walsh, with etchings by Hermann Faber. (Lippincott.) A careful historical and critical study, accompanied by etchings, which are tolerably good, though rather stiff and conventional in handling. — The etchings by M. M. Taylor, illustrating Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* (Lippincott), are rather more interesting, though scarcely successes. — Under the title *On the Track of Ulysses*, Mr. W. J. Stillman has reprinted three recent studies in archeology, which are not only readable and fresh, but have pictures which really illustrate. The subject is one which might have been treated with pedantic dryness, but Mr. Stillman writes as one who has read his Homer on the spot, and not merely with lexicon and grammar. (Houghton.) — *The Longfellow Prose Birthday Book*, edited by Laura Winthrop Johnson (Ticknor), is cleverly made up from the diaries of Mr. Longfellow as contained in his brother's *Life*. The limitation does not produce a sense of restriction; on the contrary, the strong personal element which is infused gives the book a very pleasing individuality. — *My Old Kentucky Home and Old Folks at Home*, Stephen C. Foster's familiar melodies, have been published with pictures and decorations. There was no difficulty in finding subjects, but it strikes us that a single picture, carefully studied by one who understood the

scene, and well engraved, would have answered better for both volumes — say Eastman Johnson's painting — than this collection of rather unimaginative and ineffective ones. (Ticknor.)

Sociology and Political Economy. It is a little difficult to find a term under which to class Mr. Henry T. Finck's *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty, their Development, Causal Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities.* (Macmillan.) Mr. Finck has made a sort of compilation from a variety of authors, has arranged his material in accordance with a system, and has encompassed the whole in a semi-philosophical treatise, with apparently two objects in view: to prove that we are more highly developed in our amatory nature than our rude ancestors, and to charge the young to be more beautiful and attractive. We suspect that the book will be read more for its curiosities than for its philosophy. — *The Pleasures of Life,* by Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) This volume grew out of the author's opportunities for giving words of counsel and encouragement at opening meetings of schools and colleges. "Being myself naturally rather prone to suffer from low spirits," Sir John says, "I have at several of these gatherings taken the opportunity of dwelling on the privileges and blessings we enjoy." It is usually enough to produce low spirits to have to make such addresses, and we cannot too highly commend the author's courage and resolution. It is a moderate sort of pleasure, however, which he produces, for he has little power to stir enthusiasm, and his patchwork of quotations does not glitter the more for being attached to his own sober, not to say depressing, text. — *Greater America, hits and hints,* by a Foreign Resident. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) The writer of this little book is an Englishman, apparently, who came to America with his faith in ideals sadly weakened, was gradually converted to a perception of the future of the new country, was inspired by the prevailing buoyancy, and now, heartily in sympathy with it, feels bound to turn honest critic. He touches on politics, religion, society, labor, land, and subordinate topics. His temper is excellent, his judgment sound, and many of the conclusions which he reaches are admirable. We particularly like what he has to say of the Romish church in America. His book should not be overlooked. — *Henry George versus Henry George* is a review, by R. C. Rutherford (Appleton), in which the author, by showing the inconsistencies of Mr. George, hopes to pull down the whole structure erected by him. Not only so, but by his sharp and quick-witted pursuit he drives the whole subject into an inescapable corner. — *What to do? Thoughts evoked by the Census of Moscow, by*

Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) It was not so much what the census contained as what it did not contain that suggested thoughts to Count Tolstoi. In fact, he made his own census, appointing himself a committee of one to inquire into the condition of the poor in a great city, and reasoning therefrom upon the relations of the poor to the better classes. The book is in that tone of wondering seriousness which marks Count Tolstoi's work; and though the problems are not in the same terms always as those which confront the American student of cities, they are the same problems in the main. It is worth while to see how so individual a man strikes at evil, in these days when organization is the thought of most. — *The Republic of the Future, or Socialism a Reality,* by Anna Bowman Dodd. (Cassell.) This skit purports to be letters from a Swedish nobleman, living in the twenty-first century, to a friend in Christianity. This nobleman writes from New York, and describes the city and its life after individuality has been crushed out, machinery made to do all the work, and life reduced to a monotonous level. Rather profitless imagination. The satire is not very keen, and the monstrosity frightens no one. By the way, why does not the Swede write to Stockholm?

Books for Young People. The *Boy Travelers on the Congo: adventures of two youths in a journey with Henry M. Stanley through the Dark Continent.* By Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) This book grew out of a request from his publishers to Mr. Stanley that his large book should be condensed for youth. Colonel Knox has done two things: he has condensed Stanley, and supplied his customary machinery of a party of boys under a mentor. We doubt whether young people who like travel and adventure would not have been quite as well satisfied to take their Stanley straight, and not mixed with Dr. Bronson. The method used is mechanical. — *Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book; verses by Amy E. Blanchard.* (Lippincott.) A very pretty, ingenious, and graceful series of pictures and little stories in verse, beginning successively with the letters of the alphabet, the designs often including the letters very cleverly. — *Bird-Talk, a Calendar of the Orchard and Wild-Wood,* by Adeline D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) A prettily printed volume, in which Mrs. Whitney has gathered a dozen or more little dramatic lyrics of bird-life, and has attempted to express the supposed individuality of the birds, going so far even as to imitate their notes. Her interpretations are ingenious rather than very melodious. — *Juan and Juanita,* by Frances Courtenay Baylor. (Ticknor.) A story of the very uncommon adventures of two young Mexi-

can children captured by Indians, and escaping after four years' captivity to find their way back by walking three hundred miles to the frontier of Texas. Miss Baylor fortunately had her story made for her by actual facts, and so had free play within excellent bounds for her humor, her pathos, her unfailing freshness of narrative. — Prince Little Boy, and other Tales out of Fairy-Land, by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. (Lippincott.) Dr. Mitchell wrote these tales for the amusement of certain children, and to help forward some charities. They are bright, nonsensical stories, with some good random hits, and delightfully free from too urgent morals. — The Northern Cross, or Randolph's Last Year at the Boston Latin School, by Willis Boyd Allen. (Lothrop.) The writer has drawn upon his recollections of a period in the school history when a very marked figure, that of Dr. Gardner, was at the head. He has displayed considerable skill in reproducing the local color, and if the general treatment of boy and girl life is still touched with sentimentality rather than with the genuine poetry of youth, the book shows an advance upon this writer's previous work. — A Flock of Girls and their Friends, by Nora Perry. (Ticknor.) A collection of a dozen or more stories, in which girls still in their early teens figure. The stories are nickel-plated, bright, attractive, and almost as good, for ordinary uses, as the real article. — The Modern Vikings, Stories of Life and Sport in the Norseland, by Hjalmar H. Boyesen. (Scribners.) Mr. Boyesen manages to put into these stories a good deal of the vim and breeziness which belong to the earlier Norse life. There is activity, out-of-door energy, and a good manly hold on adventure. The book is charmingly dedicated in verse to his three boys. — Gritli's Children, translated from the German of Johanna Spyri by Louise Brooks. (Cupples & Hurd.) Mrs. Brooks made a happy find when she translated Heidi, but the subsequent translations hardly have the pastoral charm of that book, though they all share its sweetness. A certain sameness of incident marks them all. There is usually an invalid child who is taken to the mountains, and peasant life is brought into contrast with city life. However, we ought not to complain when such pure, simple stories are granted us, and the consecutiveness of the book gives more promise than the scrappiness of some recent stories by the same author. — The Boyhood of Living Authors, by W. H. Rideing. (Crowell.) The authors included in the list are all Americans save W. C. Russell, J. Payn, and W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Rideing remembers his title, and stops short when his heroes have begun to grow whiskers, but he is able in many cases

to draw from their writings agreeable little sketches of their youth. There is a satisfactory absence of fulsome eulogy, and a willingness to rest in the main upon the outward incidents. — Who Saved the Ship and The Man of the Family, by J. A. K. (Crowell.) A couple of plainly written, well-planned stories, with a somewhat old-fashioned air about them and a little stiffness in their joints, but better worth reading than some more sprightly and showy books. — Elsie's Friends at Woodburn, by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A domestic tale, with an infusion of evangelicalism. There is a great deal of detail of youthful life, which tends, we fear, to make children think too much about themselves. — Uncle Rutherford's Attic, by Joanna H. Mathews. (F. A. Stokes.) A seashore story, with considerable incident and movement. The tone is natural. — In The Wonder Clock, Howard Pyle has a delightful book for children. (Harper Bros.) — A bound volume of Harper's Young People for the current year is one of the safest of holiday presents.

Literary Criticism. Two notable works in this department are to be mentioned here, — Mr. Howells's long-desired essays on the Modern Italian Poets (Harper & Bros.), and the new edition, the thirteenth, of Mr. Stedman's Victorian Poets, revised, and augmented by a supplementary chapter. This essay, which, like the fresh preface, is admirable, brings the work down to date. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Pen-Portraits of Literary Women, by themselves and others, edited by Helen Gray Cone and Jeannette L. Gilder, with biographical sketches by the former. In two volumes. (Cassell.) The subjects of these sketches are almost wholly English, ranging in time from Hannah More and Fanny Burney to George Eliot, but the number includes also George Sand and Margaret Fuller. The method is to give a brief outline of the facts in the life, and then a succession of extracts from the nearest, most accessible books, detailing special incidents or characteristics. The plan is not objectionable, but we think the editors might have made a little more diligent search for material, and not have relied so much upon books which are readily procured. The introductory sketches are in good taste.

Domestic Economy. Mrs. Shillaber's Cook-Book, a Practical Guide for Housekeepers, by Lydia Shillaber, with introduction by Mrs. Partington. (Crowell.) Again an attempt to get at the bottom of good cooking. If books could make cooks, we should be a nation of epicures. Perhaps every one helps a little, and this book wastes no words, but gives directions in a summary, authoritative fashion which it would seem impossible to misunderstand. A

sort of oil-cloth binding guards it against hard wear in the kitchen. — *Childhood, its Care and Culture*, by Mary Allen West. (Woman's Temperance Association, Chicago.) An octavo volume of more than 750 pages, intended for parents, and having to do with the physical, moral, intellectual, social, and religious well-being of children. Practical hints are scattered freely through the book, though for the most part the pages are taken up with profuse talk. The spirit and purpose of the book are well, but the writer has allowed herself altogether too much latitude of commonplace.

Hygiene and Medicine. The Curability of Insanity and the Individualized Treatment of the Insane, by John S. Butler. (Putnams.) Dr. Butler's long experience at the head of the Hartford Retreat renders his moderate but firm words in favor of the segregation of the insane worthy of attention by all. He writes earnestly, if discursively, and fortifies his position by several examples. His book is scarcely more than a tract, and perhaps as such will gain an entrance where a treatise would not. — *Diet in Relation to Age and Activity*, by Sir H. Thompson. (Cupples & Hurd.) The reissue of what was originally a paper in the Nineteenth Century magazine. It calls attention to the fact that in our close concern for the evils of drink we have overlooked the less obvious but no less certain evils of over-feeding, and in the short space at command lays down certain reasonable propositions as to the wisdom of lightening one's diet as one grows old. — *The Children of Silence, or The Story of the Deaf*, by Joseph A. Seiss. (Porter & Coates.) Perhaps the fact that Dr. Seiss is a director of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb accounts for a singular weakness in this book. Statistics are produced, the causes of deafness are considered, an historical *résumé* given of the efforts made for the relief of deaf mutes, and yet hardly more than a page of the merest generalities is devoted to the extremely interesting and important subject of visible speech. A somewhat grudging assent is given to the usefulness of this new method, but the ordinary reader would hardly perceive the full meaning of this revolution in the treatment of deaf mutes.

Humor and Nonsense. — Rabelais is not an author usually placed in the hands of children, but John Dimitry's *Three Good Giants*, whose Famous Deeds are recorded in the Ancient Chronicles of François Rabelais (Ticknor & Co.), is likely to be a favorite book during the Christmas holidays. The exciting letterpress, as well as the grotesque illustrations by Doré and Robida, will make strong appeals to the imagination of the young folks. — *Culture's*

Garland, by Eugene Field (Ticknor & Co.), is the whimsical title of a collection of very clever newspaper extravaganzas. Mr. Field is witty, scholarly, and delightfully good-natured; in spite of which Chicago has much to forgive in him. — The fourth series of *Good Things of Life* (F. A. Stokes) enables one to make a swift survey of the journal which is just now the fashion with society. The effect produced is of a general thinness of wit; but then society itself is a somewhat thin subject. Now and then there is a clever hit, but for the most part there is rather a waste of artistic energy.

History. The fifth volume of Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America* has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The great importance of this work does not need to be insisted upon. — *Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-1877*, by E. B. Washburne, LL. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a reprint in two volumes of the very interesting series of papers lately contributed by Mr. Washburne to *Scribner's Magazine*. The work, we infer, contains some material and several illustrations that did not appear in the periodical. Mr. Washburne had a stirring episode to relate, and he has told his story with great effect, simply and earnestly, and with a lack of literary intent that adds a charm to the narration. A more detailed reference to the book is deferred. — *A Short History of the City of Philadelphia from its Foundation to the Present Time*, by Susan Coolidge. (Roberts.) A well-written, interesting account of the origin and growth of the city, under the limitations which exist in the very nature of modern American cities, which start life with half their autonomy taken from them by the State. But is there not a slight impropriety in publishing an historical work under a pseudonym? — *Half-Hours with American History*, selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) The work is divided into two volumes: one devoted to Colonial, the other to Independent, America. The method adopted is to arrange in an order as near chronological as possible the main topics of our history, and to give passages relating to them from historical writers, the editor occasionally supplying an introduction, connecting link, or note. The result does not impress us as very important. The authorities drawn from are not all first class, and it is not always fair to a writer to give an excerpt from his work, when a fuller reading would show how he reached his conclusions or what he deduced from them. Would it not have been worth more to have arranged a series of contemporary illustrations, drawn from obscure and less accessible sources?

